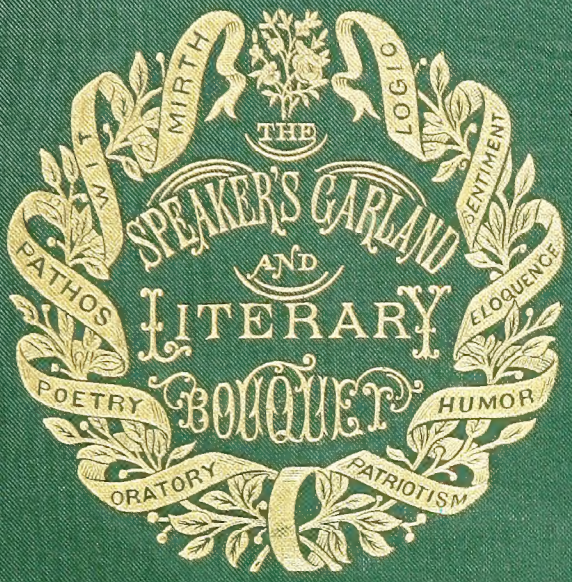

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CONTENTS.

SELECTIONS IN POETRY.*

		Number.	Page.
Angry Words		xxv.	82
Arabella and Sally Ann	*Paul Carson.*	xxv.	115
Abner and the Widow Jones	*Robert Bloomfield.*	xxv.	170
An Apostrophe to the Oyster	*J. W. Gesnard.*	xxv.	203
All the Children		xxvi.	51
Agnes the Martyr	*Ellen Murray.*	xxvi.	98
Abigail Becker	*Amanda T. Jones.*	xxvi.	111
Awkward	*J. Cheever Goodwin.*	xxvi.	138
Air-Castles	*Clara H. Bradner.*	xxvii.	93
Angel, The		xxvii.	170
American Eagle, The	*C. W. Thompson.*	xxviii.	7
Annie Pickens	*Eugene J. Hall.*	xxviii.	163
Blowing Bubbles	*Eugene H. Munday.*	xxv.	29
Border Land, The	*Marie L. Moffat.*	xxv.	83
Ballad of War, A	*Menella Bute Smedley.*	xxv.	95
Becalmed	*Samuel K. Cowan.*	xxv.	121
Battle of Inkerman, The	*George W. Bungay.*	xxv.	129
Beyond	*Rose Terry Cooke.*	xxv.	149
Brother Ben	*Robert C. V. Meyers.*	xxv.	150
Bold Dragoon, The		xxv.	156
Beautiful Gate, The		xxv.	179
Be True		xxvi.	76
Billet-Doux, A		xxvi.	105
Bad Cold, A	*H. Elliott McBride.*	xxvi.	127
Billy K. Simes	*Elmer Ruân Coates.*	xxvii.	83
Barney O'Linn and the Leeches		xxvii.	122

* NOTE.—As each of the four Numbers (of the "100 Choice Selections" Series) contained in this volume is paged independently of the others, the Index must necessarily accord therewith. The column of Roman notation designates the different Numbers of the "Series" (viz., 25, 26, 27, 28), and the *figures* refer to the page of the corresponding Number. Take, for instance, "Angry Words." The character XXV. shows that it will be found in No. 25, and the figures following give the page. The different Numbers are given at the top of every right-hand page throughout the book.

☞ FOR SELECTIONS IN PROSE, SEE PAGE XII.—FOR DRAMAS AND DIALOGUES, SEE PAGE XIV.

		No.	Page
Bores, The		xxviii.	96
Buzzard's Point	*George M. Vickers.*	xxviii.	222
Barnyard Melodies	*Fred Emerson Brooks.*	xxviii.	228
Christmas Blessing, A		xxv.	101
Cobbler of Lynn, The	*George M. Vickers.*	xxvi.	121
College Oil Cans	*Will Victor McGuire.*	xxvii.	73
Church Fair, The	*L. Eisenbeis.*	xxvii.	116
Crippled for Life	*John F. Nicholls.*	xxvii.	125
Chickens Come Home to Roost		xxvii.	129
Creation of Man, The	*John H. Hewitt.*	xxvii.	143
Composite Maiden, A		xxviii.	49
Convict Joe	*Alexander G. Murdoch.*	xxviii.	70
Case of Pedigree, A		xxviii.	178
Court of Berlin, The		xxviii.	225
Drunkard's Wife, The	*Ruth Cooper.*	xxv.	77
Drunkard's Thirst, The		xxv.	144
Defence of Xantippe, A		xxv.	181
Death-Bridge of the Tay, The	*Will Carleton.*	xxv.	182
Dan's Wife	*Kate T. Woods.*	xxvi.	90
Doctor and the Lampreys, The	*Horace Smith.*	xxvi.	150
Der Oak und Der Vine	*Charles Follen Adams.*	xxvii	15
Defiled	*Medora Clarke.*	xxvii.	44
Der Vater-Mill	*Charles Follen Adams.*	xxvii.	151
Duty	*Schiller.*	xxvii.	202
Deadly Weapon, A	*George R. Sims.*	xxviii.	38
Der Coming Man	*Charles Follen Adams.*	xxviii.	99
"Dead! Name Unknown"	*Horace B. Durant.*	xxviii.	157
Don Crambo	*Robert C. V. Meyers.*	xxviii.	172
Discovery of San Francisco Bay	*Richard Edward White.*	xxviii.	206
Debating Society, The	*Eugene J. Hall.*	xxviii.	211
Educational Courtship		xxv.	56
Englishman's Sea-Dirge, An		xxvi.	35
Elsie's Child	*Julia C. R. Dorr.*	xxvi.	86
End of King David, The		xxvi.	143
Ere the Sun Went Down	*George Weatherly.*	xxvii.	95
Eunice	*Robert C. V. Meyers.*	xxviii.	8
Easter Poem, An	*Marion Riche.*	xxviii.	209
Four Knights, The	*Robert C. V. Meyers.*	xxv.	9
Farmer and Wheel; or, The New Lochinvar	*Will Carleton.*	xxv.	70
Faded Flowers	*Ida M. Buxton.*	xxv.	92
Flirtation		xxv.	128
Fate of Charlotte Russe, The	*Eleanor C. Donnelly.*	xxv.	188
Fra Fonti	*Robert C. V. Meyers.*	xxvi.	134
Foolish Little Maiden, A		xxvi.	183
Farmer Stebbins on Rollers	*Will Carleton.*	xxvi.	204

		No.	Page
Forever	*John Boyle O'Reilly.*	xxvii.	189
Foreign Views of the Statue	*Fred Emerson Brooks.*	xxvii.	227
Find Your Level	*I. Elgar Jones.*	xxviii.	27
Falling In and Falling Out	*Elmer Ruân Coates.*	xxviii.	67
Girl of the Period, A		xxv.	14
Grace Darling		xxv.	37
Give us Men		xxvi.	30
Gabe's Christmas Eve	*Robert C. V. Meyers.*	xxvi.	72
George Lee	*Hamilton Aide.*	xxvi.	179
Grandma's Shamrocks	*E. A. Sutton.*	xxvii.	27
Grace Vernon Bussell	*H. S. Drayton.*	xxvii.	42
Gallant Rescue, A	*W. Sapte, Jr.*	xxvii.	70
Ganges, The	*Mary McGuire.*	xxvii.	73
God's Country	*O. C. Auringer.*	xxvii.	115
Getting Up	*Henry S. Leigh.*	xxvii.	136
Ghost of an Old Continental, The	*Fred Emerson Brooks.*	xxvii.	214
Genius	*Elmer Ruân Coates.*	xxvii.	222
Grain of Truth, A	*George M. Vickers.*	xxviii.	50
Good-bye, Old Church	*Millie C. Pomeroy.*	xxviii.	101
How his Garments got Turned		xxv.	60
How to Choose a Wife		xxv.	146
He Giveth His Loved Ones Sleep		xxvi.	142
Haunted Smithy, The	*W. A. Eaton.*	xxvi.	184
Hostage, The	*Helen Booth.*	xxvii.	153
Happy Couple, A	*H. Elliott McBride.*	xxvii.	198
Heavenward	*I. E. Dickenga.*	xxviii.	79
Hold Fast to the Dear Old Sabbath	*George M. Vickers.*	xxviii.	144
His Riches	*Lillian Grey.*	xxviii.	156
His Mother's Cooking	*Lizzie M. Hadley.*	xxviii.	174
Her Wedding		xxviii.	185
Hint, A		xxviii.	210
How the King lost his Crown	*J. T. Trowbridge.*	xxviii.	217
Ideal India, The	*Fred Shelley Ryman.*	xxv.	163
Inventor's Wife, The	*Mrs. E. T. Corbett.*	xxvi.	18
Island of Home, The	*Rev. Ira J. Bailey.*	xxvi.	70
"I Cannot turn the Key and my Bairn Outside"		xxvii.	58
In Vanity Fair	*Florence Tylee.*	xxvii.	124
If I Should Die to-night	*Robert C. V. Meyers.*	xxvii.	172
Idiot's Gallantry, An	*John F. Nicholls.*	xxviii.	64
Junipero Serra	*Richard Edward White.*	xxvii.	134
Jealous Wife, The	*Fred Emerson Brooks.*	xxviii.	154
Jerusalem the Beautiful	*Rev. M. L. Hofford.*	xxviii.	165
Kitty's Prayer		xxv.	88

		No.	Page
Kate		xxv.	103
Knightly Welcome, A	*Rev. S. K. Cox.*	xxvii.	57
Kiss Deferred, The		xxvii.	110
Kittens and Babies	*Lizzie M. Hadley.*	xxviii.	73
Kiss in the Dark, A	*Milton Thompson.*	xxviii.	139
Land of the Afternoon		xxv.	47
Last Charge, The	*George B. Hynson.*	xxv.	48
Life's Journey	*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*	xxv.	76
Life		xxv.	107
Love the Best Monument		xxv.	124
Lesson from a Bell, A	*Walter S. Smith.*	xxv.	158
Little White Hearse, The	*James Whitcomb Riley.*	xxv.	161
Little Fireman, The	*John F. Nicholls.*	xxv.	198
Lost on the Shore	*Holme Lee.*	xxvi.	31
Lord of Burleigh, The	*Alfred Tennyson.*	xxvi.	39
Little Tee-Hee	*W. W. Fink.*	xxvi.	49
Life's Game of Ball		xxvi.	53
Last Look, A	*George R. Sims.*	xxvi.	92
Life	*Samuel K. Cowan.*	xxvi.	99
Larrie O'Dee	*W. W. Fink.*	xxvi.	126
Letter H, The	*Catherine Fanshawe.*	xxvi.	161
Lament of the Greek Women over Leonidas	*Ellen Murray.*	xxvi.	178
Legend of St. Christopher, The	*Mary Fletcher.*	xxvi.	196
Labor	*George W. Bungay.*	xxvii.	7
Law Agin It, A	*Mrs. G. Archibald.*	xxvii.	19
Lizzie	*Robert C. V. Meyers.*	xxvii.	23
Little Turncoats	*Georgia A. Peck.*	xxvii.	33
Legend of Kalooka, The	*I. Edgar Jones.*	xxvii.	80
Leadville Jim	*W. W. Fink.*	xxvii.	137
Legend of Crystal Spring	*Henry W. Austin.*	xxvii.	100
Low-Backed Car, The	*Samuel Lover.*	xxviii.	81
Mr. Jonathan Bangs	*A. B. Cole.*	xxv.	100
Moll Jarvis O'Morley	*George R. Sims.*	xxv.	133
Mother's Darling, A	*John F. Nicholls.*	xxvi.	62
Me and Jones	*Robert C. V. Meyers.*	xxvi.	100
Martyrs of Uganda, The	*Ellen Murray.*	xxvi.	193
Mustered Out		xxvii.	77
Mouse, The	*Harding Cox.*	xxvii.	100
Masterpiece of Brother Felix, The	*Richard Edward White.*	xxvii.	108
Marco's Death	*Beverly R. Wood.*	xxvii.	150
Mahmud and the Idol	*Bessie Chandler.*	xxvii.	140
Mizpah	*Clement Scott.*	xxvii.	181
Midnight Mass, The	*Richard Edward White.*	xxvii.	185
Mother's Doughnuts	*Charles Follen Adams.*	xxvii.	200
Margaret's Guest	*E. Elizabeth Lay.*	xxviii.	31
Miller's Maid, The	*Fred Emerson Brooks.*	xxviii.	82
Masque, The	*Robert C. V. Meyers.*	xxviii.	111

		No.	Page
My Lover	*Florence McCurdy.*	xxviii.	124
My Little Bo-peep	*S. B. McManus.*	xxviii.	149
Nature Prayer, A	*I. Edgar Jones.*	xxv.	18
No Kiss	*Madge Elliott.*	xxv.	66
Nae Star was Glintin	*Eliza Cook.*	xxv.	175
Not in the Programme	*Edwin Coller.*	xxvi.	21
Now I Lay me down to Sleep		xxvi.	71
Noble Stranger, The		xxvi.	119
Nottman	*Alexander Anderson.*	xxvi.	152
Nothing for Use	*Elmer Ruân Coates.*	xxvii.	8
Nameless Guest, The	*James Clarence Harvey.*	xxvii.	139
New-Year Ledger, The	*Amelia E. Barr.*	xxviii.	59
Night-Watch, The	*François Coppee.*	xxviii.	84
Old School-House, The	*H. Elliott McBride.*	xxv.	16
Old Arm-Chair, The	*Eliza Cook.*	xxv.	94
Old Oaken Bucket, The	*Samuel Woodworth.*	xxv.	102
Outside		xxv.	157
On the River	*Howard W. Long.*	xxv.	162
On the Beach	*William Whitehead.*	xxv.	194
Overflow of Great River, 1878, The	*Georgia A. Peck.*	xxvi.	8
Only	*Jessie Gordon.*	xxvi.	37
Original Love Story, An		xxvi.	42
Our Columbus	*Robert C. V. Meyers.*	xxvii.	104
Our Lives		xxvii.	107
Outlaw, The	*M. Henderson.*	xxvii.	145
Only a Song		xxviii.	22
Old House on the Hillside, The	*H. Elliott McBride.*	xxviii.	48
Obstinate Music-Box, The	*S. V. R. Ford.*	xxviii.	118
Only True Life, The	*Horace B. Durant.*	xxviii.	122
Old Man's Idyl, An	*Richard Realf.*	xxviii.	141
On the Prairie	*Robert C. V. Meyers.*	xxviii.	219
Procrustes' Bed	*Carlotta Perry.*	xxv.	31
Perfect Man, The		xxv.	118
Puzzled	*Annie Trumbull Slosson.*	xxvi.	27
Pessimistic Philosopher, The		xxvi.	110
Pauper's Revenge, A	*John F. Nicholls.*	xxvi.	140
Praying for Shoes	*Paul Hamilton Hayne.*	xxvi.	148
Pat's Mistake		xxvi.	187
Prime of Life, The	*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*	xxvii.	59
Purpose		xxvii.	205
Priscilla Prim's Views on Woman's Rights		xxvii.	211
Prayer in Battle, The	*John H. Hewitt.*	xxvii.	212
Poetical Courtship	*L. P. Hills.*	xxviii.	15
Parson's Vacation, The	*Louis Eisenbeis.*	xxviii.	25
Prince's Hunting, The	*Henry W. Austin.*	xxviii.	62
Peril of the Passenger Train, The	*Mrs. A. D. Gille.*	xxviii.	93

		No.	Page
Quarrel, The	*Charles Mackay.*	xxvi.	96
Quarrel of the Wheels, The	*Thomas Dunn English.*	xxvi.	136
Rest	*John A. Jennings.*	xxv.	116
Road to Heaven, The	*George R. Sims.*	xxvi.	42
Room Enough for All		xxvi.	64
Reason Why, The		xxvi.	85
Renyi	*Helen Booth.*	xxvii.	36
Rose of Avondale, The	*Helen Booth.*	xxviii.	57
Rajput Nurse, A	*Edwin Arnold.*	xxviii.	182
Rarest Pearl, The	*S. F. Fiester.*	xxviii.	192
Sacrilegious Gamesters, The	*Eliza Cook.*	xxv.	33
Switchman's Story, The	*B. A. R. Ottolengui.*	xxv.	57
Song of an Old Dollar Bill	*D. W. Curtis.*	xxv.	65
Sunset	*Dwight Williams.*	xxv.	75
Shacob's Lament		xxv.	87
Singer and the Child, The	*Adeline E. Gross.*	xxv.	108
Snow, The	*William Whitehead.*	xxv.	130
Sympathy	*Reginald Heber.*	xxv.	190
Strange Harvest, The	*Robert C. V. Meyers.*	xxv.	190
Smack "out" of School, The		xxv.	197
Scandal	*Mary E. C. Johnson.*	xxvi.	84
Sunrise Among the Hills	*Dinah Mulock Craik.*	xxvi.	151
Sentinel of Metz, The	*Robert C. V. Meyers.*	xxvi.	190
Serenade, A	*Thomas Hood.*	xxvi.	195
Stray Sunbeam, A	*Frank M. Gilbert.*	xxvii.	17
Soldier Tramp, The	*Don Santiago Carlino.*	xxvii.	34
Sealed Orders		xxvii.	38
Supers	*H. Chance Newton.*	xxvii.	91
Soldier's Offering, A	*George M. Vickers.*	xxvii.	95
Sand-Man, The	*Elmer Ruân Coates.*	xxvii.	127
Soft-Hearted Bill	*W. Sapte, Jr.*	xxvii.	178
Sound the Reveille	*I. Edgar Jones.*	xxvii.	221
Statue of Liberty Unveiled, The	*George W. Bungay.*	xxvii.	226
Shouting Jane	*S. V. R. Ford.*	xxviii.	55
Strange Request, The	*Annie R. Johnson.*	xxviii.	78
Sleepy		xxviii.	89
Street-Tumblers, The	*George R. Sims.*	xxviii.	102
Simple Church, The		xxviii.	110
Saved	*Stockton Bates.*	xxviii.	130
Since She Went Home	*R. J. Burdette.*	xxviii.	159
Shall Bess Come Hame?	*Fred Emerson Brooks.*	xxviii.	175
Story of Rebekah, The	*Thomas M. Armstrong.*	xxviii.	189
This Old World of Ours	*George W. Bungay.*	xxv.	7
Two Champions, The		xxv.	17
Time's Silent Lesson	*Emeline Sherman Smith.*	xxv.	90
To My Love	*W. A. Eaton.*	xxv.	131

		No.	Page
Three Nazarites, The	*Ellen Murray.*	xxv.	136
Tale of a Tadpole, The		xxv.	142
Tommy's Prayer	*John F. Nicholls.*	xxv.	175
Thou Knowest Best	*Marianne Farningham.*	xxvi.	20
Town Pump, The	*George W. Bungay.*	xxvi.	38
Two Cities		xxvi.	54
Taste it Not		xxvi.	115
Ten Pound Ten	*George W. Bungay.*	xxvi.	130
Timber Line	*Surville J. DeLan.*	xxvii.	19
Too Many of We		xxvii.	99
Timothy Grey	*Alfred H. Miles.*	xxvii.	155
Traitor Sea, The	*C. J. Corrie.*	xxvii.	158
To-Morrow		xxviii.	20
Three Sunbeams	*I. Edgar Jones.*	xxviii.	69
Troll-Man, The	*Caroline M. Hewins.*	xxviii.	125
Twenty-one To-day	*Elmer Ruân Coates.*	xxviii.	142
Three Trees, The	*Ellen Murray.*	xxviii.	191
Unspoken		xxvi.	147
Unfaithfulness	*H. Elliott McBride.*	xxvi.	174
Valentine, A	*George R. Sims.*	xxvi.	77
Vigilants, The	*I. Edgar Jones.*	xxvi.	128
Voiceless Chimes, The	*Annie Fox.*	xxviii.	146
Visit to Hades, A	*Stockton Bates.*	xxviii.	188
Women of Mumble Head, The	*Clement Scott.*	xxv.	26
We're Building Two a Day	*Rev. Alfred J. Hough.*	xxv.	143
Way of the World, The		xxvi.	7
Weather in Verse, The	*Vandyke Brown.*	xxvi.	46
Walrus and the Carpenter, The	*Lewis Carroll.*	xxvi.	67
Who Rules the Household?		xxvi.	81
Washerwoman's Friend, The	*Eugene F. Ware.*	xxvi.	106
When Greek met Greek		xxvi.	109
Willie Clark	*Thomas E. Garrett.*	xxvi.	154
Why Ben Schneider Decides for Prohibition	*Vira Hopkins,*	xxvi.	188
Watchman's Story, A	*John F. Nicholls.*	xxvii.	206
What the Diver Saw	*Horace B. Durant.*	xxviii.	20
Waiting for the Galleon	*Richard Edward White.*	xxviii.	33
What is Home?		xxviii.	100
Woman's Song, A	*Clement Scott.*	xxviii.	133
What I Said	*Ellen Murray.*	xxviii.	216
Year in Paradise, A	*Rev. Dr. Cross.*	xxv.	116
Yes I'm Guilty	*J. M. Munyon.*	xxvii.	63

SELECTIONS IN PROSE.*

		Number.	Page.
All about the Weather		xxvi.	103
Arraignment of Rum, The	*Bishop R. S. Foster.*	xxvi.	107
Advance of Science, The	*W. Sapte, Jr.*	xxvii.	98
Biddy O'Brien has the Toothache	*Louise H. Savage.*	xxv.	62
Book Canvasser, The		xxv.	104
Brudder Brown on "Apples"		xxvi.	181
Burdock's Music-Box		xxvii.	60
Borrowed Baby, The	*Elson W. B. Tallow.*	xxvii.	119
Banging a Sensational Novelist		xxvii.	187
By Special Request	*Frank Castles.*	xxvii.	218
Bob Johnston's Visit to the Circus	*Andrew Stewart.*	xxviii.	106
Bill Nye on Hornets	*Edgar W. Nye.*	xxviii.	221
Composition, The	*Lulu C. Hillyer.*	xxvi.	131
Convict's Soliloquy, The	*E. H. Trafton.*	xxvi.	200
Charity Collector, The	*George M. Vickers.*	xxvii.	39
Don't use Big Words		xxv.	162
Devotion to Duty	*D. N. Shelley.*	xxviii.	14
Drive On! Drive On!	*W. M. Thayer.*	xxviii.	29
Death of Bill Sikes, The	*Charles Dickens.*	xxviii.	113
Friend of the Fly, A		xxv.	81
Fire! Fire!	*W. A. Eaton.*	xxv.	155
French by Lightning	*Charles Barnard.*	xxvi.	157
Four Brothers, The	*David Macrae.*	xxvii.	85
Fence o' Scripture Faith, The	*Mrs. Findley Braden.*	xxvii.	147
Facts concerning "Jay Gould"		xxvii.	202
Fall of Jericho, The	*Duffield Osborne.*	xxviii.	133
Get Acquainted with Yourself	*R. J. Burdette.*	xxviii.	80
Hannibal on the Alps	*E. M. Swan.*	xxv.	12
How Mr. Smiggles went to a Public Dinner	*E. F. Turner.*	xxv.	20
How Jimmy tended the Baby		xxv.	93
Hero Woman, The	*George Lippard.*	xxv.	110
Hour of Horror, An		xxvi.	95
Home	*T. DeWitt Talmage.*	xxvi.	186
How Girls Study	*Belle McDonald.*	xxvii.	114
Happy Family, A		xxviii.	89

* See Explanatory Note on page v.

		No.	Page
In the Tunnel		xxv.	138
Irishman's Perplexity, An		xxvi.	90
Jim: A Hero	*Robert Overton.*	xxviii.	51
"Kiss Me, Mamma, I can't Sleep"		xxviii.	65
Little Fritz	*George M. Vickers.*	xxvi.	41
Little Carl	*Amelia H. Botsford.*	xxvii.	28
Love is Over All	*Mrs. E. V. Wilson.*	xxvii.	68
Light from over the Range, The		xxvii.	207
Little Johnnie's "Piece" on Owls		xxviii.	30
Man who Apologized, The		xxv.	119
Miss O'Mulligan takes a Bicycle Ride	*Louise H. Savage.*	xxv.	146
Modern Shakspeare, The		xxv.	179
Merchant and the Book-Agent, The		xxv.	195
Me and Bill	*Robert Overton.*	xxvi.	11
Minister's Grievances, The		xxvii.	21
Mrs. Murphy's Recipe for Cake	*S. Jennie Smith.*	xxviii.	145
Napoleon's Overthrow	*Victor Hugo.*	xxv.	51
Nutting Expedition, A		xxvi.	28
Number Twenty-Five		xxvii.	13
New Declaration of Independence, A	*Clinton B. Fisk.*	xxviii.	150
Number 999	*Edward F. Turner.*	xxviii.	179
Our Debating Club	*Edward F. Turner.*	xxvi.	55
Praying For Papa		xxv.	30
Poetry of Science, The	*Herbert Spencer.*	xxvi.	124
Paddy's Courtin'	*W. A. Eaton.*	xxvi.	145
Peter Klaus		xxviii.	225
Queen Vashti	*T. De Witt Talmage.*	xxviii.	186
Railway Chase, The	*David Macrae.*	xxvi.	165
Rival Singer, The		xxvii.	173
Story which the Ledger told, The	*Luella D. Smith.*	xxv.	67
Saved by a Rattlesnake		xxv.	84
Speech of Patrick Henry		xxv.	97
Six Love Letters		xxv.	167
Supporting the Guns		xxv.	200
Silver Cup, The		xxvi.	47
Shall we Meet Again	*George D. Prentice.*	xxvi.	149
Schoolboy on Corns, A		xxvi.	194
S'posen a Case		xxvii.	127
Story of a Bedstead, The		xxvii.	142

		No.	Page
Storm at Sea	*Charles Dickens.*	xxvii.	224
Spirited Object Lesson, A		xxviii.	23
Schake und Agers	*I. H. Brown.*	xxviii.	60
Slim Teacher of Cranberry Gulch, The		xxviii.	96
Story of Little Moses, The	*Eugene J. Hall.*	xxviii.	127
Swallowed Frog, The		xxviii.	160
Three Parsons, The	*Robert Overton.*	xxv.	40
There'll be Room in Heaven		xxvi.	34
Then and Now		xxvi.	74
Three Cherry-Stones, The		xxvi.	78
Turning the Points	*Robert Overton.*	xxvii.	132
That Fire at the Nolans'		xxviii.	74
Unfinished Manuscript, The		xxv.	187
What a Thirty-ton Hammer can Do		xxv.	132
Western Artist's Accomplishments, A		xxvi.	116
Word for Cranks, A		xxvi.	137
What Men have not Fought For	*R. J. Burdette.*	xxvii.	103
Young America		xxvii.	79
Zenobia's Defence	*William Ware.*	xxvi.	65

DRAMAS AND DIALOGUES.

		No.	Page
Bonnet for My Wife, A	*Robert C. V. Meyers.*	xxviii.	39
Dew-Drop Inn, The	*George M. Vickers.*	xxviii.	166
Father's Counsel, The	*Ellen Murray.*	xxvii.	65
In Want of a Servant	*Clara Augusta.*	xxv.	234
Lady Gay Spanker	*Dion Boucicault.*	xxv.	125
Leonidas	*Ellen Murray.*	xxvi.	177
My Boy Fritz	*Ellen Murray.*	xxvii.	182
New Story, The	*Ellen Murray.*	xxv.	38
Pair of Gloves, A	*Robert C. V. Meyers.*	xxv.	217
Portrait and the Critics, The		xxvi.	238
Public Worrier, The	*George M. Vickers.*	xxvii.	159
Shepherd Dog of the Pyrenees, The	*Ellen Murray.*	xxv.	61
School Cantata	*Louisa P. Hopkins.*	xxv.	229
Striking Oil	*H. Elliott McBride.*	xxvi.	215
Scene from "Richelieu"	*E. Bulwer Lytton.*	xxvi.	161
Scene from "Leah"	*Augustin Daly.*	xxvii.	194
Village Scare, The	*S. Jennie Smith.*	xxviii.	194
You Must be Dreaming	*Robert C. V. Meyers.*	xxvii.	45

Part Twenty-fifth.

100

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

No. 25.

THIS OLD WORLD OF OURS.—GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

This is a wise old world of ours;
It's endowed with wonderful powers
  Of judgment, feeling, perception, thought.
What a head upon its shoulders broad!
How speedy in detecting fraud!
Whenever good gold is alloyed—
  The trick in its scales will be caught.
This is a large-headed world of ours.

This is a beautiful world of ours!
Its frescoed skies; its meadows and flowers;
  Its forests of fragrant pine and palm;
Its lakes and rivers that seek the sea;
Its billows that beat like hearts set free;
Its mountains that rise in majesty;
  Its valleys that rest in peaceful calm.
This is a beautiful world of ours!

This is a critical world of ours;
Praise in its crucible melts and sours.
  Few are its compliments; icy cold
Are the words that reach the listening ear
When we bow to catch sweet words of cheer.
Not in this life may we hope to hear

Musical notes from harps of gold,
In this cold, old critical world of ours.

Yet this is a jolly old world of ours,
And mirth gives wings to its flying hours,
While farce laughs aloud in its glee.
On the dance-floor with jubilant feet
Pleasure pursues the eluding cheat,—
A phantom ethereal, frail and fleet.
How can we solve the mystery
Of life in this jolly old world of ours?

This is a brave old world of ours;
Its shafts have fallen like rain in showers;
Its bullets and cannon-balls like hail.
Its blood has flowed in rivers of red;
It has quaked beneath the hostile tread
Of armies numbered with nations' dead.
Yet it wears a sword and a coat of mail,—
This combative old world of ours.

This is a practical world of ours;
It prefers fruit to leaves and flowers.
Rhetorical speech and eloquence
And poetry may be well enough,
It prizes more substantial stuff,
And nuggets of gold, though in the rough.
Genius must yield to common sense
In this practical world of ours.

This is a very old world of ours,—
Its pyramids, temples, tombs, and towers;
Its cities in ruins deep under ground;
Its tablets and parchments and records old;
Its jewels and silver and bronze and gold;
Its mummies wrapped in many a fold—
Speak of its age in types profound,
In this very old world of ours.

This is a fine old world of ours;
Its church-bells ring in ten thousand towers.
Its blessings are like the ocean's flow.
Charity stands at the Christian's door
With a cup and a crust to aid the poor.
Learning delights to impart its lore,
And Love would make it a heaven below,—
This brave and dear old world of ours.

THE FOUR KNIGHTS.—Robert C. V. Meyers.

Written Expressly for this Collection.

Out of Flanders did we ride,
  Max, Karl, Malcolm, and I,
Four knights of prowess side by side,
  Bound for the sea-country.

The tangle in the brake and dell
  Was dripping with the dew,
A little bird woke up to tell
  What the dawn wandered through.

A dozen black trees before us launched,
  Like a dozen apostles of old;
Peter, we called the one crooked-branched,
  And Judas, the one tipped with gold.

And so we laughed, though we looked to our spears,
  While our eyes were rusted with ire,
For last night's toast still rang in our ears,
  And scorched our four souls like fire.

And so we jabbered and spurred and laughed,
  Max, Karl, Malcolm, and I,
As the sun came up, a red mouth that quaffed
  The four midges riding by—

As the day awoke and glittered and ran
  In silver needles of light
Which sewed last night's stars down to earth, where man
  Called them daisies and lilies white.

Out of Flanders, on we crept,
  Our faces grown wan as the spray;
We laughed no more when a great gull swept
  Like a thought through the air and away;

For we were nearing the sea, the sea;
  Last night's toast rang out plain—
"Here's to the love of the sweet lady
  I go to bring home again!"

Max and Karl, Malcolm and I,
  We loved her, and her alone;
I hated the three who loved my lady,
  They hated me, every one.

Aye, we hated, and aye, we were there,
The elements stronger than none—
Fire and water and earth and air,
Which was the greater one?

Hist! What was that plunge at my side, at my back,
That rattle and swift sun-glance?
Max and Karl were at bay, alack!
Each poised his glistening lance—

Each poised his glistening lance, "Ye lie
Who say she belongs to ye;
The lady is mine, and so will I die
For my right, for my *right*, know ye!"

We fought and we lunged, and the gull flew near
And fluttered and blurred the sun;
We fought with our love, with our hope, with our fear,
As though we should never have done.

We fought and we lunged till, spent and dree,
Malcolm and I were left,—
Malcolm and I, and all bloody
Each spear was to the heft.

Malcolm and I! And dared there be
Just two where there had been four?
I loved, and I loved the fair lady,
I could no less nor more.

Quoth Malcolm, "And ye give up the dame,
And wend back to Flanders town,
I'll spare ye both a body and name,
For the lady is my own!"

And I, "The world is not wide at all,
If it holds thee and me the same;
The lady I love I must love till I fall
Through the limitless world ghosts claim!

We fought and we lunged, and the gull flew near,
And fluttered and blurred the sun;
We fought with our love, with our hope, with our fear,
As though we should never have done.

We fought and we lunged, and his steed was down,
His spear he no longer bare,
And then—why then I was all alone,
And the gull shrieked through the air.

I spurred at the flank of my reeking beast,
My glee like a pulse beat fast;
The trees were gibing ghosts from a feast
And, drunken, staggered past.

I spurred at the flank of my beast,—"Mine, mine
Is the lady, and mine alone,
In diamonds and rubies she shall shine,
My beautiful, beautiful one.

"She shall crown me her hero knight,
And she shall love me and slake
This day's hot crime that wounds God's sight,—
The crime that was for her sake.

"She shall love me, and love me I know,
And the three knights I loved so well
Shall not whisper, 'Thou,' and 'Thou,' and 'Thou,'
And point to the gate of hell.

"For love is worth the all of life,
And death is conquered in love,
And sin and all the wages of strife—
Is it not said so from above?

"But lady, my lady, my own lady,
Let life and death fare as they will,
So thou art mine and royally
Rulest my thought and my will."

I spurred at the flank of my beast,—fast! fast!
Past valley and cliff madly,
And down at my feet at last—at last,
Churned the froth of the sea.

And the white gull reeled above my head
Like a thought that was held in chain,
Like a helpless soul of the newly dead
Caught in the meshes of pain.

"Sailor-men, sailor-men, stop me not now,
Pause not ye in my path;
A man in love is naught, I trow—
Make way for a man in wrath!"

The sailor-men they bore a load,
And the priest strode with bare head,
And they called to me as on they strode,
"Make way, make way for the dead!"

"What are the dead to me, sailor-men?—
Priest, what are the dead to me?
Make way for the living! I go, sailor-men,
To meet my own love-lady!"

The priest, he lifted the pall of white,
Soft plumes, and the misty lace—
And like a drowned world of light
I saw my lady's face.

HANNIBAL ON THE ALPS.—E. M. SWAN.

The snow-capped summits of the Alps were darkened with the legions of Carthage; their almost inaccessible heights had been scaled, and the bulk of Hannibal's army now clung about their ragged peaks and icy crags; while far below, still lingering in the dangerous passes, toiled the beast of burden and the last remnant of the troops.

The sun appearing in the orient, shot his earliest rays from amidst the crimson clouds that lingered about the horizon; his bright beams silvered the snowy brow of Mont Blanc, glanced with a dazzling beauty from Alpine glaciers, and fringed with prismatic hues the distant cliffs of Helvetia.

A wild shout of joy arose from the weary throng as they beheld the lovely vales and luxuriant plains of Italia. The air still vibrated with the faint echoes of the dying sound, as a suppressed cry of "Hannibal" flashed along the lines, mingled with a murmur of applause, at sight of their beloved leader, which was gradually hushed into the deepest silence, as the Carthaginian chieftain, waving his gleaming sword from a lofty peak, thus addressed them:—

Why pause ye here? After all that you have endured, all the conquests you have won, do your hearts now grow faint in the very moment of victory?

A few days since we paused at the foot of the Alps, in the deep valley behind you; those rocky barriers,

rearing their lofty forms, filled your hearts with dismay; those icy ramparts, mingling their eternal snows with the clouds of heaven, seemed impassable; yet you dared the wild violence of the mountain freshet; defied the swift impetuosity of the avalanche, and climbed those towering steeps, impregnable to all, save Carthaginian valor.

This bright morn is ominous of our triumph; that same sun that first witnessed our triumphant tread on Alpine heights, and whose beams fall tremulously from your mailed forms, shall yet see the sheen from your polished armor mingle with the reflected rays from Tiber's trembling wave, as our victorious swords wave o'er the heart of Rome.

Italia's plains now lie before you. See them in all their quiet beauty and loveliness; the clusters of rich, ripe grapes hang pendent from the vine; the sweet breath of roses floats from every valley, and there is a music in the murmuring of every stream. The gods invite you to a life of luxurious ease; spread for you a banquet of softest pleasures, and hold to your lips a chalice of wildest delight.

Fired with earnest zeal, you have only to follow your chief, to sweep like an avalanche to the gates of Rome, and in one fierce conflict, hurl the proud queen from her throne, and in streams of purple gore wash her glittering cohorts to the sea.

Years ago, at the shrine of iron-crested Mars, I registered an oath of eternal enmity to Rome and Romans; and though but a child in stature, I had a warrior's heart. That vow has never, for a moment, been forgotten; but its bonds have strengthened as I advanced in years, until now, when my hatred of the Roman might is almost a religion.

Any of you can well testify that I have lost no opportunity of baffling their schemes, defeating their plans, or crushing their hopes.

And now, that that proud city trembles beneath our

grasp, and the light that has so long startled the world is about to be extinguished, shall we falter in our duty? Shall we now delay to strike the fatal blow that shall strip those proud hills of all their pomp and power?

No! I would now march to Rome, though all the hades should yield their countless hosts to check my course; and though a legion of dragons, more terrible than that which haunts the banks of Eleutherus, should rise in dread defiance.

No! The bones of our ancestors could not rest quiet in their tombs, should we so far forget their counsels and their deeds; their angry manes would shriek incessant clamor in our ears, upbraiding us as recreant to our sires; and the gods themselves, hereafter, would forsake our cause, and frown their disapproval of our act.

No! By great Jupiter, since first my virgin sword drank Roman blood, it never has been sheathed, except in Roman carcasses, nor shall it be until that hated realm shall crumble back to ashes, and be deluged with the last drop of its heart's blood.

A GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

Oh, she was so utterly utter!
She couldn't eat plain bread and butter,
But a nibble she'd take
At a wafer of cake,
Or the wing of a quail for her supper;
Roast beef and plum-pudding she'd sneer at,
A boiled leg of mutton she'd jeer at,
But the limb of a frog
Might her appetite jog,
Or some delicate bit that came near that.
The consequence was, she grew paler
And more wishy-washy, and frailer,
Ate less for her dinner,
Grew thinner and thinner,
Till I really think,
If you marked her with ink,

Put an envelope on her,
And stamped it upon her,
You could go to the office and mail her!
Her voice was so low and so thrilling,
Its cadence was perfectly killing;
And she talked with a lisp and a stutter,
For she was so utterly utter!

Oh, she was so very æsthetic!
Her face was quite long and pathetic;
The ends of her hair
Floated loose on the air,
And her eyes had a sadness prophetic;
The bangs she wore down on her forehead
Were straight and deliciously horrid;
And a sad-colored gown
Going straight up and down
She wore when the weather was torrid.
It was terrible hard to enthuse her,
But a bit of old China would fuse her;
And she'd glow like a coal or a candle,
At the mention of Bach or of Handel.
At pinks, and sweet-williams and roses,
She'd make the most *retrousse* noses,
But would swoon with delight
At a sunflower bright,
And use it in making her poses.
She moved with the sleepiest motion,
As if not quite used to the notion;
And her manner was chill
As a waterfowl's bill
When he's fresh from a dip in the ocean!
It was quite the reverse of magnetic,
But oh, it was very æsthetic!

And if, with your old-fashioned notions,
You could wish that more cheerful emotions,
More sunshine and grace,
Should appear in her face,
More gladness should speak in her motions—
If you heard with a homesick dejection
The changes in voice and inflection,
And sighed for smooth tresses,
And the plain, simple dresses
That used to command your affection,—

Oh, hide your rash thoughts in your bosom!
Or, if you must speak out and use 'em,
Then under your breath you must mutter;
For *she* is *too* UTTERLY *utter!*

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.—H. ELLIOTT MCBRIDE.

I look to-day far down the aisles of memory's happy past,
I see the scenes I saw before my sky was overcast;
I wander over hill and dale, forget the present time,
And live anew the olden days, though in a foreign clime.

I see the school-house in the vale, the crystal spring below,
The water leaping, rippling on, upon its downward flow;
The leaves and vines are dipping in the spring so cool and clear,
Around whose brink we sported then, with naught of care or fear.

I see the grassy slope again, where in the autumn haze
We spent the hour of noon in play. Ah, those were golden days!
Oh, how we sported on that green! what merry games we played
Around the towering "hollow oak" and in the walnut's shade!

And when the winter days came on, and frost and ice and snow
Had wrapped the hills in sheets of white, then with our sleds we'd go
Away unto the coasting ground, so high and smooth and steep,
And then, with laughter, song and shout, adown the hill we'd sweep.

The school-house now is gone, I know, that old brown house so queer;
Yet I can see the boys and girls, their merry voices hear.
I wander with the boys again, along the rural glade;
We buy and sell our pocket toys, again our jack-knives trade.

And there's the cup behind the door, still hanging on a nail,
And on a stool below you'll see the dinted water-pail.
With eager haste I drink again the water clear and cold,
And relish still the cooling draught as in the days of old.

The long, low seat for little boys stood by the master's chair,
And John and Sam and Bill and I were each located there.
Where are they now, those merry boys with whom I joined in play?
They've run their race, their battle's o'er, and they have passed away.

The old brown house, the playground trees, the fence along the lane,
All, all are gone, and in their place a field of waving grain.
Old memories cluster round the spot, the spot so dear to me
When life was one long summer day, so joyous, bright and free.

THE TWO CHAMPIONS.

Frowning they stood, the lords of Night and Day;
Betwixt them rolled an orb.

I saw an armèd champion ride
Slow toward the west,
With a crimson flush of wavering light
On his crest.
His visor was up and his helmeting
Blazed like a dome of gold,
A sun-red shield on his breast he bore,
And a blood-red sun shone evermore
On his buckler manifold.

Stood purple, smit his giant frame;
The summer lightnings went and came;
Outstreamed his hair like yellow flame,—
Outstreamed in wavelets free;
In shining folds over dingle and dell
The flood of silken luster fell,
And slowly trailed along the vale,
And lightly brushed the upland pale
And swept across the sea.
It was a noble sight, I trow,
That warrior with his burning brow
So red from spur to plume,—
So splendid in his stately pace,
As if a god had set his face
Towards some far off resting place,
And left a world to gloom.

Then saw I rising slowly up
Behind the eastern low,
A champion, clad in silver mail,
And breast and brow were ghastly pale—
Even as Atlas snow,
And all the pure, crisp icy world
Flashed back the glittering wonder,
And looked up at the great white face
That cleft the dark asunder.

His pennon flew like a thunder cloud
(When the angry winds are piping loud
From deep to deep,)
Above the warrior's helmed head
In billowy sweep.
His uttermost form in the shadowing south
Hung cloud-fringed to the view;
Azure and black
Were his corselet and jack,
And his plume the stars shone through;
There liveth none might cope with him
Save he of the burning brow;
And ever those two champions ride
In solemn silence past,
And neither knight may meet his foe
The whiles the world shall last.

A NATURE PRAYER.—I. EDGAR JONES.

Oh, birds that sing such thankful psalms,
  Rebuking human fretting,
Teach us your secret of content;
  Your science of forgetting.
For every life must have its ills,—
  You, too, have times of sorrow;
Teach us, like you, to lay them by
  And sing again to-morrow;
For gems of blackest jet may rest
  Within a golden setting,
And he is wise who understands
  The science of forgetting.

Oh, palms that bow before the gale
  Until its peaceful ending,

Teach us your yielding, linked with strength,
Your graceful art of bending;
For every tree must meet the storm,
Each heart encounter sorrow;
Teach us, like you, to bow, that we
May stand erect to-morrow;
For there is strength in humble grace—
Its wise disciples shielding—
And he is strong who understands
The happy art of yielding.

Oh, brooks which laugh all night, all day,
With voice of sweet seduction,
Teach us your art of laughing more
At every new obstruction;
For every life has eddies deep
And rapids fiercely dashing,
Sometimes through gloomy caverns forced,
Sometimes in sunlight flashing;
Yet there is wisdom in your way,
Your laughing waves and wimples;
Teach us your gospel, built of smiles,
The secret of your dimples.

Oh, oaks that stand in forest ranks,
Tall, strong, erect and sightly,
Your branches arched in noblest grace,
Your leaflets laughing lightly;
Teach us your firm and quiet strength,
Your secrets of extraction
From slimy darkness in the soil
The grace of life and action;
For they are rich who understand
The secret of combining
The good deep hidden in the earth
With that where suns are shining.

Oh, myriad forms of earth and air,
Of lake, and sea, and river,
Which make our landscapes glad and fair
To glorify the giver;
Teach us to learn the lessons hid
In each familiar feature,
The mystery which so perfects
Each low or lofty creature;

For God is good, and life is sweet,
While suns are brightly shining
To glad the glooms, and thus rebuke
Our follies of repining.

Each night is followed by its day,
Each storm by fairer weather,
While all the works of nature sing
Their psalms of joy together.
Then learn, O heart, their songs of hope!
Cease, soul, thy thankless sorrow;
For though the clouds be dark to-day,
The sun shall shine to-morrow.
Learn well from bird and tree and rill
The sins of dark resentment,
And know the greatest gift of God
Is faith and sweet contentment.

HOW MR. SMIGGLES WENT TO A PUBLIC DINNER.—E. F. Turner.

A dress-suit of faultless cut; a pair of patent leather boots, the brightness whereof was dazzling in the extreme; a shirt-front of snowy, a collar of snowier, and a tie of snowiest whiteness; a hat which, when its services were not required, would, on being gently pressed at the top, cease to be a hat, and resolve itself into a something which might be sat upon, or squeezed, or dropped, or assaulted in any manner whatsoever, without sustaining the smallest injury. These various elements, united in one, constituted the outside of Mr. Ferdinand Smiggles as he started from home on that eventful evening.

He was what you might style a mild-looking person. He had a small body, and a large, fat, smooth, sleek face, upon the left cheek of which had appeared seven years previously a something very like a Brussels sprout (only that it was straw-colored and not green), which he designated his "whiskers." He had been waiting ever since for a similar eruption to take place on his right cheek, as one who waited for the millennium.

On this occasion Mr. Smiggles looked unusually animated and important. And not without cause, indeed. For he was going out to dinner,—not a mere everyday dinner-party, where Mr. Smith would take Mrs. Brown in to dinner, while Mr. Brown was doing the same kind office for Mrs. Smith. No, indeed; but to a grand public dinner,—a dinner given in honor of that great man Sir Spratby Haddock.

This more than lion of the hour—this lion and tiger, and Polar bear, with a hippopotamus thrown in—had done something of such profound service to the country (I don't quite know what it was, but I think it was an improvement in the art of skinning eels) that two hundred and fifty of his admirers had agreed to eat two hundred and fifty very rich, unwholesome, and expensive dinners for the privilege and glory of seeing Sir Spratby Haddock submit himself to the same operation.

The circumstances which enrolled Mr. Smiggles in the band were these. He had an acquaintance, by name Barnaby Blazes, a captain in the Royal Navy. Now Captain Barnaby Blazes, R. N., being interested in the skinning of eels, had obtained a ticket for the banquet, but unable at the last moment to go, he had presented it to Mr. Smiggles, who was only too proud to take his place.

Behold him then triumphantly journeying to the scene of action in a hansom cab, and behold him ten minutes after his arrival devouring turtle soup with his mouth and Sir Spratby Haddock with his eyes!

Then leaving him for one minute thus pleasantly occupied, let us listen to a hurried conversation carried on in an undertone between the chairman and a member of the committee.

"Who is there to return thanks for the Army, Navy, and Volunteers?" asked the chairman.

"The name of Captain B. Blazes, R. N. is on the list," replied the member of the committee; "you had better call on him."

"Do you know where he's sitting?" continued the chairman.

"I don't know him even by sight," said the committee-man, looking down a list which he took out of his pocket; "but I see that his seat is No. 13 on the left-hand side down the table, so, counting the numbers on that side, it must be that man with the fat face and big white choker," and therewith the committee-man pointed at our unconscious friend, Mr. Smiggles.

"All right," said the chairman, "I see the man you mean," and with a nod of mutual understanding, the conference ended.

Dear me, what a grand dinner it was! Dish followed dish, and course followed course! Champagne corks were popping away with all the force of musketry, and nearly as much noise; while from the assembled company there arose the indescribable hubbub which is produced when a large number of people eat and drink and talk as hard as they can at one and the same moment.

The soul of Mr. Smiggles expanded with pleasure and enjoyment.

He had never before seen either the gentleman who sat on his right, or the gentleman who sat on his left; but before many courses had been completed, he had vowed eternal friendship with the former, and called the latter "old boy" three times.

The dinner at last gave way to dessert, and to the business of the evening,—the health drinking and speech making.

First, of course, there was the toast of the Queen, and then of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and all the Royal Family.

Then came the Army, Navy and Volunteers. Time forces me to pass over the glowing terms in which the chairman referred to the army, and to come at once to an event fraught with stupendous consequences to Mr. Smiggles.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Chairman, [Mr. Chairman, by the way, had a vast idea of his own powers of speaking, he was given to using very long words, not having much apparent reference to the subject in hand, and to quotations of doubtful accuracy, and of which the author's name was not given with that degree of correctness that might have been desired, and he brought out every word he said as if it were his own private property, entered at Stationers' Hall, and with the right of foreign translation reserved.]

"Gentlemen, I pass from the army [Here the chairman waved his hand as if he had sent the army to bed.] to the illustrious, the invincible, the transcendental navy of this realm. What the immortal Shakspeare so aptly called the 'wooden walls of old England' have now given way to impenetrable and majestic iron. But have our sailors changed? Has Britannia ceased, if I may borrow from Wordsworth, to rule the waves? Are the traditions which have descended from the heroes who, as Lord Byron once observed, 'proudly ploughed the azure deep and on its bosom went to sleep,' to be degenerately falsified in this our day? [Here the chairman paused and looked fiercely at a decanter as if awaiting an answer to these crushing questions.] No! Never will Britons be the minions of a degraded foe, or 'tune to please a peasant's ear the harp a king once loved to hear' in miserable captivity.

"Gentlemen, we have not among us a soldier or a volunteer, but we have here a distinguished member of the service to which I have just referred, that of the navy, and in proposing the toast of The Army, Navy and Volunteers, I have great pleasure in coupling with it the name of Captain B. Blazes, R. N."

The chairman bowed straight at Mr. Smiggles—there was no doubt about it—as he rose to drink the toast. Everybody else followed the example of the chairman, and rose also. Mr. Smiggles followed the example of

everybody else, and rose too. But what was his astonishment to feel the tails of his coat pulled violently by the gentlemen on either side of him, while one of them whispered hurriedly, as he yielded to the combined assault, and sank back amazed, "Sit down, you mustn't stand up while your health is being drunk."

Amidst great cheering was drunk the health of the Army, Navy and Volunteers, as represented by the imaginary Captain Blazes.

And now that individual was expected to return thanks for the compliment.

In other words every eye was turned upon Ferdinand Smiggles, and if every eye had been the barrel of a loaded gun, Ferdinand Smiggles could not have looked more completely astounded.

A fearful pause ensued.

"Now you must make a speech," said the gentleman on his right.

"For goodness' sake get up and begin," said the gentleman on his left.

Simultaneously the gentleman on his right, and the gentleman on his left, applied a gentle upwardly propelling process to Mr. Smiggles, which resulted in his standing before the assembled company in a perpendicular position, and with a look of abject vacant astonishment on his sleek visage which no pen can describe.

All that the mind of Smiggles could grasp was this, that he, who had never made a speech in his life, was called upon to respond to the toast without a moment's preparation—but whether because Captain Barnaby Blazes wasn't there, or because he was sitting in Captain Barnaby Blazes' place, or for what other reason his bewildered mind could form no idea. Nothing but the desperate nature of the occasion, and a certain amount of courage derived from the champagne could ever have enabled him to begin.

"Mr. Gentleman and chairman—I mean Mr. Chairman and gentleman—the army and navy and volunteers

are very much obliged—and—and—pleased at the honor they've done you—at least, of course, I don't mean that, I mean the honor you've done them in being drunk—I—I—mean their health being drunk. The army is—is—I say the army isn't the navy, in fact they're quite different, and—and—the volunteers too."

Long pause, not a sound—not even a funeral note.

"Gentle chairman—I mean gentlemen—I—I—in point of fact, what I mean is that, I don't quite exactly know what I mean—but as I said before we're very much obliged; and, I think, it might be as well if I didn't say any more." Long pause—still a dead silence.

"Gentlemen, I'm quite *sure* I'd better not go on—Gentlemen, [that word was the straw of the drowning Smiggles] the army and Blazes, I mean the army and navy and volunteers are very much obliged to you for drinking their honor—for the honor of their being drunk—for drinking their volunteers—and I'll—I'll—I'll tell Captain Blazes—thank you—and oh! I wish with all my soul [here Mr. Smiggles burst into tears, and sobbed,] that Blazes was here to do it himself."

Mr. Smiggles sank down at this point in a state of unutterable collapse.

The whole assembly had seemed transfixed with astonishment throughout his hapless oration. The gentleman who had raised his glass half-way to his lips, kept it exactly in the same position; the gentleman who had put his hands together for the purpose of applause moved them not and sat like one in the attitude of supplication; the gentleman who was about to regale himself from the snuff-box of his neighbor, and the neighboring gentleman who had proffered the snuff-box, might have come straight from Madame Tussaud's for any sign of movement that they gave.

But suddenly the features of the committee-man, whom I mentioned before, resumed their suspended animation, and relapsed into a broad grin.

He bent towards the chairman, and said, "There must be some mistake here; this gentleman seems to have taken the place of Captain Blazes."

The explanation speedily circulated through the room, and was followed by a roar of laughter at the expense of Mr. Smiggles, who would have welcomed a moderate earthquake. As it was, he seized an opportunity when everybody was engaged in cheering Sir Spratby Haddock, to beat a precipitate retreat.

* * * * * *

Mr. Smiggles was very ill for several days.

He has never been to a public dinner since.

He never means to go to one again as long as he lives.

THE WOMEN OF MUMBLES HEAD.—CLEMENT SCOTT.

Bring, novelist, your note-book! bring, dramatist, your pen!
And I'll tell you a simple story of what women do for men.
It's only a tale of a lifeboat, of the dying and the dead,
Of the terrible storm and shipwreck that happened off Mumbles Head!
Maybe you have traveled in Wales, sir, and know it north and south;
Maybe you are friends with the "natives" that dwell at Oystermouth;
It happens, no doubt, that from Bristol you've crossed in a casual way,
And have sailed your yacht in the summer in the blue of Swansea Bay.

Well! it isn't like that in the winter, when the lighthouse stands alone,
In the teeth of Atlantic breakers that foam on its face of stone;
It wasn't like that when the hurricane blew, and the storm-bell tolled, or when
There was news of a wreck, and the lifeboat launched, and a desperate cry for men.
When in the world did the coxswain shirk? a brave old salt was he!
Proud to the bone of as four strong lads as ever had tasted the sea,

Welshmen all to the lungs and loins, who, about that coast,
'twas said,
Had saved some hundred lives apiece—at a shilling or so a
head!

So the father launched the lifeboat, in the teeth of the
tempest's roar,
And he stood like a man at the rudder, with an eye on his
boys at the oar.
Out to the wreck went the father! out to the wreck went
the sons!
Leaving the weeping of women, and booming of signal guns;
Leaving the mother who loved them, and the girls that the
sailors love;
Going to death for duty, and trusting to God above!
Do you murmur a prayer, my brothers, when cozy and safe
in bed,
For men like these, who are ready to die for a wreck off
Mumbles Head?

It didn't go well with the lifeboat! 'twas a terrible storm
that blew!
And it snapped the rope in a second that was flung to the
drowning crew;
And then the anchor parted—'twas a tussle to keep afloat!
But the father stuck to the rudder, and the boys to the
brave old boat.
Then at last on the poor doomed lifeboat a wave broke
mountains high!
"God help us now!" said the father. "It's over, my lads!
Good bye!"
Half of the crew swam shoreward, half to the sheltered caves,
But father and sons were fighting death in the foam of the
angry waves.

Up at a lighthouse window two women beheld the storm,
And saw in the boiling breakers a figure,—a fighting form;
It might be a gray-haired father, then the women held their
breath;
It might be a fair-haired brother, who was having a round
with death;
It might be a lover, a husband, whose kisses were on the lips
Of the women whose love is the life of men going down to
the sea in ships.
They had seen the launch of the lifeboat, they had seen the
worst, and more,
Then, kissing each other, these women went down from the
lighthouse, straight to shore.

There by the rocks on the breakers these sisters, hand in hand,
Beheld once more that desperate man who struggled to reach the land.
'Twas only aid he wanted to help him across the wave,
But what are a couple of women with only a man to save?
What are a couple of women? well, more than three craven men
Who stood by the shore with chattering teeth, refusing to stir—and then
Off went the women's shawls, sir; in a second they're torn and rent,
Then knotting them into a rope of love, straight into the sea they went!

"Come back!" cried the lighthouse-keeper, "For God's sake, girls, come back!"
As they caught the waves on their foreheads, resisting the fierce attack.
"Come back!" moaned the gray-haired mother, as she stood by the angry sea,
"If the waves take you, my darlings, there's nobody left to me!"
"Come back!" said the three strong soldiers, who still stood faint and pale,
"You will drown if you face the breakers! you will fall if you brave the gale!"
"*Come back!*" said the girls, "we will not! go tell it to all the town,
We'll lose our lives, God willing, before that man shall drown!"

"Give one more knot to the shawls, Bess! give one strong clutch of your hand!
Just follow me, brave, to the shingle, and we'll bring him safe to land!
Wait for the next wave, darling! only a minute more,
And I'll have him safe in my arms, dear, and we'll drag him to the shore."
Up to the arms in the water, fighting it breast to breast,
They caught and saved a brother alive. God bless them! you know the rest—
Well, many a heart beat stronger, and many a tear was shed,
And many a glass was tossed right off to "The Women of Mumbles Head!"

BLOWING BUBBLES.—Eugene H. Munday.

As I loitered through the village,
I saw children at their play,
Blowing bubbles in the sunshine
From a penny pipe of clay.
I had passed them with a greeting,
But their gladness charmed me so,
That I turned to watch the bubbles
Sailing through the summer's glow.

Though they seemed not half so brilliant
As in boyhood I had blown,
When the smallest of my bubbles
Held a rainbow of its own,
Yet my little friends grew merry
As each tinted, air-blown toy
Floated upward, and the baby
Clapped its chubby hands for joy.

And the girl--her arms outstretching,
As if begging them to stay—
Said, "I'm sorry, oh, so sorry,
They so quickly fade away!"
But her brother looked right manly
As he shouted with delight,
"It is easy, very easy,
To blow others just as bright!"

And he blew with such good fortune
That, before his task was done,
You might count a score of bubbles
Floating gaily in the sun.
Then her eyes with pleasure sparkled,
As the crystal phantoms played,
And she quite forgot her sorrow
That they each so quickly fade.

And she paused where I was resting
In the shadow of a yew,
And in tones of laughing wonder cried,
"Can't you blow bubbles, too?"
As I knew not how to answer,
There I left them at their play,
Blowing bubbles in the sunshine,
From a penny pipe of clay.

PRAYING FOR PAPA.

A man who had been walking for some time in the downward path, came out of his house and started down town for a night of carousal with some old companions he had promised to meet. His young wife had besought him with imploring eyes to spend the evening with her, and had reminded him of the time when evenings passed in her company were all too short. His little daughter had clung about his knees and coaxed in her pretty, wilful way for "papa" to tell her some bedtime stories, but habit was stronger than love for wife and child, and he eluded their tender questioning by the special sophistries the father of evil advances at such times from his credit fund, and went his way.

But when he was a few blocks distant from his home, he found that in changing his coat he had forgotten to remove his wallet, and he could not go out on a drinking bout without money, even though he knew his family needed it, and his wife was economizing every day more and more in order to make up his deficits, and he hurried back and crept softly past the windows of the little house, in order that he might steal in and obtain it without running the gauntlet of either questions or caresses.

But something stayed his feet; there was a fire in the grate within—for the night was chilly—and it lit up the little parlor and brought out in startling effects the pictures on the wall. But these were as nothing to the pictures on the hearth. There, in the soft glow of the firelight knelt his child at the mother's feet, its small hands clasped in prayer, its fair head bowed; and as its rosy lips whispered each word with distinctness, the father listened, spell-bound to the spot:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Sweet petition! The man himself, who stood there

with bearded lips shut tightly together, had said that prayer once at his mother's knee. Where was that mother now? The sunset gates had long ago unbarred to let her through. But the child had not finished; he heard her say "God bless mamma, papa, and my own self"—and there was a pause, and she lifted her troubled blue eyes to her mother's face.

"God bless papa," prompted the mother, softly.

"God bless papa," lisped the little one.

"And—please send papa home sober"—he could not hear the mother as she said this, but the child followed in a clear, inspired tone:

"God—bless—papa—and—please—send—him—home—sober. Amen."

Mother and child sprang to their feet in alarm when the door opened so suddenly, but they were not afraid when they saw who it was, returned so soon. That night, when little Mamie was being tucked up in bed after such a romp with papa, she said in the sleepiest and most contented of voices:

"Mamma, God answers most as quick as the telegraph, doesn't he?"

PROCRUSTES' BED.—Carlotta Perry.

A long time ago lived Procrustes. The same
Was a dread and a terror wherever his name
Was heard, and his country was sorely afflicted
By the dreadful misdeeds to which he was addicted.
For he murdered and robbed in a horrible way!
Ah! he was a terror by night or by day,—
A terrible creature, a bold and a bad one,
And 'mong his bad habits he's said to have had one
That was worse than the rest and a cruelly sad one,
And you, when you hear it, will surely admit
That he had not the smallest good reason for it.

He had an idea, this very bad man,
That he was the only right pattern and plan
Of stature. That one who was taller than he,

Procrustes, or shorter, must certainly be
Too short or too tall. So he said: "Let me see—
For the illy-built man who is taller or shorter
I'll do what I can, for I feel that I orter.

"I've hit the idea. I'll have me a bed
That shall measure exactly my length from my head
To my feet, and the man who don't fit upon that
Must be a poor, miserable figure. That's flat.
And so, when they lack the proportions of beauty,
I must set them aright, for it's plainly my duty.
The man that's too short must be stretched till he'll fit,
And the man that's too long must be cut off a bit.
So I'll measure them all by this bed, and their height,
Where it differs from mine, I will quickly set right
In the way that I mention." You cannot but say
That this was a very original way
To settle the matter. No two men will be
Exactly the same in their stature. Ah! me,
But he was determined to make them agree.

And so, when his captives were fettered and brought
Into his stronghold, as quick as a thought
They were laid on that bed (he had wonderful strength),
To see if they were of the requisite length.

Such stretching, such sawing, such trimming! What pain
Did they all have to bear, the right length to attain!
"Here's a man that's too long. Cut him off!" with a shout.
"Here's a man that's too short. Stretch him out! Stretch
him out!"
And when they arose from their beds, what a sight!
'Twould have made the heart ache to have seen their sad
plight;
For the worst of it was that, when all was done,
They were not at all like Procrustes, not one:
There was not one like to the other, and none
Was *himself* as he was intended to be;
As bad a state, surely, as one need to see.
How they hopped, how they limped, how they hobbled
about,
The man who was lopped and the fellow stretched out.
Procrustes looked on, and he said: "Without doubt,
'Tis bad; but my height is just right to a thread,
And the man is all wrong who don't fit on that bed.

Since that's beyond question, it isn't my fault
If it makes them all crippled and crooked and halt."

How long he'd have kept at this work I don't know,
But, at last, he encountered a powerful foe,
Who cleverly gave him his long-deserved blow.
He met Theseus, of Athens, one day, and they fought;
And Procrustes went down in the dust, as he ought;
For Theseus most boldly and openly said
He didn't acknowledge the right of the bed
As a standard for *him*. He declared, quite at ease:
"I've a right to be tall or be short, as I please.
Procrustes may grow to be tall as a tree,
But why should that make any difference to me?
He has made a most needless and murderous bother;
His stature is good for himself, and none other;
Besides, while he's mangled and maimed at his pleasure,
He has not brought one of them all to his measure.
Every man his own fashion of growing must keep on,
And the bed that fits *him* is the bed he must sleep on."

I do not insist that this happened just so;
It may be a fiction; but this much I know:
That, if but a tale of a dead long ago,
A neat little truth lies hidden behind it,
And I think, if you look, you will certainly find it.

—*The Independent.*

THE SACRILEGIOUS GAMESTERS.—Eliza Cook.

A stranger journeyed through the town,
One dark and wintry night;
And, as he passed the ivied church,
He marked a flitting light.

It shed a restless, waving gleam
Through the Gothic window-pane;
And now it vanished for a space,
And now it came again.

He stood, and thought it wondrous strange
That such a scene should be;
He stood, and now the full, red beam
Shone strong and steadily.

He looked around; all else was dark,
Not e'en a star was left;
The townsmen slumbered, and he thought
Of sacrilege and theft.

He roused two sleepers from their beds,
And told what he had seen;
And they, like him, were curious
To know what it should mean.

They hied together to the church,
And heard strange sounds within
Of undistinguishable words,
And laughter's noisy din.

The window is high; a ladder—quick—
'Tis placed with stealthy care,
And one ascends—he looks below;
Oh, what a sight is there!

The white communion-cloth is spread
With cards, and dice, and wine;
The flaming wax-lights glare around,
The gilded sconces shine.

And three of earthly form have made
The altar-rail their seat,
With the Bible and the books of prayer
As footstools for their feet.

Three men, with flashing, bloodshot eyes
And burning, fevered brows,
Have met within those holy walls
To gamble and carouse.

But the darkest work is not yet told:
Another guest is there,
With the earthworm trailing o'er his cheek
To hide in his matted hair!

He lifted not the foaming cup,
He moved not in his place;
There was slime upon his livid lips,
And dust upon his face;

The foldings of a winding-sheet
His body wrapped around,
And many a stain the vestment bore
Of clay from the charnel ground.

A rent appeared, where his withered hands
Fell out on the sacred board;
And between those hands a goblet stood,
In which bright wine was poured.

Oh! he was not like the other three,
But ghastly, foul, and cold;
He was seated there, a stiffened corpse,
All horrid to behold.

He had been their mate for many a year,
Their partner many a game;
He had shared alike their ill-got gold,
And their deeply-tarnished fame.

He had died in the midst of his career,
As the sinful ever die;
Without one prayer from a good man's heart,
One tear from a good man's eye.

He had died a guilty one, unblessed,
Unwept, unmourned by all;
And scarce a footstep ever bent
To his grave by the old church wall.

The other three had met that night,
And reveled in drunken glee;
And talked of him who a month ago
Formed one of their company.

They quaffed another brimming glass,
And a noisy oath they swore,
That he who had joined their game so oft
Should join their game once more.

And away they strode to the old church wall,
Treading o'er skull and tomb;
And dragged him out triumphantly,
In the midnight, murky gloom.

They carry him down the chancel porch,
And through the fretted aisle;
And many a heartless, fiendish laugh,
Is heard to ring the while.

They place him at the hallowed shrine,
They call upon his name;
They bid him wake to life again,
And play his olden game.

They deal the cards; the ribald jest
And pealing laugh ring on:
A stroke—a start—the echoing clock
Proclaims the hour of one!

And two of the three laugh louder still,
But the third stares wildly round:
He drops the cards, as if his hand
Were palsied at the sound.

His cheeks have lost their deepened flush,
His lips are of paler hue;
And Fear hath fallen on the heart
Of the youngest of that crew;

His soul is not yet firmly bound
In the fetters of reckless sin;
Depravity hath not yet wrought
Its total work within.

The strong potation of the night
Drowned all that might remain
Of feeling; and his hand shrunk not
While madness fired his brain.

But now the charm hath lost its spell,
The heated fumes have passed;
And banished Reason, to her throne
Usurped, advances fast.

He rises—staggers—looks again
Upon the shrouded dead:
A shudder steals upon his frame;
His vaunted strength is fled.

He doubts—he dreams—can, can it be?
A mist is o'er his eyes;
He stands aghast. "Oh! what is this?
Where? where?" he wildly cries.

"Where am I?—see the altar-piece—
The Holy Bible. Say—
Is this the place where I was brought
A tiny boy to pray?

"The church—the churchyard too—I know
I have been *there* to-night;
For what? Ha! mercy! see that corpse!
Oh! hide me from the light!

"I have been deemed a profligate,
A gamester, and a knave,
But ne'er was known to scoff at God
Or violate the grave.

"I've long been what man should not be,
But not what I am now.
Oh! help me! help! My tongue is parched!
There's fire upon my brow!

"Oh! save me! hide me from myself!
I feel my pulses start;
The horror of this drunken crime
Hath fixed upon my heart;

"Again, I feel the rushing blood!
I die!—the unforgiven!
Again, it comes! all—all is dark—
I choke—Oh! mercy, Heaven!"

One struggling groan—he reels—he falls—
On the altar-steps he lies;
And the others gasp with fear, for now
Two corpses meet their eyes.

GRACE DARLING.

'Twas a wild September evening,
And the north wind fiercely blew
When the *Forfarshire* came drifting
With a weary, hopeless crew,
And upon the Longstone striking
With that warning light in view.

"Father," cried the lighthouse maiden,
"Hear you not the drowning call?
Heed not though the sea be raging,
Launch our boat whate'er befall!"
Seated in that boat—a maiden
And an old man, that was all.

To the rock, through wind and tempest,
Through the raging ocean's roar,
On that dread September morning
Pulled that man and maiden o'er;
Stormy sea and danger round them,
Dying fellow-men before.

Sixty-three were in the steamer
When she struck the fatal land,
All the night the raging billows
Every hope of succor banned.
How could man avail to save them?
One by one felt Death's stern hand.

But the nine who clung despairing
All that wild and dreadful night
Heard a cry of help come ringing
Through the air with morning light;
Little marvel that the maiden
Seemed to them an angel bright.

Saved them all! The thrilling story
Ran through England far and wide.
Whilst Grace Darling's fame and glory
Were proclaimed on every side,
She lived humbly in her lighthouse,
Humbly in her lighthouse died.

THE NEW STORY.*—Ellen Murray.

Watchman.

Stop and tell us all the story,
All the strange and wondrous story,
To the end from the beginning;
All about the seraph's singing,
All about the music ringing
Up and down the starry spaces;
All about the calm, strong faces
Looking down across the stars,
Looking over heaven's bars;
Stop and tell us all the story,
From beginning unto ending,
How the heavens stooped in lending
All their beauty to the glory;
Stop, and tell us all the story.

First Shepherd.

Far across the darkened hillside
Fell and rose the windy sighing;

*Written expressly for this collection.

Far away the lights were dying
Where hushed Bethlehem was lying;
And our sheep, beside us sleeping
Where the night watch we were keeping,
Did not hear the distant baying
Of the jackals' roaming tribe.
We could hear the camels neighing,
See far Jordan's silver tide.

Second Shepherd.

Through the darkness such a glory
Flashed and dazzled, up we sprung;
Round us crowded ewe and lambkin,
Deep amazement held each tongue.
By us stood a mighty Being,
On his head a golden star,
And he spoke in falls of music;
How a Child this night was sleeping,—
Child who came to heal all weeping,
Born in Bethlehem afar.

Third Shepherd.

Then the sky broke up in glory,
Lips by hundreds sang the story,
Wings and curls and robes went floating
Miles and miles it seemed to us;
And they sang like far bells pealing,
Like to silver trumpets stealing,
Echoed from the temple's ceiling—
"Pax, pax, pax hominibus."

First Shepherd.

Then we hastened. In the stable
Sat a mother by the manger,—
Sat a mother fair and saintly.
On the hay, there slept the Stranger,
Baby Prince, and King of Glory.

Watchman.

Listen to the wondrous story!
Silence! silence! hush and listen!

Second Shepherd.

King of all earth's kingly powers,
High above Rome's Cæsar mighty,

High o'er Herod's lordly towers,
There upon the camel's hay,
David's Lord, the baby lay.

Watchman.

Has he come, our own Messiah?
Tell the tidings higher, higher!

Third Shepherd.

All earth's nations bend before him,
Rulers hasten to adore him.
Sing! O angels, sing again!
Laugh from out your beds, O dying!
Smile, O mourners, in your crying!
Pain forgotten, sorrow ended;
Heaven and earth in one are blended;
Christ, the Lord, has come to reign!

THE THREE PARSONS.—Robert Overton.

A DEACON'S STORY.

Which I don't belong to the 'Stablished Church, myself, sir, as am a Independent, a-beggin' your pardon, as I know for to be a Church parson.

But yer see what I says is this: you take a lot o'men like us fisherfolk, as works 'ard all the week, and mostly under command, a-doin' what the skipper tells us—'aulin in ropes, settin' sail, draggin' nets, and one thing and another as you naterally don't know nothing about—with nobody for to feel authority over like, 'ceptin' maybe a boy or two what anybody can knock about; well, now, if so be as we chaps go in for the 'Stablished Church, we ain't nobody no more at Church than aboard the boats; we ain't got no woice in what's to be done, and we ain't got no sort of power or command like. But if we goes in for the Methodies or the Baptists (which is a lot, howsomdever, as I don't 'old with at all, as I knowed one old man who almost got 'is death through a being kep' under too long, consequens of the

minister a-lettin' 'im slip and 'is legs gettin' entangled in the sheet), but if, I say, we join any of the sectises, why we get made a lot of,—some being stooards, some deacons, and some a-takin' round the 'at. You should see me and old Cockles foller our minister out o' the westry o' Sundays, or a-makin' the collection arterwards, and our names called out sometimes from the pulpit: "Brother Cockles and Brother Coleman."

Then, again, if we don't 'old with what our minister preaches; or if we seem to want a change, we can tell 'im to look out for a call to some other place: and afore we engages a hand, we have a lot down on trial. We pays our money and we takes our choice.

Now, gen'rally speaking, when we're on the look-out for a minister, we have one chap down one Sunday, another on the follerin' Sunday, and so on till we're satisfied—one done, t'other come on. But it so happened, one time we wanted a minister, we all seemed most dreadful particular; we couldn't satisfy ourselves. We had six down runnin', but none of 'em didn't suit. At last, by some little misunderstandin', we had three come down to preach their trial sermons on the same Sunday; and we arranged it that the Rev. Paul Duster should preach in the mornin', the Rev. Halgernon Sydney Crackles in the arternoon, and the Rev. John Brown in the evenin.'

When the Sunday came when we was to try 'em, we was all agog like.

"You mark my words, mate," says Cockles to me in the westry, "there'll be some close sailin'. I'm rather inclined," he continners wery thoughtful, " to bet on the old gentl'm'n wot's got the runnin' this morning, as is strict orthodox, and appears to me to carry a deal of canvas."

"'Ere he comes," I says, and sure enough he were just tacking across the road under convoy of Bill Tubbs, the butterman, as was understood to have took 'im in hand.

A dreadful severe-looking man were Mr. Duster, with a himmense head and face, both on 'em bald and shining, and 'is head all over bumps. He certainly were awful himpressive to look at. The sermon he preached were severe orthodox, and the language quite as uncommon as you could ha' got in a 'Stablished Church,—Greek and Latin, and all sorts.

"'Ere's words," I says to Cockles.

"Words, and sound doctrine too, mate," says Cockles —as was wery particular about doctrine.

And surelie we got enough about doctrine that mornin', for all the sermon was a-up'oldin' of all our sec' believes, and a-showin' 'ow all other sectises is wrong. The Latin quotations went down himmense, and I see several ladies overcome by the Greek. The sermon, in fact, caused a tremenjious sensation, and Tubbs trotted 'is man away in high sperits, and lookin' proud and triumphant, as though the whole thing was finished and 'is man engaged.

In the arternoon we meets for to hear the second preacher, as turned out so wery poetical and 'eart-breakin' that he seemed fairly like takin' the wind out of the other's sails. His woice had a beautiful shivery-shakery in it, and he wep' that copious I thought sometimes we should have to bale the pulpit out and ask 'im to weep over the side. Lor! how he shot about that blessed pulpit! first one side, then t'other, 'is eyes a-rollin' and 'is face purple, a-gurglin' and a-yellin', and a-whisperin' and a-shoutin'. He were a lean, pale man, regular poetical-lookin', with long hair, and a nose a trifle red at the knob.

At half-arter six, we meets for to hear the last preacher. Only a few on us saw 'im before he got into the pulpit; but we quite agreed that let alone 'is name, which were dead agin 'im, he wasn't the man for *our* money, and I see at once as he didn't go down like with the congregation. He were only about twenty-five, and a trifle undersized, and at first sight didn't look anything at all out

o' the common; but somehow I fancied there was a something in 'is eye and hangin' about 'is mouth that showed he'd got good stuff in 'im. Howsomdever, I didn't think he'd do for us, whatever he'd got stowed away. Well, he preached his sermon,—a short straightaway sermon, what everybody could understand. It wasn't doctrinal, nor it were not poetical, but just practical, a-tellin' us as how everybody in the world had dooties to perform, from queen to pauper, and then a-going on about *our* dooties, and how we should stick to 'em and "never say die" like,—sort o' standin' by the ship, however the winds might roar and the sea rage.

Arter the meeting we had a little gatherin' in the westry—just a few on us to talk matters over, don't yer know—and the only question seemed to be, should we go in for doctrine and elect the doctrinal chap, or wote for the poetical bloke?

We seemed about equally diwided on the point, nobody sayin' nothin' about the young chap what had just preached. Words got rather 'igh at last; and Tubbs (as though considered conwerted by some, were in my opinion not quite done yet) got so excited about Cockles backin' the other man, that I believe if Tubbs hadn't been small and unnateral fat, he would ha' struck Cockles.

On the follerin' Wednesday night there was to be a church meeting to settle about electin' one on 'em.

I reckon that Sunday night will never be forgotten, mister, so long as this 'ere place has got a boat on the water, or a house on the shore; the night of the great storm we call it, when the Spanish "San Pedro" went to pieces.

I 'ad a look out to sea accordin' to custom afore I turned in, and I see a wessel in the offing, which I made out to be a London-bound ship. I didn't much like the look of things, and I said a bit of a prayer for all poor chaps afloat and in danger that night.

Well, sir, an old sailor like me always sleeps with one eye open, so when the winds began to gather strong, and the waves to tumble and roll, and dash against the jetty there, I woke up. By-and-by the wind got higher and higher, rattlin' the winder-panes, shriekin' and 'owlin', and the sound of the risin' waves got louder and louder. All of a sudden I thought of that ship I had seen passing, and out I jumped from my bunk into my clothes, clapped on a sou'-wester, and made for the beach.

Lord save us, what a night it was! You see the black rock out there, sir? Well, you've never seen that covered since you've been 'ere, I know, and you might stop for years and never see it covered; but that night the great black waves were beatin' right over the top, and bang across the jetty. The sky was just as black as ink, and the wind blowin' at last fit to wake the dead. By-and-by, crack, blaze, crack went the lightnin', and boom, boom, boom, followed the thunder, the awful sound pealin' above our heads, and seemin' to roll away over that dreadful sea. Almost all the men and women in the place were on the beach, and even little chil'len 'ad crept away from home, and were clingin' to their mothers' gowns.

The first flash had showed us an awful sight,—a ship, part of 'er riggin' all entangled on 'er deck, driftin' straight on for the rocks. Nought on earth could help 'er—there she was—a noble, handsome craft, drivin' right ashore. drivin' fast and sure into the jaws of death! Only the Hand of God itself put out from heaven could keep 'er off. The women and chil'len were weepin',—weepin' for brave men to die, for sailors' wives to be made widows, and sailors' little ones made orphans that night; and many a man's true heart, as we stood there grimly silent, was wild with sorrow at its own helplessness.

Just as another flash of lightnin' lit up the scene, she struck with a great shiverin' shock; wild cries from the wreck were borne to the shore, and the woman shuddered

and fell on their knees, while from man to man went the question: "Can we do nothing—*nothing*—to help them now?" But what *could* we do? We hadn't got no life-boat then, sir, or no rockets or such-like apparatus, and we knowed that none of our boats could live in a sea like that; while as to swimming off to the wreck—no wonder that even brave hearts quailed a bit, though a rope 'ad been fetched and was lying handy. All at once I heard a noise behind and turns round. A lot of lanterns had been lit, and I could see everything pretty plainly. Clingin' together in the background was still the women and chil'len, between them and us was two of the parsons, the poetical one on 'is knees, and t'other one, 'is hat blown clean away and 'is bumps all wisible, was 'oldin on tight to a jetty post, and giving went to the doctrine that it was God Almighty's will the poor fellows in the wreck should perish. As I said afore, every hale man in the place seemed on the beach; but I didn't see the young preacher chap of that evenin', as I found arterwards had gone to a farm a little way up country. But just as I was thinkin' of 'im I see 'im comin', makin' with quick, hasty strides towards the water. With a light spring he jumps down on the beach and straight on, 'is mouth set firm and steady, and all 'is face glowin' with a light which wasn't on it in the pulpit—straight on, lookin' neither to port nor starboard, but straight for'ard.

"Stand aside, women!"

Calm and cool he orders them, and to right and left they scatter.

Straight on he comes—past the poetical parson on 'is knees, and the doctrinal one a-'anging to the jetty-post—on to where we men was standin'—and then off he flings 'is hat and coat and boots, and takes 'old of the rope; as though in a moment he understands all. "Lads, bear a hand!"

But now we crowd round 'im, crying, "Sir, you shall not go!"

With 'is own hands he fixes on the rope to 'is body, wavin' us off as we press round 'im, and then givin' one look towards the wreck, and one look—bright and quick—up to heaven, he takes a step back, and then: "Stand aside, lads!"

With a great rush everybody presses for'ard to the water's edge, and with bated breath and strainin' eyes we watch the strugglin' swimmer. Beaten, buffeted, bruised, tossed hither and thither—can he ever reach the ship? To us on shore it seems impossible. But God Himself, sir, must have filled that brave young man with strength for 'is daring deed—for see! strugglin' hard, though not so strongly as at first, for 'is limbs must be all numb and weary now, and per'aps even 'is heart is giving way—see! he is getting a little nearer. Nearer still—O God, support 'im! Still nearer, still a little nearer; and the poor foreign fellows on the "San Pedro" are crowdin' over the side cheerin' 'im on with wild and thankful cries.

But we on shore are silent still, for our hearts are too full for word or shout. But at last we break that silence—break it with a shout I can almost hear yet—such a "Hurrah!" as I never heard afore or since—for at last the swimmer has reached the ship, and a great wave flings 'im almost on board; and we make out many hands stretched forth to help 'im over the ship's side. The women were cryin' for joy now—aye, and many a rough fisher-chap drawed 'is sleeve across 'is eyes to brush away tears he need never ha' been ashamed of.

Well, sir, every man on that wessel, which turned out to be a London-bound Spaniard—was saved. One arter another they come ashore, and such a set-out I never did see, for blest if they didn't want to kiss and 'ug as though we 'ad all been a parcel of women together.

Bruised and pale, with blood still a-trinkling from a great gash in 'is head, where he must ha' struck the rocks, at last there came ashore young Parson Brown,

and men, women and chil'len, all eager to see 'is face or touch 'is hand, crowded round 'im.

"Lads," says old Cockles, "I can't say much, but what I do say is "—and he takes 'old tight o' young Brown's hand—"God bless our Minister!"

"Hooroar! God bless Our Minister!"

"Hooroar!" I yells, and then, dreadful excited, I walks up to the Reverend Halgernon Sydney Crackles, and I says: "Poetry be blowed! Hooroar!"

Just then I caught sight o' that there unconwerted Tubbs. He also were laborin' under dreadful emotion, 'is little fat body a heavin' and puffin' and tremblin'. All of a sudden he starts for'ard, pantin', and makin' straight for poor Duster, he shakes 'is little fist in the gentl'man's face, and hollers—"Doctrine be blowed!"

"God bless Our Minister, Hooroar!"

That was the way we elected a parson that time, sir.

LAND OF THE AFTERNOON.

An old man sits in his garden chair,
  Watching the sunlit western sky.
What sees he in the blue depths there,
  Where only the Isles of Memory lie?
There are princely towers and castles high,
  There are gardens fairer than human ken,
There are happy children thronging by,
  Radiant women and stately men,
Singing with voices of sweet attune
The songs of the Land of the Afternoon.

The old man watches a form of cloud
  That floats where the azure islands are,
And he sees a homestead gray and loved,
  And a hand that beckons him afar.
O cheek of rose and hair of gold!
  O eyes of heaven's divinest blue!
Long have ye lain in the graveyard mold—
  But love is infinite, love is true:
He will find her—yes—it must be soon;
They will meet in the Land of the Afternoon.

The sky has changed, and a wreck of cloud
  Is driving athwart its troubled face;
The golden mist is a trailing shroud;
  It is cold and bleak in the garden-place.
The old man smiles and droops his head,
  The thin hair droops from his wrinkled brow,
The sunset radiance has spread
  O'er every wasted feature now;
One sigh exhales like a breath in June—
He has found the Land of the Afternoon.

THE LAST CHARGE.*—George B. Hynson.

NAPOLEON'S ADDRESS TO THE "OLD GUARD" AT WATERLOO, AND THEIR FINAL DEFEAT.

Now, comrades, as ye love the hills
  And vales of sunny France,
Sweep down upon the tyrant foe,
  With lightning speed advance!

Your wives and little ones at home
  Are hanging on your fate,—
Shall they be governed by your love,
  Or ruled by tyrant's hate?

Remember, on your action now,
  Your lives and mine depend;
And they are not so dear as those
  We're fighting to defend.

Let all be borne before your charge
  Like foam upon the crest,
And every soldier of the "Guard"
  Present his gallant breast.

Remember, that the "Guard" can die,
  But never can surrender;
Then let this be the battle-cry,
  And France,—may God defend her!

On many a hard-fought battle field
  We've held them all at bay.
Remember this, my gallant lads,
  France fights the world to-day!

*Written expressly for this collection.

See Blucher and his Prussian host,
  Can they withstand the shock?
Then every steed must be a stone,
  And every man a rock!

Just follow where your marshal leads,
  And you will win the day,—
The "Bravest of the Brave" is he,
  The bold, intrepid Ney.

And as Napoleon hurries on,
  A thousand echoes stir,
As every soldier's throat responds
  "Long live the Emperor!"

With banners floating in the breeze,
  And mustering thousands strong,
All silent as the hush of death
  The phalanx moves along.

Upon their charge Napoleon risks
  His life, his throne, his all!
If they are driven from the field,
  Then he and France must fall.

The thrones of monarchs totter now;
  The world looks on aghast;
The earth is being battled for;
  The awful die is cast!

As tempests sweep along the sea
  All unresisted on,
So sweep they 'long the battle-field
  With every sabre drawn.

But see, they have a foeman
  Who is worthy of their steel!
Each charge is met with counter-charge—
  The "Guard" begins to reel!

Again they rally from the shock;
  And yet again recoil,
And whole battalions now are stretched
  Upon the bloody soil.

Undaunted yet—unconquered still,
  The broken lines reform,
And once again are driven back
  Before the leaden storm.

When through the battle's fire and smoke,
Through corpses making way,
Through broken lines of cavalry,
Comes noble, fearless Ney.

Now, comrades, one more stroke for France,
By all your love for her!
Again the echo sweeps along,
"Long live the Emperor!"

Again they thunder in the charge;
Again the foemen yield,
And now the bold, heroic "Guard"
Is master of the field.

As chaff along the threshing floor
Is borne before the wind,
So back the Prussian host is swept,
Their wounded left behind.

But now the tide of war recedes
As fast as it has flown;
They struggle—rally once again,
And still they hold their own.

And now they forward sweep to give
The last and deadly shock,
As waves approach a foam-lashed shore
And beat upon the rock.

For through their lines, with deadly power,
Comes plunging shell and ball,
And lines of demons cannot charge
Where whole battalions fall.

Ah! England, you have France again
In your relentless toils;
Napoleon's power is broken, now,
The stubborn "Guard" recoils!

Ah! men of France, the day is lost;
You've fought the battle well.
No human power could break those ranks,—
Could storm the gates of hell!

The God of nations wills it so,
Then bow beneath his rod;
Commend yourselves to England, yes,
To England, and your God.

NAPOLEON'S OVERTHROW.—Victor Hugo.

On the morning of Waterloo, Napoleon was satisfied. He was right; the plan of battle which he had conceived, was indeed admirable.

Napoleon was accustomed to look upon war fixedly; he never made figure by figure the tedious addition of details; the figures mattered little to him, provided they gave this total: Victory; though beginnings went wrong he was not alarmed at it, he who believed himself master and possessor of the end; he knew how to wait, believing himself beyond contingency, and he treated destiny as an equal treats an equal. He appeared to say to Fate: "Thou wouldst not dare."

About four o'clock, the English line staggered backwards. All at once only the artillery and the sharpshooters were seen on the crest of the plateau, the rest disappeared; the regiments, driven by the shells and bullets of the French, fell back into the valley now crossed by the cow-path of the farm of Mont Saint Jean; a retrograde movement took place, the battle front of the English was slipping away, Wellington gave ground. Beginning retreat! cried Napoleon.

At the moment when Wellington drew back, Napoleon started up. He saw the plateau of Mont Saint Jean suddenly laid bare, and the front of the English army disappear. It rallied, but kept concealed. The Emperor half rose in his stirrups. The flash of victory passed into his eyes. Wellington hurled back on the forest of Soignes and destroyed; that was the final overthrow of England by France; it was Cressy, Poitiers, Malplaquet, and Ramillies avenged. The man of Marengo was wiping out Agincourt.

The Emperor then, contemplating this terrible turn of fortune, swept his glass for the last time over every point of the battle-field. His Guard standing behind with grounded arms, looked up to him with a sort of re-

ligion. He was reflecting; he was examining the slopes, noting the ascents, scrutinizing the tuft of trees, the square rye field, the footpath; he seemed to count every bush.

He bent over and spoke in an undertone to the guide Lacoste. The guide made a negative sign of the head, probably treacherous.

The Emperor rose up and reflected. Wellington had fallen back. It remained only to complete this repulse by a crushing charge.

Napoleon, turning abruptly, sent off a courier at full speed to Paris to announce that the battle was won. Napoleon was one of those geniuses who rule the thunder.

He had found his thunderbolt.

He ordered Milhaud's cuirassiers to carry the plateau of Mont Saint Jean.

They were three thousand five hundred. They formed a line of half a mile. They were gigantic men on colossal horses. There were twenty-six squadrons, and they had behind them, as a support, the division of Lefebvre Desnouettes, the hundred and six gendarmes d'elite; the Chasseurs of the Guard, eleven hundred and ninety-seven men; and the Lancers of the Guard, eight hundred and eighty lances. They wore casques without plumes, and cuirasses of wrought iron, with horse pistols in their holsters, and long sabre-swords. In the morning, they had been the admiration of the whole army, when, at nine o'clock, with trumpets sounding, and all the bands playing: *Veillons au salut de l'empire*, they came in heavy column, one of their batteries on their flank, the other at their centre, and deployed in two ranks between the Genappe road and Frischemont, and took their position of battle in this powerful second line, so wisely made up by Napoleon, which, having at its extreme left the cuirassiers of Kellermann, and at its extreme right the cuirassiers of Milhaud, had, so to speak, two wings of iron.

Aide-de-camp Bernard brought them the Emperor's order. Ney drew his sword and placed himself at their head. The enormous squadrons began to move.

Then was seen a fearful sight.

All this cavalry, with sabres drawn, banners waving, and trumpets sounding, formed in column by division, descended with an even movement and as one man—with the precision of a bronze battering-ram opening a breach—the hill of La Belle-Alliance, sank into that formidable depth where so many men had already fallen, disappeared in the smoke, then, rising from this valley of shadow reappeared on the other side, still compact and serried, mounting at full trot, through a cloud of grape emptying itself upon them, the frightful acclivity of mud of the plateau of Mont Saint Jean. They rose, serious, menacing, imperturbable; in the intervals of the musketry and artillery could be heard the sound of this colossal tramp. Being in two divisions, they formed two columns; Wathier's division had the right, Delord's the left. From a distance they would be taken for two immense serpents of steel stretching themselves towards the crest of the plateau.

Nothing like it had been seen since the taking of the grand redoubt at La Moscowa by the heavy cavalry; Murat was not there, but Ney was there. It seemed as if this mass had become a monster, and had but a single mind. Each squadron undulated and swelled like the ring of a polyp. They could be seen through the thick smoke, as it was broken here and there. It was one pell-mell of casques, cries, sabres; a furious bounding of horses among the cannon, and the flourish of trumpets, a terrible and disciplined tumult; over all, the cuirasses, like the scales of a hydra.

These recitals appear to belong to another age. Something like this vision appeared, doubtless, in the old Orphic epics which tell of centaurs, antique hippanthropes, those titans with human faces, and chests like horses, whose gallop scaled Olympus, horrible, invulnerable, sublime; at once gods and beasts.

An odd numerical coincidence, twenty-six battalions were to receive these twenty-six squadrons.

Behind the crest of the plateau, under cover of the masked battery, the English infantry, formed in thirteen squares, two battalions to the square, and upon two lines—seven on the first, and six on the second—with musket to the shoulder, and eye upon their sights, waited calm, silent, and immovable. They could not see the cuirassiers, and the cuirassiers could not see them. They listened to the rising of this tide of men. They heard the increasing sound of three thousand horses, the alternate and measured striking of their hoofs at full trot, the rattling of the cuirasses, the clicking of the sabres, and a sort of fierce roar of the coming host. There was a moment of fearful silence, then, suddenly, a long line of raised arms brandishing sabres appeared above the crest, with casques, trumpets, and standards, and three thousand faces with grey moustaches, crying, Vive l'Empereur! All this cavalry debouched on the plateau, and it was like the beginning of an earthquake.

All at once, tragic to relate, at the left of the English, and on our right, the head of the column of cuirassiers reared with a frightful clamor. Arrived at the culminating point of the crest, unmanageable, full of fury, and bent upon the extermination of the squares and cannons, the cuirassiers saw between themselves and the English a ditch, a grave. It was the sunken road of Ohain.

It was a frightful moment. There was the ravine, unlooked for, yawning at the very feet of the horses, two fathoms deep between its double slope. The second rank pushed in the first, the third pushed in the second; the horses reared, threw themselves over, fell upon their backs, and struggled with their feet in the air, piling up and overturning their riders; no power to retreat; the whole column was nothing but a projectile. The force acquired to crush the English crushed the French. The inexorable ravine could not yield until it was filled; riders and horses rolled in together pell-mell, grinding each other, making common flesh in this dreadful gulf,

and when this grave was full of living men, the rest marched over them and passed on. Almost a third of the Dubois' brigade sank into this abyss.

Here the loss of the battle began.

A local tradition, which evidently exaggerates, says that two thousand horses and fifteen hundred men were buried in the sunken road of Ohain. This undoubtedly comprises all the other bodies thrown into this ravine on the morrow after the battle.

Napoleon, before ordering this charge of Milhaud's cuirassiers, had examined the ground, but could not see this hollow road, which did not make even a wrinkle on the surface of the plateau. Warned, however, and put on his guard by the little white chapel which marks its junction with the Nivelles road, he had, probably on the contingency of an obstacle, put a question to the guide Lacoste. The guide had answered No. It may almost be said that from this shake of a peasant's head came the catastrophe of Napoleon.

Still other fatalities must arise.

Was it possible that Napoleon should win this battle? We answer No. Why? Because of Wellington? Because of Blucher? No. Because of God.

For Bonaparte to be conqueror at Waterloo was not in the law of the nineteenth century. Another series of facts were preparing in which Napoleon had no place. The ill-will of events had long been announced.

It was time that this vast man should fall.

The excessive weight of this man in human destiny disturbed the equilibrium. This individual counted, of himself alone, more than the universe besides. These plethoras of all human vitality concentrated in a single head, the world mounting to the brain of one man, would be fatal to civilization if they should endure. The moment had come for incorruptible supreme equity to look to it. Probably the principles and elements upon which regular gravitations in the moral order as well as

in the material depend, began to murmur. Reeking blood, overcrowded cemeteries, weeping mothers,—these are formidable pleaders. When the earth is suffering from a surcharge, there are mysterious moanings from the deeps, which the heavens hear.

Napoleon had been impeached before the Infinite, and his fall was decreed.

He vexed God.

Waterloo is not a battle; it is the change of front of the universe.

Extract from "Les Miserables."

EDUCATIONAL COURTSHIP.

She was a Boston maiden, and she'd scarcely passed eighteen,
And as lovely as an houri, but of grave and sober mien;
A sweet encyclopedia of every kind of lore,
Though love looked coyly from behind the glasses that she wore.

She sat beside her lover with her elbow on his knee,
And dreamily she gazed upon the slumbering summer sea,
Until he broke the silence, saying, "Pray, Minerva dear,
Inform me of the meaning of the Thingness of the Here?

"I know you're just from Concord, where the lights of wisdom be,
Your head crammed full to bursting, with their philosophy,—
Those hoary-headed sages and maids of hosiery blue;
Then solve me the conundrum, love, that I have put to you."

She smiled a dreamy smile and said: "The Thingness of the Here
Is that which is not passed and hasn't yet arrived, my dear."
"Indeed," the maid continued, with a calm, unruffled brow,
"The Thingness of the Here is just the Thisness of the Now."

A smile illumed the lover's face, then without an undue haste,
He slid a manly arm around the maiden's slender waist;
And on her cherry lips impressed a warm and loving kiss,
And said, "Love, this is what I call the Nowness of the This."

THE SWITCHMAN'S STORY.—B. A. R. Ottolengui.

Written Expressly for this Collection.

You ask me to tell you a story,
A story of life on the rail!
Well, foremost in past recollections,
Is this sad, and singular tale.
Away down in the Lehigh valley,
Just back of a bottomless ditch,
I lived all alone in a cabin,
And attended a railroad switch.

Half a mile, or more, on the level,
The rails lay as straight as a die;
Beyond that, a cut through the mountain
Hid the flying trains from the eye.
And there, just in front of my cabin,
A siding, for way trains to wait,
Allowing the through, or express trains
To pass by those laden with freight.

One morning, as daylight was breaking,
And the sun just climbing the hill,
A horrible sound from the mountain,
Came over my soul like a chill.
The freight had just entered the siding,
Two-thirds of its length on the main,
And a rush and roar in the tunnel
Foretold of an on-coming train.

I thought I was surely mistaken,
No train at that hour was due;
But just at that moment of thinking,
The Eastern express came in view.
My heart seemed to stop in its beating,
My blood through my veins ceased to course;
I realized all of the danger,
And had but one feeble resource.

I rushed to the door of my cabin
And caught up my little red flag;
Then ran, with my heart in the running,
But oh, how my legs seemed to lag;—
Yet on I went, faster and faster,
The flag waving high o'er my head;

And over the bushes and boulders,
With speed of a stag-hound I sped.

Yet on came the fiery monster,
With terrible strides o'er the rail—
Its speed never slackened a moment,
And I saw that my signal would fail.
It passed me with speed unabated,
And I shuddered and held my breath
As it rushed along like a whirlwind
And finished its mission of death.

I stood there aghast for a moment,
Then fell, in a heap, on the ground,
And stopped up my ears with my fingers,
To shut out the terrible sound
Of the cries and groans of the dying,
The moans of the mangled and maimed;
And awed by the awful disaster,
I wondered who was to be blamed.

Then I hurried back to the siding,
And I sought for that engineer
Who gazed at my signal of danger
With his eyes in a stony stare;
And I found him—under his engine—
And gave him what aid I could give;
His skull and his shoulders were shattered,
And 'twas certain he could not live.

We carried him into my cabin
And laid him on pillows in bed;
Then a surgeon bandaged his shoulders,
And bound up the wounds on his head.
A long while he lay there unconscious,
And whispered some words very low;
I listened, with closest attention,
But all I could make out was, "Jo!"

He muttered this over and over,
And said it again and again,
'Till I thought it must be his sweetheart
The fellow was calling in vain.
At last, towards noon he recovered
His senses sufficient to say,
"Put the blame of it all on me, boys,
But I was not myself to-day."

We told him the worst was all over,—
That no one was hurt, and all that.
He shook his head mournful and queer-like,
And asked us to get him his hat.
Then took from the lining a picture
Of a beautiful baby girl;
And with it all wrapped up in paper
Was a bit of a golden curl.

Then he looked at them, sad like, and tender,
Till the water sprang to his eyes—
And the heart of each man at that moment
Seemed to swell to double its size.
"Boys, that's Jo, blue-eyed little darling,
'Twas trying to see you again
Occasioned this awful disaster,
And ended in wrecking my train.

"I saw her last, yesterday evening—
Lying ill on her mother's arm—
And now, whilst I lie here a cripple,
May God shield my baby from harm!
When leaving my home, for my engine,
The doctor looked grave—and he said,
The crisis will come in the morning,
By five she'll be better—or dead.

"I tenderly lifted my darling,
And kissed her—and tried not to cry,
As she clung round my neck, and lisped, 'Papa,
Don't go and leave Josie to die!'
It was breaking my heart-strings to leave her.
But go then, I knew that I must—
So I turned from my wife, and my baby,
And meant to be true to my trust.

"I felt half bereft of my reason
To think I was going away,—
Away from my home and my darlings,
And oh, how my heart longed to stay!
At last came the end of my journey,
My engine was headed for home!
Home!—I flew along through the darkness,
And prayed for the daylight to come.

"We speeded along through the blackness—
And I gave her all of the steam

'Twas safe for an engine to carry—
And I felt like a man in a dream.
Then—I thought I saw little Josie
Ill at home and calling me back,
And I pulled the throttle wide open—
And we fairly flew o'er the track.

"We raced by the meadows, and stations,
And my engine seemed almost alive.
We weren't due at home until seven—
But I wanted to be there at five!
We entered, and dashed through the tunnel,
And I never thought of the freight
Till I saw the signal of danger,
And jumped at the lever—too late!"

He had risen and leaned on his elbow
As he came near the end of his tale,
And at this point he dropped back exhausted,
And his breath seemed to shorten and fail.
"Yes, I did it—I did it—I did it—
See! there's Josie! she's calling!" He smiled,
Whispered, "Josie! I'm coming, I'm coming—"
And the father had gone to his child.

HOW HIS GARMENTS GOT TURNED.

When the golden sunlight dances on the bosom of the stream,
And the silver lilies, starlike, 'mong the olive sedges gleam,
When the bullfrog seeks the cover of the grasses tall and rank,
And the pickerel at noonday seeks the shadow of the bank,
Then the small boy goes in swimming in the costume of the mode
That was worn by fair Godiva, when through Coventry she rode.

He splashes in the limpid stream with many a gleeful shout,
And to the bank returning puts his shirt on inside out;
And when his mother questions him, "How came that garment so?"
He looks upon it with surprise, and says he doesn't know;
When further pressed to give the cause, this reason he employs:
"I must have turned a somersault when playing with the boys."

THE SHEPHERD DOG OF THE PYRENEES.

ELLEN MURRAY.

Traveler.— Begone, you, sir! Here, shepherd, call your dog.
Shepherd.—Be not affrighted, madame, poor Pierrot
Will do no harm. I know his voice is gruff
But, then, his heart is good.
Traveler.— Well, call him then.
I do not like his looks. He's growling now.
Shepherd.—Madame had better drop that stick. Pierrot,
He is as good a Christian as myself
And does not like a stick.
Traveler.— Such a fierce look!
And such great teeth!
Shepherd.— Ah, bless poor Pierrot's teeth!
Good cause have I and mine to bless those teeth.
Come here, my Pierrot. Would you like to hear,
Madame, what Pierrot's teeth have done for me?
Traveler.— Torn a gaunt wolf, I'll warrant.
Shepherd.— Do you see
On that high ledge a cross of wood that stands
Against the sky?
Traveler.— Just where the cliff goes down
A hundred fathoms sheer, a wall of rock
To where the river foams along its bed?
I've often wondered who was brave to plant
A cross on such an edge.
Shepherd.— Myself, madame,
That the good God might know I gave him thanks.
One night, it was November, dark and thick
The fog came down, when as I reached my house
Marie came running out; our little one,
Our four-year Louis, so she cried, was lost.
I called Pierrot, "Go seek him, find my boy,"
And off he went. Marie ran crying loud
To call the neighbors. They and I, we searched
All that dark night. I called Pierrot in vain;
Whistled and called, and listened for his voice;
He always came or barked at my first word,
But now, he answered not. When day at last
Broke and the gray fog lifted, there I saw
On that high ledge, against the dawning light
My little one asleep; sitting so near
That edge, that as I looked, his red *barrette*

Fell from his nodding head down the abyss.
And there, behind him crouched Pierrot; his teeth,
His good, strong teeth, clenching the jacket brown,
Holding the child in safety. With wild bounds
Swift as the gray wolf's own I climbed the steep,
And as I reached them Pierrot beat his tail,
And looked at me, so utterly distressed,
With eyes that said "Forgive, I could not speak,"
But never loosed his hold, till my dear rogue
Was safe within my arms.
Ah, ha! Pierrot,
Madame forgives your barking and your teeth;
I knew she would.

Traveler.— Come here, Pierrot, good dog.
Come here, poor fellow, faithful friend and true,
Come, come, be friends with me.

BIDDY O'BRIEN HAS THE TOOTHACHE.*

LOUISE H. SAVAGE.

D'ye moind the new tathe arn me? But Or-r-r! the troublemint I wint through wid, losin' the ould wans. I'll be tillin' yez about that same, an' shure ye'd think they'd pit me name alongside o' St. Bridget's wid the sufferin's and thrials I wint oondther.

Wan night, I wor shlapin' as paceful as—as—as—as a little fwhite lamb, wid Judy Ryan be me side, a-shnorin' away loike a stame injin whin arl ter wanst, I thort the top o' me head wor a bein' pulled aff, wid the Ould Harry hissilf a-yankin' at it; an' I waked up; shure, *arny* wan *wud*; an' in me disthriss I gev a yell that waked Judy, a-bringin' 'er out er the bed, roight in the middle o' the flure, wid the schkare, an' whin she got 'er eyes opin, she begin jawin' arn me. "O-r-r-r, Judy," sez I, "I'm a dyin' shure," sez I. "Git Father O'Hennesey quick" sez I, an' I gev another groan. "Shut yer jaws" sez Judy, gittin' mad; "Yer *not* dyin' at arl at arl," sez she. "Yer hevn't sinse enough yer howlin' haythin" sez

*Written expressly for this collection.

she. "Shut yer jaws," sez she. But fer arl that, Judy begin huntin' fer the camfire. The camfire didn't hilp me, and sure I thort nothin' cud help me, but joost ter cut aff me head.

But Judy kep on a thryin' midcins, an' I kep a' groanin', an' a yellin', an' afther afwhile, Mickey Finnegan the hostler, a-slapin' in the room beyant, waked up, an' flung 'is boot agin our dure fer us ter *kape quiet*! an' how cud I kape sthill, bad luck till 'im.

But Finnegan wor a kindly cratur, an' afther a bit, he axed me wudn't I loike ter go ter the docther. I sed "*yis*," bein' *woild* wid the pain, an' so out he wint an' harnissed the coult.

It wor four o'clock av a winther marnin', in the counthry, wid foive moiles ter ride, an' the schnow dape enough ter dhrown yez, but fwhat did I care fer that, if ownly I'd git me tooth fixed. That coult, they calls 'im ould Nick, an' shure 'tis the good name fer 'im, fer O-r-r-r! the actin's he cut oup, a-rarin', an' a tarin', an' a gittin' shkart at ivery blissid thing arn the road, till I wor that shkart *mesilf*, I gin mesilf up fer a dead herrin' more than wanst.

But me tooth sthopped achin', as soon as iver we stharted fer the docther, av coorse, an' Finnegan begin' talkin' ter me. I tell yez, now, I loiked Mick Finnegan, since iver I kim ter this counthry, for be the token, we kim over in the same ship, an' got acquaint loike, at the toime. I knew Mickey loiked me too, ownly he niver dared ter say so, so I worn't surprised whin 'e sez soft loike, "Biddy" sez 'e. "Fwhat" sez I. "I wish it wor *my* tooth" sez 'e, an' a kinder puttin' his arrum over the back o' the shleigh. "Err!" says I, kinder shnappish, an' a jerkin' away from 'im, fer *av course* I wudn't have the crathur *know* I mind 'im at arl at arl. "Arrah Biddy, mavourneen," sez he again. "I wisht I cud take arl yer trubbles ter mesilf," sez he, "an *you* wid 'um," sez he. "I've a foine little cabin, an' an illigint pig, an' if

ye'll ownly say the—" but jist that varry minit, if ye'd belave me, that baste av a coult gev a jump an' the shleigh wint over, an' the two av us wor pitched out in a big shnow-dhrift.

Av it was, thin, the root av an ould three wor a sthickin' out jist there' an' I wint smash up agin it, an' there worrn't no nade o' the docther fer me toothache, arny more, fer me three frint tathe wor knocked out av me head, half a moile down the road. Shure I thort I wor kilt, but I worrn't, an' Mickey wor thrown on the odther side o' the three, an' a black an' fwhite cat jumped out av it; an' av *arl* the shmills! If ye'd belave me, it worrn't no cat at arl at arl, but a *skoonk* that med 'is nist in that ould three. Howly mither o' Moses! It wor wuss than arl the cologne in Reilly's dhrug sthore.

An, now, worrn't that a sittiwation? There wor that homely haythin av a coult, half a moile down the road, a-racin' as if the *feands* wor afther 'im, an' there wor Mick an' mesilf, alone in the shnow.

But 'twere no use a-cryin' fer sphilt millick, nor sphilt paple aither, so Mickey begin cruisin' around fer a house, an' be good luck there wor wan, clost by. But whin we wint ter the dure, shure the ould gint that kim out, mistook us fer thramps, an' wor a goin' ter set the dorg arn us! *That* wor the last sthraw arn the big hape av me thrubbles, an' I busted right out cryin' afore 'em. Thin, the ould 'ooman kim out, an' be that toime, Mickey had med the ould spalpeen oondhersthand fwhat we wor wantin', an' they axed us in. But the ould woman wor wuss than the ould man, for fwhat did she do but go whisperin', an' ax me "Did me husbin abuse me, that me face wor arl bluddy?" A-whisperin' so loud Mickey heard 'er; an' she a lookin' daggers an' pickaxes at 'im at the toime.

I cudn't talk, be the manes o' me broken tathe, an' I wor that shamed, at her goin's arn, I jist wished mesilf out oondher the three agin; but they got anodther

shleigh ready at last, wid an ould shape av a harse, an' we stharted agin. We got to the docther's, an' he fixed up me face, an' at long last, we got home. But niver a docther cud cure Mickey's cloes a shmillin', an' he berrid 'em dape in the ground.

He be havin' a foine *new* suit made, an' he sez it's fer a weddin,' an' faix, whin he described the cabin an' the pig, so nate, shure how *cud* I resist 'im? An' besides twere a shame ter git thim illigint clothes fer nothin', so I *thinks,* a weddin' it is.

SONG OF AN OLD DOLLAR BILL.—D. W. CURTIS.

SUNG DURING WAR TIMES.

Oh list to the song of an old dollar bill,
Whose mission is ended for good or for ill!
A short time ago I was crispy and clean,
In a black and white suit, laid over with green;
But now I am shunned by the dainty and nice
As a soiled, ragged thing, the picture of vice.

I was paid out at first to a government clerk
With a number of others, for a faithful month's work.
With a heart full of joy he hastened to pay
To his landlord, the rent that was due on that day,
And his wife looked so happy, when she said to him, "Sam,
We pay all our debts, and I hope always can."

The landlord, a close and miserly prig,
Soon sent me, for groceries, to old Mr. Figg,
When into a drawer I was put the first time,
Along with vile coppers, quarters, and dimes.
But out I soon went, to make change for a TEN,
And off on my travels I started again.

Out of the pocket and over a bar
I paid for the drinks of a theatre "star."
The barkeeper stole me as nightfall set in,
And for the first time I caused one to sin;
I was gambled away ere the night had well passed,
Then subscribed towards a church that was going up fast.

A workman then got me, and kept me awhile,
But soon had to change me for codfish and oil;

Again at a grocer's, but now looking dim,
I helped pay the freight on a barrel of gin.
I've traveled by leagues over water and land,
From Atlantic across to Pacific's far strand.

Across the seas I have gone in a pocket;
On a lady's neck lay hid in a locket.
I have fed the hungry, clothed the poor,
(Keeping the wolf from many a door;)
I have pandered to selfish, luxurious taste,
And helped spread the gospel through many a waste.

I have ruined others, body and soul,
By dice, by women, and flowing bowl.
Family bonds I've often riven;
But innocent pleasures, too, I've given,—
Toys for the young at Christmas tide,
Gifts for the old, and the fair young bride;

Fee for a doctor, and fee for a priest,
For masses said, and a Christening feast;
I've served the Lord, as well as the devil,
Not knowing ought of good or evil;
But whether saint or whether sinner,
I owe it all to Mr. Spinner.*

NO KISS.—MADGE ELLIOTT.

"Kiss me, Will," sang Marguerite,
To a pretty little tune,
Holding up her dainty mouth,
Sweet as roses born in June.
Will was ten years old that day,
And he pulled her golden curls
Teasingly, and answer made:
"I'm too old—I don't kiss girls."

Ten years pass, and Marguerite
Smiles as Will kneels at her feet,
Gazing fondly in her eyes,
Praying, "Won't you kiss me, sweet
'Rite is seventeen to-day;
With her birthday ring she toys
For a moment, then replies:
"I'm too old—I don't kiss boys!"

*United States Treasurer during the first issue of greenbacks.

THE STORY WHICH THE LEDGER TOLD.

LUELLA D. SMITH.

A widow sat in her quiet room, alone. Grief, as well as years, had turned her hair to snowy whiteness. She was looking over, with her weak, tear-dimmed eyes, the old ledger which showed how much wealth her husband had gathered from his cider-brandy mill. The credit side was all there. There was not much written on the debit side, save a balance of cash cleared. But to the woman, looking there, it was as if the invisible fingers of the dead were writing on her very heart the fearful charges that should be set down against the business. Ah! as the vision of her youth and all the years between swept by her, how that debtor side grew large with black figures, and with a blackness no figures could express, while the written lines before her grew dim and seemed of small account.

She remembered well when the mill was started, and when the preparations for brandy-making were begun. She remembered the arguments, the excuses, the economy of saved apples, the deacons who opposed intemperance, but, on the ground of being thrifty farmers, brought all their poorest apples to the mill. On the debit side, that first year, had been placed by careful hands in the ledger, the cost of building, of license (for her husband had called himself an *honorable* man), of revenue tax (for governments must be sustained, they say); and, the widow added mentally, the keen sorrow of her heart, her loss of self-respect, the hardening influence on her boys, the annoyances from rough customers, the loss of her confidence in her husband, her unavailing tears. And that was but the beginning.

Following down the ledger dates, she read invisible writing of heart's blood on the debit side. Here, an "accidental" hurt that laid in death her only daughter. What a sweet child-face she had seen laid away beneath

the flowers, years ago! How her friends would have shuddered in their pity, had they known an angry father's hand had struck the blow that killed the child —and the brandy was responsible for the blow. But there are still heavier charges. This mother had had four noble sons. And all the weight of her love and grief for them was on the debit side. One of them, her darling, her generous-hearted boy, the only one untainted by the drink demon, had been murdered by a drunken companion while trying to lead him away from his father's mill. But this is not the heaviest charge. What of the other boys? One died of delirium tremens. Twice before, the mother had watched him in his agony, while strong men tried to hold him, till at last in the terror of his fear, death released him. But what a death for her boy—her bright, active-brained, college boy—to die! He might have helped the world with his gifts. Ah! put that down too on the debit side. Not only what he was to his mother, but what he might have been to others. There was another son. When he brought his young wife home, she had hoped that he would conquer his thirst for drink, there seemed so much of love and sweetness thrown around his life. For a little while, it seemed that here her hopes would be fulfilled; but his father tempted him with the fair figures on the credit side. He went again into the business and soon began to stumble by the way. It is the old story,—so old, so often repeated,—the story of falling and repenting, of agony, of remorse, of despair. And so on a few years, and then he too was brought home dead. He had shot himself, unable longer to endure his remorse. People said he was crazy, but the mother knew where to place the charge. The young wife faded like a blighted blossom, and died of a broken heart. The mother placed that anguish and death on the debtor side.

But there was another son living yet, and wealthy. He is carrying on the flourishing business which his

father left to him, and it has rapidly increased. He is a moderate drinker; never was drunk in his life; despises people who "do not know when to stop." Already he has driven his only son out, a wanderer on the face of the earth, for not "knowing when to stop." It was not the kind of advertisement of his business which he wanted. He prides himself on his strength and thinks his skirts are clean from the blood of his victims. Generous in his way, he gives his blood-money to the churches and they accept it and extol his generosity. But the mother, looking over the ledger, knows that she has lost her boy; his tenderness, his kindliness, his loyal love of friends and God,—these are gone. He is a selfish, cold-blooded, hardened man; and the harm he is doing cannot be measured by any human computation, and over the ledger the mother sees a text full of meaning—"For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

This mother is a widow. There is a charge for that, and for the years of sorrow and neglect preceding. The strong man had changed in the latter years. He could not bear to see the wife whose saddened face was a perpetual reproach, and so he had driven her from him: and he had died alone. What he had suffered, was known only to himself and to God.

The widow's tears are falling over the grave of all the bright hopes of her early married life,—a life that, but, for strong drink, might have been so bright.

All this on the debit side. On the credit side, the dollars and cents, the world. Who shall draw the balance sheet?

The ledger falls from the weakened hands. When kind friends found her, she seemed asleep. The traces of tears were on her cheeks. She, too, had died alone, alone with her ledger and its memories. But a look of peace rested on her worn face. And the lookers on remembered that one son, the earliest slain, had ever

been true to himself, his mother and his God. She had gone to him, but the ledger is not balanced. It is carried over to another book which opens in Eternity. The accounts ran far enough here to show that it is a losing business. The loss far outweighs the gain, even in this life. How will it look when the book of life is opened, and God holds the scales? In the light of the Infinite years, he will show the account, with its worldly gain and eternal loss.

FARMER AND WHEEL; OR, THE NEW LOCHINVAR.*

WILL CARLETON.

I.

I was hoein' in my corn-field, on a spring day, just at noon,
An' a-hearkin' in my stomach for the dinner-trumpet's tune,
An' reflectin', when my daughter should be married, 'twould be best
She should take Josiah Baker's son, who jines me on the west,
An' consolidate our acres into one immense abode,
When my hired man says, "By ginger, look a-yender down the road!"

"Well," I says, "my goodness gracious! things *is* rather overgrown,
When a buggy-wheel gets loosened, an' goes runnin' round alone."
But my man he says, "By mustard!" (as the critter nearer came)
"Don't you see that there's a feller on a-straddle of the same?"
An' it *was* as nice a shaver as you'd see 'most any day,
Who was travelin' through the country in that onexpected way.

He was rather young an' han'some, an' as smilin' as you please,
An' his pants they signed a contract with his stockin's at the knees;
An' he had a pair o' treadles some'at underneath his seat,
So's to run the queer contraption, by a-workin' of his feet;
An' the sun descended on it, in a manner warm an' bright;
'Twas as sing'lar as a circus, an' an interestin' sight.

*From Will Carleton's famous "City Ballads," by kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

When, as fate was bound to have it, on that quite partic'lar morn,
There was somethin' was the matter with my folks' dinner-horn;
An' the hired girl, when she tried to, couldn't blow it very well,
For to call us in to dinner—so she sent my daughter Belle:
Who came up just at that minute—nice a girl as could be found;
An' this fellow looked her over, an' came smashin' to the ground.

Smash to bang he came a-floppin'—wheel an' stockin's, pants an' all;
An' I run to him, remarkin', "You have caught a dreadful fall."
An' my daughter hovered round him, tremblin' with her she alarms,
Lookin' just as if she would like to some'at take him in her arms;
But he glanced up, faintly smilin', an' he gaspin'ly replied,
"I am only hurt intern'lly" (which I s'pose he meant inside).

An' we packed him on the stone-boat, an' then drove him to the house,
An' he lay there on the sofa, still an' quiet as a mouse;
An' he would not have a doctor; but he called my daughter Belle,
An' then laughed an' chatted with her, like a person gettin' well;
An' along late in the evenin', I suppose, he went away;
For he wasn't there next mornin', an' Belle hadn't a word to say.

An' he left two silver dollars in an easy-noticed spot,
For to pay us for his passage on the stone-boat, like as not;
An' 'twas quite enough equivalent for his transitory stay;
But whate'er he might have left us, still he carried more away;
For my daughter Belle grew absent, glanced at every sound she heard,
An' Josiah Baker junior couldn't get a civil word.

II.

I was workin' in my meadow, on a blazin' summer's day,
When my son-in-law by contract came a-runnin' 'cross the way,

An' remarked, "It's been the bargain—for how long I needn't tell—
That these two farms should be married—as should also me an' Belle;
An' how much the indications indicate that that'll be,
If you'll come down here a minute, you will have a chance to see."

An' he led me 'cross the fallow, underneath some picnic trees,
Where my gal an' that wheel fellow sat as cosy as you please;
An' she'd put some flowers an' ribbons on the wheel, to make a show,
An' they'd been a-shakin' hands there, an' forgotten to let go;
An' she sort o' made a chair-back of the fellow's other arm,
With no 'parent recollection of Josiah Baker's farm.

Then we walked around front of 'em, an' I says, "You're very fine;
But this gal that you are courtin' is Josiah's gal an' mine;
You're a mighty breechy critter, an' are trespassin' all round;
Why, this very grove you sit in is Josiah's father's ground."
Then he rose up, stiff an' civil, an' helped Belle across the stile,
Also put the masheen over with a queer but quiet smile;

An' he stood there, like a colonel, with her tremblin' on his arm,
An' remarked, "I beg your pardon, if I've done you any harm.
But so far as 'trespass' matters, I've relieved you of that load,
Since the place I now am standing is, I think, the public road.
And this very sweet young lady, you in one sense yours may call,
But she's mine, sir, in another—and Josiah's not at all.

"I'll escort this lady home, sir, leave my wheel here in your care,
And come back in fifteen minutes to arrange the whole affair.
And please do not touch the 'cycle'—'tis as yet without a flaw,
And I do not want a quarrel with my future father-in-law;
If this Mr. Baker junior follows up his glances, though,
With his fingers, I will thrash him till he thinks his cake is dough."

Then he left us both suspectin' that he'd rather got the start,
An' the acres of the daddies seemed increasin'ly apart;
An' we didn't wait to see him; but with one impatient jerk,
We shook our heads in concert, an' went back unto our work;

An' I couldn't help reflectin'—"He is steady like, an' cool,
An' that wheel may be a folly, but it didn't bring a fool."

III.

I was on my stoop a-restin', on a hazy autumn day,
Rather drowsy from a dinner that had just been stowed away,
An' regrettin'—when old Baker's an' my homestead jined in one,
That he wasn't to furnish daughter, an' I wasn't to furnish son,
So's to have my name continued, 'stead of lettin' it go down,
When Josiah Baker junior came a drivin' home from town.

An' a little ways behind him came that wheel scamp, ridin' hard,
An' they both to once alighted, an' come walkin' through the yard;
When, as fate was bound to have it, also came my daughter Belle,
From a visit in some neighbor's, lookin' very sweet and well;
An' they stood there all together,—that 'ere strange, dissimilar three,
An' remained in one position—lookin' steady down at me.

Then Josiah spoke up loudly, in a kind o' sudden pet,
"If this gal an' I's to marry, it is time the day was set;
For this one-wheel feller's always round here courtin', on the fly,
An' they say she rides out with him, in the night-time, on the sly.
Father'll give us board an' victuals, you can give her land an' dower,
Wherefore, if she wants to have me, please to set the day an' hour."

Then the wheel scamp spoke up quiet, but as if the words he meant,
"*I* would like to wed your daughter, an' have come for your consent.
She is very dear to me, sir, when we walk or when we ride,
And, I think, is not unwilling to become my cherished bride.
I can give her love and honor, and I ask of you no dower;
Wherefore, please bestow your blessing; *we* have set the day and hour."

Then I might have told my daughter that *she* now could have the floor,
An' remarked that on this question there should be just one speech more;

But I rendered my decision in a flame of righteous rage,
An' I shouted, "You'd no business for to court or to engage!
This 'ere gal has long been spoke for; an' you'll please to clamber on
Your old hind-wheel of a buggy, an' forevermore be gone!"

Then he picked up Belle quite sudden, an' made swiftly for the gate,
An' I formed a move to stop 'em, but was most perplexin' late;
He had fixed a small side-saddle on his everlastin' wheel,
So that she could ride behind him (clingin' round him a good deal);
An' straight down the Beebe turnpike, like a pair o' birds they flew
Towards a preacher's who had married almost every one he knew.

"Stop 'em! head 'em! chase 'em! catch 'em!" I commanded, very vexed;
"They'll be hustlin' off our daughters on a streak o' lightnin', next!"
An' we took Josiah's wagon, an' his old gray spavined mare,
An' proceeded for to chase 'em, with no extra time to spare;
An' Josiah whipped an' shouted, it was such a dismal pinch,
An' kept just so far behind 'em, but we couldn't gain an inch!

Down the turnpike road we rattled; an' some fellows loudly cried,
"Go it, Baker, or you'll lose her! ten to one upon the bride!"
An' I fumed an' yelled an' whistled, an' commanded them to halt,
An' the fact we couldn't catch 'em wasn't Josiah Baker's fault;
But he murmured, "I am makin' father's mare into a wreck,
Just to see my gal a-huggin' round another feller's neck!"

An' they rushed into that preacher's maybe twenty rods ahead,
An' before I reached the altar all their marriage-vows was said;
An' I smashed in wildly, just as they was lettin' go o' han's,
An' remarked, in tones of sternness, "I hereby forbid the banns!"
While Josiah Baker junior close behind me meekly came,
Sayin', "Were my father present, he would doubtless do the same!"

But they turned to me a-smilin', an' she hangin' on his arm,
An' he said, "I beg your pardon; let Josiah have the farm.
We've accomplished the sweet object for which we so long
have striven,
And, as usual in such cases, are prepared to be forgiven."
An' the whole thing seemed so funny, when I thought of it
awhile,
That I looked 'em both all over, an' then blessed 'em with a
smile.

Then Josiah Baker junior took his spavined mare for home,
An' 'twas difficult decidin' which indulged the most in foam;
An' he said, "I'll drive alone, sir, if the same you do not
mind;
An' your son an' daughter Wheeler maybe'll take you up
behind."
An' he yelled, while disappearin', with a large smile on his
mouth,
"I kin git a gal whose father jines my father on the south!"

IV.

I was workin' in my wood-house on a snowy winter day,
An' reflectin' on a letter that had lately come our way,
How that Belle had every blessin' that a married gal could
need,
An' had bought her two twin daughters a small-sized veloc-
ipede,
When the thought came stealin' through me, "Well, so far
as I can see,
In the line of love an' lovin', what's to be is apt to be."

SUNSET.—DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

The golden gates of day in quiet close
After the king has passed, and fold on fold
His crimson banners are together rolled,
And laid away. The valley of repose
Is hid to which the stately monarch goes;
He spreads his couch beyond the mountains old,
Wrapped in the drapery of living gold,
And leaves the night to us, which darker grows.

At such a time, how beauty as a queen
Lingers among the arches of the west,
And nations look enchanted on the scene
And praise the vesper star upon her breast;
Age seeks its pillow, childhood falls asleep—
Hush! hush, O world! a night-long silence keep.

LIFE'S JOURNEY.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

As we speed out of youth's sunny station
The track seems to shine in the light,
But it suddenly shoots over chasms—
And sinks into tunnels of night.
And the hearts that were brave in the morning
Are filled with repining and fears,
As they pause at the City of Sorrow
Or pass through the Valley of Tears.

But the path for this perilous railway,
The Hand of the Master has made,
With all its discomforts and dangers,
We need not be sad or afraid.
Roads leading from dark into darkness;
Roads plunging from gloom to despair,
Wind out through the tunnels of midnight
To fields that are blooming and fair.

Tho' the rocks and their shadows surround us,
Tho' we catch not one gleam of the day,
Above us fair cities are laughing—
And dipping white feet in some bay;
And always, eternal, forever,
Down over the hills in the west,
The last final end of our journey,
There lies the great Station of Rest.

'Tis the grand central point of all railways
All roads cluster here where they end,
'Tis the final resort of all tourists,
All rival lines meet here, and blend;
All tickets, or mile-books, or passes,
If stolen, or begged for, or bought,
On whatever road or division,
Will bring you at last to this spot.

If you pause at the City of Trouble,
Or wait in the Valley of Tears,
Be patient, the train will move onward,
And sweep down the track of the years.
Wherever the place is you seek for,
Whatever your aim or your quest,
You shall come at the last with rejoicing
To the beautiful Station of Rest.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.—Ruth Cooper.

I wish to tell in humble rhyme
A simple story, sadly true,
And hearts inured to woe will say,
Your story is not strange or new.

And you with homes of peace and love,
Secure from rum's most awful blight,
I wonder that you feel for me
The pity that you show to-night.

You have not met the look of scorn
When your faint heart was sick within,
While cruel taunts were at you hurled,
Who sought to save your own from sin.

But I, I am a drunkard's wife;
I feel the wrong, I bear the blow;
On my poor trembling heart is laid
The burdens of another's woe,—

Another's, whose fond love was pledged
To shield me from the storms of life.
Alas! two blissful years alone,
Was I a cherished, happy wife.

Two years, enough to make the pain,
The bitter pain, more hard to bear,
The night of sorrow more intense
Because the morning was so fair.

Together, we a home had built;
'Twas not a mansion grandly fair;
But love and trust with hovering wing,
Sweet birds of heaven, had lighted there.

The happy, happy days flew by,
With brighter, happier days to come,—
Oh, rest and joy! Oh, heart's content!
Oh, heaven below, thy name is home!

Such riches mine? Yes, they were mine,—
That blissful home; that dear retreat;
And yet, to-night, I've not a spot
On which to rest my weary feet.

When first I felt the danger near,
I doubled all my love and care.
"For better or for worse," I'd vowed:
The "worse" henceforth would be my share.

There was no outlook then for rest;
No miracle was there for me;
But cold gray clouds of woe passed by,
On, ever to a wintry sea.

So I my lonely vigils kept,
Night after night, till morning gray
Would bring my husband home to lie
In drunken slumbers through the day.

Oh! I have stood alone, alone
Beside my loved and early dead,
And kissed the lips that ne'er again
Would answer to the words I said;

But never, never so alone
As when, beside his senseless form,
I've knelt and prayed to pitying Heaven
To shield me in the awful storm:

"O God! thy billows dark and high,
Are dashing round me fierce and wild;
Look, look in mercy from above,
And smile on me, thy sorrowing child."

Oh! if our loved ones only knew
The anxious care, the loving trust
That burdens woman's heart for them,
Could they thus grovel in the dust?

I would have died to save him then,
My love was stronger far than life;
And as friend after friend should fall,
Must I become a more than wife?

A sister I must be, and stand
Between him and condemning scorn;
A mother, and with patience pray,
Though faint and friendless and forlorn.

I must sustain his honor, too,
And face the creditor's demands,
Though toil reach on into the night—
The restful river, too, at hand.

Oft when the busy, bustling world
Had sunk to dreams of peace and rest,
The cold moon looked in pity down
Upon the troubles of my breast.

For often at the midnight hour
I've wandered on the lonely street
To lead him out from dens of shame,
Though threat and insult I might meet.

Oh! ye that pour the hellish draught
And press the bottle to men's lips,
Know ye that you must give account
For every drop your victim sips?

They say 'tis money that you want;
'Twere better if the law were so
That all men earned from year to year
Into the murderer's tills should go,

Rather than take the *lives* of men,
Aye! take their *souls* and cast them down
All soiled with sin to endless woe,
Robbed of earth's joys and heaven's crown.

Rumseller, take my household store,
Those little relics treasured there;
The dear old Bible, and this tress
Of mother's silver-threaded hair;

This wedding ring from off my hand,
The symbol of undying love;
But give my husband back again;
My child I ask not from above.

Aye! take the soiled and cunning shoe,
The pretty garments he has worn;
'Twas rum that took his latest breath,
His clinging arms were from me torn.

And then, oh! cruel, cruel sight,
I saw the father smite the child
Because he plead once more for bread!
And, oh! 'twas hunger made him wild.

The little head drooped 'neath the blow;
The fluttering hands grew still at last;
And waiting angels spread their wings
And bore him to his heavenly rest.

The day passed slowly, and, when night
Had spread her mantle far and wide,
I heard my husband's stealthy steps,
And saw him kneel at baby's side.

He kissed the pretty waxen hands;
His tears rained on the sunny hair;
While bitter, agonizing moans
Burdened with pain the midnight air.

"And have I come to this?" he cried;
"A murderer, will the Lord forgive?
No, no, 'tis vain; oh, wretched state!
Afraid to die; afraid to live!"

Maddened with shame, remorse, and fear,
He hurried out into the night.
I followed quickly, but, alas!
Thick darkness hid him from my sight.

Cries, too, were vain; my frenzied words
Were flung in mocking echoes back.
He came no more, but down the years
My prayers have followed on his track.

Not one alone, but myriads more,
Are dead to all who hold them dear,
And prison portals hide away
Their thousands in a flitting year.

But prayer is mighty, and will move
The Hand that's ever strong to save,—
The Hand that broke the bands of death
And brought its victims from the grave.

Yes, prayer is mighty, for it brings
Even now, the promised morning nigh;
And Satan stands with arms aground
To let the King of kings pass by.

Now, rising from the slums of sin,
From out the mire, the filth, the clay,
Are husbands, fathers, brothers, sons,
Resolved to turn from death away.

So trusting, toiling, we may bring
The weary, wandering sons of men
From downward paths of sin and shame,
To kneel at virtue's shrine again.

A FRIEND OF THE FLY.

With a fly-screen under one arm and a bundle of sticky fly-paper under the other, an honest agent entered a grocery store one day in the summer and said: "Why don't you keep 'em out?"

"Who vash dot?" asked the groceryman.

"Why, the pesky flies. You've got 'em by the thousand in here, and the fly season has only begun. Shall I put fly-screens in the doors?"

"What for?"

"To keep the flies out."

"Why should I keep der flies oudt? Flies like some shance to go aroundt und see der city de same ash agents. If a fly ish kept out on der street all der time he might ash vhell be a horse."

"Yes, but they are a great nuisance. I'll put you up a screen door there for three dollars."

"Not any for me. If a fly vhants to come in here, und he behaves himself in a respectable manner, I have notings to say. If he don't behave, I bounce him oudt pooty queek, und, don't he forget her!"

"Well, try this fly paper. Every sheet will catch five hundred flies."

"Who vhants to catch 'em?"

"I do—you—everybody."

"I don't see it like dot. If I put dot fly paper on der counter somebody comes along und wipes his nose mit it, or somebody leans his elbow on her und vhalks off mit him. It would be shust like my boy Shake to come in und lick all der molasses off, to play a shoke on his fadder."

"Say, I'll put down a sheet, and if it doesn't catch twenty flies in five minutes I'll say no more."

"If you catch twenty flies I have to pry 'em loose mit a stick und let 'em go, und dot vhas too much work. No, my agent friendt; flies must have a shance to get

along und take some comfort. I vhas poor once myself, und I know all about it."

"I'll give you seven sheets for ten cents."

"Oxactly, but I won't do it. It looks to me like shmall beesness for a big agent like you to go around mit some confidence games to shwindle flies. A fly vhas born to be a fly, und to come into my shtore ash often ash he likes. When he comes I shall treat him like a shentleman. I gif him a fair show. I don't keep an ax to knock him in der headt, und I don't put some molasses all oafer a sheet of paper und coax him to come und be all stuck up mit his feet till he can't fly away. You can pass along—I'm no such person like dot."

ANGRY WORDS.

Angry words are lightly spoken
In a rash and thoughtless hour;
Brightest links of life are broken
By their deep insidious power.
Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,
Ne'er before by anger stirred,
Oft are rent, past human healing,
By a single angry word.

Poison-drops of care and sorrow,
Bitter poison-drops are they,
Weaving for the coming morrow
Saddest memories of to-day.
Angry words! oh, let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip;
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them, ere they soil the lip!

Love is much too pure and holy,
Friendship is too sacred far,
For a moment's reckless folly
Thus to desolate and mar.
Angry words are lightly spoken;
Brightest thoughts are rashly stirred;
Bitterest links of life are broken
By a single angry word.

THE BORDER LAND.—Marie L. Moffatt.

DEDICATED TO A FRIEND RECOVERING FROM SEVERE ILLNESS.

Long weeks you have stood in the yielding sand
Of the perilous so-called "Border Land;"
That terminal belt—like a fringe of sedge,
Low-lying and dank at the water's edge,
Where the hills of health with their fragrant breath,
Slope down to the river that men call Death.

Down through the vale, either rapid or slow,
You followed the path till it dipped so low
That the waves, in their ceaseless, onward sweep,
Thrice toyed with the sand at your very feet;
And beyond, in the dim and dreamy light,
The heights of Infinity loomed in sight.

We watched for the ferryman's spectral form,
Should it come at meridian, eve, or morn;
Still praying—O God! may it be thy will
To give to thy servants that measure of skill
Which shall serve to avert the impending doom,
And save, for the nonce, from the waiting tomb.

You waited, calmly, not eager to go,
But "ready," should Heaven have willed it so.
But no!
Not so:
It is said in the "word"
That the prayer of faith shall be answering heard.
So your feet were turned in the weary track,
And an unseen hand is leading you back;
Back to the hills with their healthful breath,
Back from the valley and shadow of death!

'Tis human to think of the Border Land
As a dreary waste of but sedge and sand;
Yet many a lesson, divinely sweet,
Has been taught and learned in this weird retreat.

As with the child, long withdrawn from the school,
Less ardor, less zeal, is the sequence and rule,
So we, long in sunshine, are prone to forget
That life has a duty with penalty set
If we fail to perform; which duty we find,
Adversity oftenest brings to mind.

While down in the valley, alone with thought,
The world and its pleasures seem less than naught;
To rearward, the mountains are bathed in blue,
Beneath, is the river with barge and crew;
And yonder where new, strange headlands gleam
The shores of Eternity skirt the stream.

But we have a friend in this "weary land,"
The "Rock!" in whose shade we may trusting stand:
And whenever ordered to cross the flood,
"Whoever *will*," may go, saved through his blood.
No tide-wave of Lethe our barque can o'erwhelm,
If "Jesus of Nazareth" stands at the helm,
He calmeth the waves and the soul at will,
With a royal, imperative, "Peace: Be still."

SAVED BY A RATTLESNAKE.

A MINER'S STORY.

Game there was none. We could not break camp now with our weak men upon our hands, and it only remained for some one to attempt the desperate journey across the San Juan range, by way of the Devil's Pass, to Animas, and return with food or a rescuing party. Failing of that, spring-time would find our cabin inhabited by corpses.

We drew lots among ourselves, therefore, we well men, to decide who should undertake this perilous trip, and the risk fell upon me. It was best, perhaps, that it should have been so, for of all the party I best knew the trail. Without waste of words or time, I prepared myself for the journey, and thoroughly armed, early one morning, before the pale moon had fallen behind the western mountains, I bade good-by to my comrades and started.

Turning my back upon the camp, I settled my course by a star, and at a brisk pace steered southward. All day I continued on the trail, ever with a watchful eye for Indian signs—for I believed our old enemies still in the vicinity—but all day unmolested, and at last, weary

and worn, as the chill shadows began to creep across the great white plain behind me, I saw looming up in front the San Juan range, gashed with a narrow gorge —the Devil's Pass. Once through that horrible grave, for it was little else, and the road to Animas would be comparatively easy. My spirits rose hopefully.

As darkness came fairly down, I found myself just at the mouth of the canyon which led up to the pass, and deeming it a most sheltered place for a camping spot, I soon gathered a heap of dead limbs beneath an overhanging rock where the snow had not yet come, built a roaring fire, which warmed and cheered me, and prepared for the night. I felt little fear, for the narrow, frowning canyon would hide the light of my fire from all the plain country. The only disturbance which I might look for would be the howling of the wolves, who threatened, but dared not attack me; and I cared not for them.

With these comforting reflections, therefore, I ate a hearty supper, drank a little melted snow-water, lit my pipe, and, rolling myself in my blanket, crowded close to the rock wall behind me, now well warmed by my fire. And so, in the flickering light, protected on all sides, I gave myself unhesitatingly up to slumber.

How long I slept I cannot say. It was deep in the night when I woke with a sudden chill. It was as if some one had touched me with a cold and clammy hand, but even before I was well awake my frontiersman's caution returned, and I opened my eyes slowly and didn't move.

The fire was all but out and the ghostly light from its dying embers touched the snow and rocks and trees about with a strange color like thick blood. The air was growing chill and still, too, except for the cry of a coyote far up the canyon wall opposite, who whined and barked incessantly.

There was something almost oppressive about the silence to me, when suddenly, from just beyond my

smouldering fire the sound of a step startled me, and before I had time even to move there was bending over me a hideous, painted face,—the face of a savage, and in his hand, already creeping toward my heart, was his heavy scalping-knife!

To describe my sensations is impossible. Some terrible spell seemed to bind me. Not only was I facing a danger which meant instant death, but I was unable to move, even in the attempt to save myself. It was as if I were fascinated.

I tried to reason with myself. This was but a single enemy—if I should spring upon him I might kill him and so be free; but although the reasoning was right, the action I was unable to bring about, and all the time the terrible knife drew nearer. The redskin knew that I was awake, and that I saw him, but he gloated over my helplessness and delayed his fatal blow.

At last, however, I saw the gleam of his eye, the tightening of his muscles, and knew that in an instant more all would be over, when a sudden harsh, metallic rattle sounded, as if it were in my very bosom. I felt something glide from my side—a long, scaly, snaky body shot out to meet the dusky on-coming arm. There was a blow then a cry of horror, and as the knife fell ringing to the earth a rattlesnake crawled slowly away, and the Uncompahgre, with his now nerveless hand outstretched and the blood dripping down from his parted fingers, with a long, wild death shriek turned and disappeared in the darkness. The rattler which my fire had drawn from his winter quarters had saved my life and the lives of my companions.

A week later, with a party of thirty good fellows I recrossed the San Juan range and rescued my party from starvation and the Indians; and it is because of what that snake did for me in Devil's Pass nigh on twenty years ago, that I let the critters live to-day.

SHACOB'S LAMENT.

Oxcoose me if I shed some tears,
  Und wipe my nose avay;
Und if a lump vos in my troat,
  It comes up dere to shtay.

My sadness I shall now unfoldt,
  And if dot tale of woe
Don'd do some Dutchmans any good,
  Den I don't pelief I know.

You see, I fall myself in love,
  Und effery night I goes
Across to Brooklyn by dot pridge,
  All dressed in Sunday clothes.

A vidder vomans vos der brize,
  Her husband he vos dead;
Und all alone in this colt veridt,
  Dot vidder vos, she said.

Her heart for love vos on der pine,
  Und dot I like to see;
Und all der time I hoped dot heart
  Vos on der pine for me.

I keeps a butcher shop, you know,
  Und in a stocking stout,
I put avay my gold and bills,
  Und no one gets him oudt.

If in der night some bank cashier
  Goes skipping off mit cash,
I shleep so sound as nefer vos,
  Vhile rich folks go to shmash.

I court dot vidder sixteen months,
  Dot vidder she courts me,
Und vhen I says: "Vill you be mine?"
  She says: "You bet I'll be!"

Ve vos engaged—oh! blessed fact!
  I squeeze dot dimpled hand;
Her head upon my shoulder lays,
  Shust like a bag of sand.

"Before der vedding day vos set,"
  She vispers in mine ear,

"I like to say I haf to use
Some cash, my Jacob, dear.

"I owns dis house and two big farms,
Und ponds und railroad shtock;
Und up in Yonkers I bossess
A grand big peesness block.

"Der times vos dull, my butcher boy,
Der market vos no good,
Und if I sell"—I squeezed her handt
To show I understood.

Next day—oxcoose my briny tears—
Dot shtocking took a shrink;
I counted out twelf hundred in
Der cleanest kind o' chink.

Und later, by two days or more,
Dot vidder shlopes avay;
Und leaves a note behindt for me
In vhich dot vidder say:

"DEAR SHAKE:
Der rose vos redt,
Der violet blue—
You see I've left,
Und you're left, too!"

KITTY'S PRAYER.

"The misthress is dyin', the doctors have said so.
Och, who'd be a docthor, to bring us our deaths?
To sit by our beds, with a hand on the head so,
A feelin' the pulses an' counting the breaths!
To drive to our doors in a vehicle stately,
Outstretchin' a hand for the fee on the sly,
To settle our deaths for us very complately,
An' very contintedly lave us to die.

"The misthress is dyin', it is such a pity—
The master just worships the ground 'neath her tread,
She's such a swate cratur, so smilin' an pretty—
Is there no cross ould woman could go in her stead?
She trates us so kindly, we think it an honor
To larn from herself her own ilegant ways,

I loved her the minute I set my eyes on her,
An' what will I do when she's dead, if you plase?

"I hate our fine docthor! he ought to be cryin',
But smiled as he ran to his carriage and book,
Jist afther he tould us the darlint was dyin';
Shure, if she'd recovered, how quare he would look!
I know he's a janius, the best in the city;
But God's above all—even docthors—who knows?
I am but a poor little sarvint," said Kitty,
"But even a sarvint can pray, I suppose!"

So down on her knees in a whirl of emotion,
With anger and grief in a terrible swing,
Her Irish tongue praying in utter devotion,
In faith that but few to their praying can bring.
The poor little servant—her tears flowing over—
Implored with a force that my verse cannot give,
With the zeal of a saint and the glow of a lover,
That, in spite of the doctor, the mistress might live.

The master sat close by his darling, despair in
His stupefied sorrow, just holding her hand.
He prayed, to be sure, but no hope has his prayer in;
In fact, he was dazed, and could scarce understand.
Her delicate lips had a painful contraction,
Her sensitive eyes seemed sunken and glazed;
He knew in his heart there could be no reaction,
He just sat and saw her—in fact he was dazed.

A pallor less ghastly—the eyelashes quiver—
Life springs to the face in a sudden surprise.
Grim death retrogrades with a sad little shiver,
She smiles at the master, her soul in her eyes!
A wonderful hope—is it hope? is it terror?
Leaps up in his heart while he watches his wife;
Is it life before death? is it fancy's sweet error?
Or is it—or can it be—verily life?

Oh, send for the doctór—death hangs on each minute—
They wait for his fiat, as that of a god,
Who sagely remarks that there is something in it,
Granting leases of life with an autocrat's nod.
Joy rings through the house that was silent in sadness;
The master believes that he ne'er felt despair,
While Kitty, the servant, laughs out, mid her gladness,
To think that they none of them knew of her prayer.

TIME'S SILENT LESSON.—Emeline Sherman Smith.

A VISION.

Upon a cliff that frowned above the sea
I saw a white-haired man. His form was bowed,
As by the weight of years; but in his eye
Glowed the pure fire of an immortal youth.
His thin and tremulous hand upheld a glass
Filled with bright sands of gold, and as he bent
Above the tide that ever surged below,
He let the glittering contents of his glass
Fall, one by one, into the mystic depths
Of that unfathomed sea. So far removed
The gulf wherein they fell, no echo came
Back to the listening ear. Once sunken there,
Those shining particles of rarest worth
Were lost for evermore.

The while I watched
This silent toiler at his silent task,
A rosy boy came bounding to the spot:
He paused awhile to note, with pleased surprise,
The ancient man; and then his tuneful voice
Rang out the music of his merry thoughts.
"Ho! father, ho! that's pleasant work of thine;
I'd like right well to let those treasures fall.
How bright they sparkle ere they sink from sight!
One, two, three, four. But ah! they go too slow.
Lend me the glass; I'll shake its glittering sands,
And then you'll see a dazzling shower of gold
Go merrily dancing down."

No answer came
To this sweet, childish plea. The aged man
Paused not, nor turned an instant from his work,
But, like a faithful steward, who must keep
Exact account of what he meteth out,
His cautious hand to its appointed task
Kept steadiest movement still.

Now, like the dawn
That breaks in summer skies—so fair, so fresh,
So rosy sweet—came forth a youthful maid.
She smiled, and sudden sunshine seemed to flash
Its morning splendor o'er that rugged cliff;
She spake, and listening echo caught the tones,

And laughed them back so tunefully, that all
The summer air rippled with sweetest sound.
These were her words:

"O venerable man!
If thou wouldst be the friend of friendless souls;
If thou wouldst aid two fond and faithful hearts,
List to me now. My own true lover waits
The tender signal of the evening star,—
Waits for its sacred light to guide him here.
We dare not meet, save when night's friendly veil
Enfolds and hides us from the angry eyes
That frown upon our love. We have no day
Save in each other's smiles. Thy hand alone
Can speed the lagging moments on their way,
And bring the hour we consecrate to joy.
Then shake your glass, good father, shake the sands,
And send them flying faster on their course."

Untempted yet by that alluring voice,
Unsoftened by its sweet and tender plea,
The Ancient One, still faithful to his trust,
(As all must be who have great deeds to do,)
Toiled on, and on, with steadfast spirit still,
At his appointed task.

Another came,—
A pallid man, with eyes of lurid fire;
He clutched the outstretched hand that held the glass,
And in a hoarse, wild whisper sternly said:
"Hold! dotard, hold! Waste not those precious sands.
My doom is fixed, and by to-morrow's sun
The avengers of the law will take my life.
Each sparkling grain you scatter in yon gulf
Is dearer to my soul than mines of gold.
I have brief space for penitence and prayer:
Keep, keep the golden moments till I make
My peace with Heaven. Look! Could I coin
These drops of anguish which bedew my brow,
And these hot tears to showers of priceless gems,
I'd give them all to have thee stay thy task!"

Still no reply, no token that he heard
These varied pleas, came from that stern old man.
Silent and calm, as when the stately march
Of untold ages first began their course,
He steadily measured every golden grain,

That he might render to the Eternal Mind
That ruled above a faithful record still
Of every precious treasure meted out
To the dark gulf below.
O human hearts!
So fickle and so thoughtless,—glad to-day
To have the moments fly, to-morrow, grieved
To see them go so fleetly,—heed, I pray,
The vision that I saw. Fret not Time's ear
With vain and weak appeals, but rather take
A lesson from his teaching. Do your work,
Whate'er in life it be, as he doth his,
With purpose firm, and with unfaltering zeal.

FADED FLOWERS.—Ida M. Buxton.

Pale, faded, and withered flowers,
I remember when you were given to me!
'Twas in those happy, happy hours
Which so pleasantly live in my memory.

Pretty and fragrant were ye then,
All blushing with beauty, all sparkling with dew!
"Here are pansies for thoughts; and when
Away, will you think of me, 'tender and true?'"

These were the words the giver said.
And I thought you the sweetest flowers that grew;—
Now you are pale, and withered and dead,
Yet somehow I keep you, and treasure you, too.

You speak to me of hours gone by,
Of the shady path leading down to the sea,
The rippling waves, and deep blue sky,
The little birds caroling loud in their glee,—

The trysting place, the old oak near,
Where we planned our future, so golden and bright,
In perfect trust; with never a fear
That a cloud could possibly shut out the light.

Oft I think of the dear old place,
And the vows that were said I repeat anew;
I can see the noble, loving face,
And I hear the low murmur, "Tender and true!"

HOW JIMMY TENDED THE BABY.

I never could see the use of babies. We have one at our house that belongs to mother, and she thinks everything of it. I can't see anything wonderful about it. All it can do is to cry, and pull hair, and kick. It hasn't half the sense of my dog, and can't even chase a cat. Mother and Sue wouldn't have a dog in the house, but they are always going on about the baby, and saying, "Ain't it perfectly sweet?"

The worst thing about a baby is, that you're expected to take care of him, and then you get scolded afterward. Folks say, "Here, Jimmy, just hold the baby a minute, there's a good boy;" and then, as soon as you have got it, they say, "Don't do that! Just look at him! That boy will kill the child! Hold it up straight, you good-for-nothing little wretch!" It's pretty hard to do your best, and then be scolded for it; but that is the way boys are treated. Perhaps after I'm dead, folks will wish they had done differently.

Last Saturday, mother and Sue went out to make calls, and told me to stay at home and take care of the baby. There was a base-ball match, but what did they care for that? They didn't want to go to it, and so it made no difference whether I went to it or not. They said they would be gone only a little while, and if the baby waked up, I was to play with it, and keep it from crying, and "be sure and not let it swallow any pins." Of course I had to do it. The baby was sound asleep when they went out; so I left it just a few minutes, while I went to see if there was any pie in the pantry. If I was a woman, I wouldn't be so dreadfully suspicious as to keep everything locked up. When I got back up stairs again, the baby was awake, and was howling like he was full of pins. So I gave him the first thing that came handy, to keep him quiet. It happened to be a bottle of French polish, with a sponge on the end of a wire, that Sue

uses to black her boots, because girls are too lazy to use the regular brush. The baby stopped crying as soon as I gave him the bottle, and I sat down to read a paper. The next time I looked at him, he'd got out the sponge, and about half of his face was jet black. This was a nice fix, for I knew nothing could get the black off his face, and when mother came she would say the baby was spoiled, and I had done it. Now I think an all black baby is ever so much more stylish than an all white baby, and when I saw that the baby was part black, I made up my mind that if I blacked it all over it would be worth more than it ever had been, and perhaps mother would be ever so much pleased. So I hurried up, and gave it a good coat of black.

You should have seen how that baby shined! The polish dried as soon as it was put on, and I had just time to get baby dressed again, when mother and Sue came in. I wouldn't lower myself to repeat their unkind language. When you've been called a murdering little villain, and an unnatural son, it will rankle in your heart for ages. After what they had said to me, I didn't even seem to mind father, but went up stairs with him almost as if I was going to church, or something that didn't hurt much. The baby is beautiful and shiny, though the doctors say it will wear off in a few years. Nobody shows any gratitude for all the trouble I took, and I can tell you it isn't easy to black a baby without getting it into his eyes and hair. I sometimes think it is hardly worth while to live in this cold and unfeeling world.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.—Eliza Cook.

I love it, I love it; and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize;
I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed it with sighs.
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.

Would ye learn the spell?—a mother sat there;
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watched her many a day
When her eye grew dim and her locks were gray;
And I almost worshiped her when she smiled,
And turned from her Bible, to bless her child.
Years rolled on; but the last one sped—
My idol was shattered; my earth-star fled;
I learned how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past, 'tis past, but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow.
'Twas there she nursed me; 'twas there she died;
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it; and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

A BALLAD OF WAR.—Menella Bute Smedley.

"Oh! were you at war in the red Eastern land?
What did you hear, and what did you see?
Saw you my son, with his sword in his hand
Sent he, by you, any dear word to me?"

"I come from red war in that dire Eastern land;
Three deeds saw I done one might well die to see;
But I know not your son, with his sword in his hand;
If you would hear of him, paint him to me."

"Oh, he is as gentle as south winds in May!"
"'Tis not a gentle place where I have been."
"Oh, he has a smile like the outbreak of day!"
"Where men are dying fast, smiles are not seen."

"Tell me the mightiest deeds that were done,—
Deeds of chief honor, you said you saw three:
You said you saw three—I am sure he did one.
My heart shall discern him, and cry 'This is he!'"

"I saw a man scaling a tower of despair,
And he went up alone, and the hosts shouted loud."
"That was my son! Had he streams of fair hair?"
"Nay; it was black as the blackest night-cloud."

"Did he live?" "No; he died: but the fortress was won.
And they said it was grand for a man to die so."
"Alas for his mother! He was not my son.
Was there no fair-haired soldier who humbled the foe?"

"I saw a man charging in front of his rank,
Thirty yards on, in a hurry to die:
Straight as an arrow hurled into the flank
Of a huge desert-beast, ere the hunter draws nigh."

"Did he live?" "No; he died: but the battle was won,
And the conquest-cry carried his name through the air.
Be comforted, mother; he was not thy son;
Worn was his forehead, and gray was his hair."

"Oh! the brow of my son is as smooth as a rose;
I kissed it last night in my dream. I have heard
Two legends of fame from the land of our foes:
But you said there were three: you must tell me the third."

"I saw a man flash from the trenches and fly
In a battery's face; but it was not to slay;
A poor little drummer had dropped down to die,
With his ankle shot through, in the place where he lay.

"He carried the boy like a babe through the rain,—
The death-pouring torrent of grape-shot and shell;
And he walked at a foot's pace because of the pain,
Laid his burden down gently, smiled once, and then fell."

"Did he live?" "No; he died: but he rescued the boy.
Such a death is more noble than life (so they said).
He had streams of fair hair, and a face full of joy,
And his name—" "Speak it not! 'Tis my son! He is dead!

"Oh, dig him a grave by the red rowan tree,
Where the spring moss grows softer than fringes of foam!
And lay his bed smoothly, and leave room for me,
For I shall be ready before he comes home.

"And carve on his tombstone a name and a wreath,
And a tale to touch hearts through the slow-spreading years—
How he died his noble and beautiful death,
And his mother, who longed for him, died of her tears.

"But what is this face shining in at the door,
With its old smile of peace, and its flow of fair hair?
Are you come, blessed ghost, from the far heavenly shore?
Do not go back alone—let me follow you there!"

"Oh! clasp me, dear mother. I come to remain;
I come to your heart, and God answers your prayer.
Your son is alive from the hosts of the slain,
And the Cross of our Queen on his breast glitters fair!"

SPEECH OF PATRICK HENRY.

Delivered before the Convention of Delegates of Virginia, March 23d, 1775.

Mr. President: It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern our temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth,—to know the worst, and to provide for it!

I have but one lamp, by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet! Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a

kiss! Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love?

Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation,—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them?—Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that, for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain.

Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not already been exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done every thing that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the Ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted, our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult, our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer

any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall he obtained,—we must fight; I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak,—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable; and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry: Peace, peace!—but there is no peace.

The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle! What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

MR. JONATHAN BANGS.—A. B. COLE.

Mr. Jonathan Bangs was an honest old man;
With a mere mite of nothing, this world he began;
And he held his own ever—except Polly Ann,
His untenable wife.

Mr. Jonathan Bangs could always surpass
Those who didn't beat him (in long noses and "gas");
He could see his own *picture*, by fronting the glass,
As handsome as life.

Mr. Jonathan Bangs was a great man, no doubt;
One would think him a *hero*, on seeing him out;
But at home, Polly Ann led him round by the snout
Until it was sore.

Mr. Jonathan Bangs was a wonder to men;
He had cows in the barn-lot, and pigs in the pen;
On some straw in the barn sat an old speckled hen
Near the great front door.

Mr. Jonathan Bangs—how strange it may seem—
As he slept on his couch had a most frightful dream:
He thought the old house-cat had stolen the cream
From off the last pan.

Mr. Jonathan Bangs arose the next morn;
He was mad and he looked like a creature forlorn.
He glanced all around him. The pigs squealed for corn,
The cows bawled for bran.

Mr. Jonathan Bangs stood with eyes flashing fire;
Soon along came the cat, with no thought of his ire;
With tail pointing skyward, just like a church spire,
She approached the old man.

Mr. Jonathan Bangs—ah! weak man and frail!
He let loose his wrath, seized the cat by the tail,
And poor puss, in defence, raised a terrible wail,
And scratched Jonathan.

Mr. Jonathan Bangs couldn't stand all of that:
Calling up all his powers, he "banged" the gray cat
'Gainst the plank garden fence, Bangs himself falling flat.
Out came Mrs. Bangs.

Mr. Jonathan Bangs, scared at what he had done—
More indeed at the sight of his dearly loved one—
Set out for the barn on a rather brisk run.
And my tale of this banging is now fully done.
Fare-you-well, Father Bangs.

A CHRISTMAS BLESSING.

Years ago, while Christmas carols echoed all adown the street,
In their home a lonely couple sat, their evening meal to eat;
"What's thy sorrow?" asked the good man of his wife, who silent wept;
"Mourning am I for our Rachel." To her side he softly crept;
Talked they long, till call for service to the cottage swift was sent;
Loth to leave his wife so lonely, sadly forth old Jerry went.
Past the windows brightly lighted, all aglow with Christmas cheer,
Meeting parents hasting homeward with their gifts for children dear;
Pausing where his aid was needed, heard a child-voice singing low
All about the Christ-child, coming to our earth so long ago.
"'Tis an orphan," said the porter; "much she wanders sad and lone;
Homeless child! I fain would take her, but I scarce can feed my own."
Jerry at his work was musing, thinking of his dear lost child,
When he caught the sweet words ringing, "Peace on earth and mercy mild."
Surely 'twas a time for mercy. Quick to think and act, he said,
"To my home I'll take the singer; she shall no more beg for bread."

As the midnight bells were ringing out upon the frosty air,
Jerry reached the little cottage with his Christmas gift so rare.
When the good wife heard the story,—"We can't do too great a thing,"
Said she, softly, "since God gave us his own Son to be our King!"
Then a heavenly guest was with them, for when warm hearts, beating true,
Open to take in the lost ones, Jesus Christ will enter too.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.—SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing!
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

KATE.

There's something in the name of Kate
  Which many will condemn;
But listen now while I relate
  The traits of some of them.

There's deli-Kate, a modest dame,
  And worthy of your love;
She's nice and beautiful in frame,
  As gentle as a dove.

Communi-Kate's intelligent,
  As we may well suppose;
Her fruitful mind is ever bent
  On telling what she knows.

There's intri-Kate, she's so obscure,
  'Tis hard to find her out;
For she is often very sure
  To put your wits to rout.

Prevari-Kate's a stubborn maid,
  She's sure to have her way;
The caviling, contrary jade
  Objects to all you say.

There's alter-Kate, a perfect pest,
  Much given to dispute;
Her prattling tongue can never rest,
  You cannot her refute.

There's dislo-Kate, in quite a fret,
  Who fails to gain her point;
Her case is quite unfortunate,
  And sorely out of joint.

Equivo-Kate no one will woo;
  The thing would be absurd,
She is so faithless and untrue,
  You cannot take her word.

There's vindi-Kate, she's good and true,
  And strives with all her might
Her duty faithfully to do,
  And battles for the right.

There's rusti-Kate, a country lass,
  Quite fond of rural scenes;

She likes to ramble through the grass
And through the evergreens.
Of all the maidens you can find,
There's none like edu-Kate;
Because she elevates the mind
And aims at something great.

THE BOOK CANVASSER.

He came into my office with a portfolio under his arm. Placing it upon the table, removing a ruined hat, and wiping his nose upon a ragged handkerchief that had been so long out of the wash that it was positively gloomy, he said:

"Mr. ———, I'm canvassing for the National Portrait Gallery; very valuable work; comes in numbers, fifty cents apiece; contains pictures of all the great American heroes from the earliest times down to the present day. Everybody subscribing for it, and I want to see if I can't take your name.

"Now, just cast your eyes over that," he said, opening his book and pointing to an engraving, "That's—lemme see—yes, that's Columbus, perhaps you've heard sumfin' about him? The publisher was telling me to-day before I started out that he discovered—no; was it Columbus that dis—oh! yes, Columbus, he discovered America—was the first man here. He came over in a ship the publisher said, and it took fire, and he stayed on deck because his father told him to, if I remember right, and when the old thing busted to pieces he was killed. Handsome picture, ain't it? Taken from a photograph, all of 'em are; done especially for this work. His clothes are kinder odd, but they say that's the way they dressed in them days.

"Look at this one. Now isn't that splendid? That's William Penn, one of the early settlers. I was reading t'other day about him. When he first arrived he got a lot of Indians up a tree, and when they shook some ap-

ples down, he set one on top of his son's head, and shot an arrow plump through it and never fazed him. They say it struck them Indians cold; he was such a terrific shooter. Fine countenance, hasn't he? Face shaved clean; he didn't wear a moustache, I believe, but he seems to have let himself out on hair. Now, my view is, that every man ought to have a picture of that patriarch so's to see how the fust settlers looked and what kind of weskets they used to wear. See his legs, too! Trousers a little short maybe, as if he was going to wade in a creek; but he's all there. Got some kind of a paper in his hand, I see. Subscription list, I reckon. Now, how does that strike you?

"There's something nice. That, I think, is—is—that—a—a—yes, to be sure, Washington—you recollect him, of course? Some people call him Father of his Country, George—Washington. Had no middle name, I believe. He lived about two hundred years ago and he was a fighter. I heard the publisher telling a man about him crossing the Delaware River up yer at Trenton, and seems to me, if I recollect right, I've read about it myself. He was courting some girl on the Jersey side, and he used to swim over at nights to see her when the old man was asleep. The girl's family were down on him, I reckon. He looks like a man to do that, don't he? He's got it in his eye. If it'd been me I'd gone over on a bridge, but he probably wanted to show off afore her; some men are so reckless, you know. Now, if you'll conclude to take this I'll get the publisher to write out some more stories, and bring 'em round to you, so's you can study up on him. I know he did ever so many other things, but I've forgot 'em; my memory's so awful poor.

"Less see! Who have we next? Ah, Franklin! Benjamin Franklin! He was one of the old original pioneers, I think. I disremember exactly what he is celebrated for, but I think it was a flying a—oh! yes, flying a kite, that's it. The publisher mentioned it. He

was out one day flying a kite, you know, like boys do now-a-days, and while she was a flickering up in the sky, and he was giving her more string, an apple fell off a tree, and hit him on the head;—then he discovered the attraction of gravitation, I think they call it. Smart, wasn't it? Now, if you or me'd a been hit, it'd just a made us mad like as not and set us a ravin'. But men are so different. One man's meat's another man's pison. See what a double chin he's got. No beard on him, either, though a goatee would have been becoming to such a round face. He hasn't got on a sword and I reckon he was no soldier;—fit some when he was a boy, maybe, or went out with the home-guard, but not a regular warrior. I ain't one, myself, and I think all the better of him for it.

"Ah, here we are! Look at that! Smith and Pocahontas! John Smith! Isn't that gorgeous? See, how she kneels over him, and sticks out her hands while he lays on the ground, and that big fellow with a club tries to hammer him up. Talk about woman's love! There it is for you. Modocs, I believe. Anyway some Indians out West there, somewheres; and the publisher tells me that Captain Shackanasty, or whatever his name is there, was going to bang old Smith over the head with a log of wood, and this here girl she was sweet on Smith, it appears, and she broke loose, and jumped forward and says to the man with a stick, 'Why don't you let John alone? Me and him are going to marry, and if you kill him, I'll never speak to you as long as I live,' or words like them, and so the man he give it up, and both of them hunted up a preacher and were married and lived happy ever afterward. Beautiful story, isn't it? A good wife she made him, too, I'll bet, if she was a little copper-colored. And don't she look just lovely in that picture? But Smith appears kinder sick, evidently thinks his goose is cooked, and I don't wonder, with that Modoc swooping down on him with such a discouraging club.

"And now we come to—to—ah—to—Putnam—General Putnam:—he fought in the war, too; and one day a lot of 'em caught him when he was off his guard, and they tied him flat on his back on a horse and then licked the horse like the very mischief. And what does that horse do but go pitching down about four hundred stone steps in front of the house, with General Putnam lying there nearly skeered to death. Leastways the publisher said somehow that way, and I once read about it myself. But he came out safe, and I reckon sold the horse and made a pretty good thing of it. What surprises me is he didn't break his neck, but maybe it was a mule, for they're pretty sure footed, you know. Surprising what some of these men have gone through, ain't it?

"Turn over a couple of leaves. That's General Jackson. My father shook hands with him once. He was a fighter, I know. He fit down in New Orleans. Broke up the rebel Legislature, and then when the Ku Kluxes got after him he fought 'em behind cotton breastworks and licked 'em till they couldn't stand. They say he was terrific when he got real mad,—hit straight from the shoulder and fetched his man every time. Andrew, his fust name was; and look how his hair stands up.

"And then, here's John Adams and Daniel Boone and two or three pirates, and a whole lot more pictures, so you see it's cheap as dirt. Lemme have your name, won't you?"

LIFE.

An infant on its mother's breast,
  A bouncing boy at play,
A youth by maiden fair caressed,
A stalwart man with care oppressed,
  An old man silver gray,—
Is all of life we know.
  A smile, a tear,
  A joy, a fear,
And all is o'er below.

THE SINGER AND THE CHILD.—Adeline E. Gross.

Within the church, the light was dimmed
And colored, as it fell from pane
Of stately Gothic window, limned
With artist's skill in glowing stain.
A holy silence filled the place,
That like a benediction seemed,
While on full many a quiet face
The light of inward worship gleamed.

Not far from where the organ loft
Revealed its curved and gilded front,
A little boy, with dark eyes soft
And dreamy, sat, as was his wont;
And when, the prelude o'er, the song
Of praise was sung by one whose gift
Of voice carried all souls along
With it toward heaven, seeming to lift
Earth's weight of cares, the boy's rapt gaze
Was fixed upon the woman fair,
His face illumed like one who prays
Expectant of response to prayer.

Still, as she sang, his gaze unmoved
Dwelt on the singer's face; he seemed
To drink deep draughts of joy, removed
From thoughts of all around:—So dreamed
Apocalyptic John upon
The Isle of Patmos, when on him
The light of city without sun
Was shed, making earth's memories dim.

White robed was the soprano's form;
While roses, creamy hued, of June
Clasped the lace about her warm
White throat. Her pure garb seemed in tune
With the angelic strains she sang,
And portion of the harmony.
That flower-filled font, the notes that rang
In tones subdued from organ key,
The fragrance from the summer air,—
Made plain to hearts that understood,
Within that sacred house of prayer,
That God is great and nature good.

The singer ceased, a hush profound
Rested upon the worshiping throng,
When clear and sudden came the sound
Of childish voice the pews among.
"Mamma, was that an angel sung?"
All else forgotten had the child,
Whose soul had to the utterance clung
Of the sweet hymn. With wonder mild
He caught the warning glance bestowed
By one who, might she time and place
Ignore, would fain have then the bowed
Head kissed, and strained to her embrace.

Singer, well done thy work that day;
A weary, sin-stained man o'erheard
The question innocent, and "Nay,
'Tis not an angel" ('twas the word,
Low-toned in answer) did not sound
As truth; to him an angel sang
Indeed, and he a message found
In the soul-lifting strains that rang
Through nave and aisle, while firm resolve
Awoke responsive in his breast,
To turn from sins which must involve
His life in severance from the best
That was within him.

But, methought
Two angels spoke to him that day:
Tidings of love to come, one brought,—
Forgiving love, given those who pray;
The other, message from the past
Brought home to him, of mother's love,
With memories of the time, when last
Beside that mother, now above,
In church he sat, while fancies strange
Arose within his childish brain.
True pictures of that time arrange
Themselves before him, and again,
As then, he sits, a little child,
Happy and innocent as he
Whose music-charmed soul, his mild,
Dark eyes illumed with ecstasy.

Thou knewest not, dear singer, nor
Didst thou, thou white-browed boy, how well

Was wrought thy mission in that hour;
Its full fruition none may tell,
Until in surges manifold
Through heaven's court is heard the song
Of those forgiven, and is told
The story, by one soul among
The happy throng—how worship pure,
By her to whom the gift of song
Was granted, had once the power to lure
A tempted one from sin and wrong:
When, too, the white-souled innocence
Of childhood had a message borne,
A life for good to influence,
That earth-remembered Sabbath morn.

THE HERO WOMAN.—Geo. Lippard.

There was something very beautiful in that picture! The form of the young girl, framed by the square, massive window, the contrast between the rough timbers that enclosed her, and that rounded face,—the lips parting, the hazel eye dilating, and the cheek warming and flushing with hope and fear; there was something very beautiful in that picture,—a young girl leaning from the window of an old mansion, with her brown hair waving in glossy masses around her face!

Suddenly the shouts to the south grew nearer, and then, emerging from the deep hollow, there came an old man, running at full speed, yet every few paces turning round to fire the rifle which he loaded as he ran. He was pursued by a party of ten or more British soldiers, who came rushing on, their bayonets fixed, as if to strike their victim down ere he advanced ten paces nearer the house.

On and on the old man came, while his daughter, quivering with suspense, hung leaning from the window; he reaches the block-house gate—look! He is surrounded, their muskets are leveled at his head; he is down, down at their feet, grappling for his life. But

look again! He dashes his foes aside; with one bold movement he springs through the gate; an instant, and it is locked; the British soldiers, mad with rage, gaze upon the high wall of logs and stone, and vent their anger in drunken curses.

Now look to yonder window! Where the young girl stood a moment ago quivering with suspense, as she beheld her father struggling for his life, now stands that old man himself, his brow bared, his arm grasping the rifle, while his gray hairs wave back from his wrinkled and blood-dabbled face! That was a fine picture of an old veteran, nerved for his last fight; a stout warrior, preparing for his death-struggle.

Death-struggle? Yes! for the old man, Isaac Wampole, had dealt too many hard blows among the British soldiers, tricked, foiled, cheated them too often to escape now. A few moments longer, and they would be re-enforced by a strong party of refugees; the powder, the arms, in the old block-house, perhaps that daughter herself, was to be their reward. There was scarcely a hope for the old man, and yet he had determined to make a desperate fight.

"We must bluff off these rascals," he said, with a grim smile, turning to his child. "Now Bess, my girl, when I fire this rifle do you hand me another, and so on, until the whole eight shots are fired. That will keep them on the other side of the wall for a few moments at least, and then we will have to trust to God for the rest."

Look down there and see a hand stealing over the edge of the wall! The old man levels his piece, that British trooper falls back, with a crushed hand, upon his comrade's heads!

No longer quivering with suspense, but grown suddenly firm, that young girl passes a loaded rifle to the veteran's grasp, and silently awaits the result.

For a moment all is silent below; the British bravoes are somewhat loath to try that wall, when a stout old

"Rebel," rifle in hand, is looking from yonder window. There is a pause—low, deep murmurs—they are holding a council.

A moment is gone, and nine heads are thrust above the wall at once. Hark! One, two, three. The old veteran has fired three shots—there are three dying men groveling in the yard beneath the shadow of the wall.

"Quick, Bess, the rifles!"

And the brave girl passes the rifles to her father's grasp. There are four shots, one after the other; three more soldiers fell back, like weights of lead, upon the ground, and a single Red-coat is seen slowly mounting to the top of the wall, his eye fixed upon the hall door, which he will force ere a moment is gone!

Now the last ball is fired, the old man stands there in that second-story window, his hands vainly grasping for another loaded rifle. At this moment the wounded and dying band below are joined by a party of some twenty refugees, who, clad in their half-robber uniform, came rushing from the woods, and with one bound are leaping for the summit of the wall.

"Quick, Bess, my rifle!"

And look there; even while the veteran stood looking out upon his foes, the brave girl—for, slender in form and wildly beautiful in face, she is a brave girl, a hero-woman—had managed, as if by instinctive impulse, to load a rifle. She handed it to her father, and then loaded another, and another. Wasn't that a beautiful sight? A fair young girl grasping powder and ball, with the ramrod rising and falling in her slender fingers!

Now look down to the wall again. The refugees are clambering over its summit—again that fatal aim—again a horrid cry, and another wounded man toppling down upon his dead and dying comrades!

But now look! A smoke rises there; a fire blazes up around the wall; they have fired the gate! A moment, and the bolt and the lock will be burnt from their

sockets,—the passage will be free. Now is the fiery moment of the old man's trial! While his brave daughter loads, he continues to fire with that deadly aim, but now —oh, horror! he falls, he falls, with a musket-ball driven into his breast! The daughter's outstretched arms receive the father, as, with the blood spouting from his wound, he topples back from the window.

Ah, it is a sad and terrible picture! That old man, writhing there on the oaken floor, the young daughter bending over him, the light from the window streaming over her face, over her father's gray hairs, while the ancient furniture of the small chamber affords a dim background to the scene!

Now hark! The sound of axes at the hall door—shouts —hurrahs—curses—"We have the old rebel at last!"

The old man raises his head at that sound, makes an effort to rise, clutches for a rifle, and then falls back again, his eyes glaring, as the fierce pain of that wound quivers through his heart.

Now watch the movements of that daughter. Silently she loads a rifle, silently she rests its barrel against the head of that powder-keg, and then, placing her finger on the trigger, stands over her father's form, while the shouts of the enraged soldiers come thundering from the stairs. Yes, they have broken the hall door to fragments, they are in possession of the old block-house, they are rushing towards that chamber, with murder in their hearts and in their glaring eyes! Had the old man a thousand lives they were not worth a farthing's purchase now.

Still that girl—grown suddenly white as the kerchief round her neck—stands there, trembling from head to foot, the rifle in her hand, its dark tube laid against the powder-keg.

The door is burst open—look there! Stout forms are in the doorway with muskets in their hands; grim faces stained with blood glare into the room.

Now, as if her very soul was coined into the words,

that young girl, with her face pale as ashes, her hazel eye glaring with deathly light, utters this short yet meaning speech:

"Advance one step into the room, and I will fire this rifle into the powder there!"

No oath quivers from the lips of that girl to confirm her resolution, but there she stands, alone with her wounded father, and yet not a soldier dare cross the threshold! Imbrued as they are in deeds of blood, there is something terrible to these men in the simple words of that young girl, who stands there with the rifle laid against the powder-keg.

They stand as if spell-bound on the threshold of that chamber. At last, one bolder than the rest, a bravo whose face is half-concealed in a thick red beard, grasps his musket and levels it at the young girl's breast:

"Stand back, or I'll fire!"

Still the girl is firm. The bravo advances a step, and then starts back. The sharp "*click*" of that rifle falls with an unpleasant emphasis upon his ear.

"Bess, I am dying," gasps the old man, faintly extending his arms. "Ha, ha, we foiled the Britishers! Come—daughter—kneel here; kneel and say a prayer for me, and let me feel your warm breath upon my face, for I am getting cold. Oh, dark and cold!"

Look! As those trembling accents fall from the old man's tongue those fingers unloose their hold of the rifle—already the troopers are secure of one victim, at least, a young and beautiful girl; for affection for her father is mastering the heroism of the moment—look! She is about to spring into his arms! But now she sees her danger! again she clutches the rifle; again—although her father's dying accents are in her ears—stands there, prepared to scatter that house in ruins if a single rough hand assails that veteran form.

There are a few brief, terrible moments of suspense. Then a hurried sound far down the mansion; then a

contest on the stairs; then the echo of rifle-shot and the light of rifle-blaze; then those ruffians in the doorway fall crushed before the strong arms of Continental soldiers. Then a wild shriek quivers through the room, and that young girl—that hero woman—with one bound springs forward into her brother's arms, and nestles there; while her dead father—his form yet warm—lies with fixed eyeballs upon the floor.

ARABELLA AND SALLY ANN.—Paul Carson.

Arabella was a school-girl,
So was Sally Ann.
Hasty pudding can't be thicker
Than two school-girls can.

These were thick as school-girls can be,
Deathless love they swore,
Vowed that naught on earth should part them,—
One forever more.

They grew up as school-girls will do,
Went to parties, too,
And as oft before has happened,
Suitors came to woo.

But as fate or luck would have it,
One misguided man
Favored blue-eyed Arabella
More than Sally Ann.

And, of course, it made no difference
That the laws are such
That he could not wed two women,
Though they wished it much.

So a coolness rose between them,
And the cause,—a man.
Cold was Arabella—very;
Colder Sally Ann.

Now they call each other "creature;"
What is still more sad,—
Bella, though she won the treasure,
Wishes Sally had.

REST.—John A. Jennings.

Wandering through the city,
My heart was sick and sore,
Full of a feverish longing,
I entered an old church door.

Dark were the aisles and gloomy,—
Type of my troubled breast;
Mournful and sad I paced there,
Eager to be at rest.

Sudden the sunshine lighted
The arches with golden stream,
Chasing the darksome shadows
With brightly-glancing beam.

A chord pealed forth from the organ,
Tender, and soft, and sweet:
Trembling along the pavement
Like the tread of the angels' feet.

The light as a voice from heaven
Bid all my care to cease;
The chord as a song of seraphs
Whispered of God's own peace.

A YEAR IN PARADISE.—Rev. Dr. Cross.

The saddest days of all the year
My saddest thoughts renew,
When autumn winds with foliage sear
The mount and meadow strew;
When midnight clouds are cold and drear,
And troubled stars by turns appear,
But cannot struggle through.
'Tis just a year since thou wert here,
My darling fond and true!
But doubt had darkened into fear,
And grief to anguish grew;
We felt the parting moment near,
The fatal signs we knew,—
The longing look, the sigh sincere,
The baffled breath, the thrill severe,
The words so faint and few;

As round thy couch with many a tear
In trembling groups we drew,
And stooped thy whispered hope to hear,
And catch thy last adieu—
Like music from a holier sphere,
When winds are calm and skies are clear,
Amidst the falling dew.

A year in Paradise!—How strange!
What note is there of time,
What seasons of successive change,
What tower's melodious chime,
What measure of the spirit's range,
What bound to thought sublime?

A year in Paradise!—Released
With victor's lute and palm,
A guest at God's eternal feast
To swell the holy psalm,
The tempest of the passions ceased
In love's celestial calm.

A year in Paradise!—How blest
Is thy condition now!
New-born, by elder saints caressed,
With bloom-encircled brow;
While I, an exile sore distressed,
Beneath my burden bow.

A year in Paradise!—No tears
In that fair land are known;
No gloomy doubts nor ghastly fears
Their baleful seeds have sown,
No broken hearts through blighted years
Sustained their griefs alone.

A year in Paradise!—Serene
In fellowship secure,
With spirits robed in goodly sheen
And fruit of faith mature,
Mid fields of never-fading green
And loving waters pure.

A year in Paradise!—Ah me!
Who linger yet below,
Through weary days to weep for thee
And nights of deeper woe,

Till death shall set the captive free
And bid me rise and go!

A year in Paradise!—But why
Lament the dead that live
Where He who lives no more to die
Will life eternal give,
And all who on his word rely
The boon divine receive?

A year in Paradise!—And soon
My spirit thine may trace,
Perchance before another morn
To meet thee face to face
And bask in love's immortal noon
With all the heirs of grace.

A year in Paradise!—How sweet
That precious hope to me!
Before the Saviour's throne to greet
My other self in thee,
And bow to kiss the nail-pierced feet
And bless the cursed tree!

A year in Paradise!—Oh! rest,
Of more than Eden repossessed,
Till that last gift be given;
Till Christ return, the King confessed,
And oceans owning his behest,
And charnel-houses riven,
In concert with the mansions blest,
Shall roll their chant from east to west,
And Paradise be Heaven!

THE PERFECT MAN.

Paint you a perfect man? I cannot tell
Whether my unskilled hand can do it well;
But, where's the brush? I'll try in colors real
To make the picture of my soul's ideal.

A form not low, nor yet so very high,
A face that shows the blush, a flashing eye,
A tongue that never fears the truth to speak,
A heart that beats with pity for the weak,

Strong arms that lift the heavy weight of sorrow,
Deeds that are done to-day, and not to-morrow;
In youth, the star of home's sweet morning sky,
In manhood, king, when those he loves draw nigh;
Wife, child, and servant bow to his behest,—
Not that they must, but that his way is best;
In age, a silver treasury of lore,
Where all may come and freely share his store;
Upward, on bended knee, he daily looks,
And draws his wisdom from the book of books.
No base deceit he hides within his heart,—
To do the right thing is his only art;
Not given to vain surmising or suspicion,
But glad to trust a friend without condition,
Grateful for kindness, never envious,
Frank in his speech, and yet not garrulous;
In honor sure, in friendship firm and sweet,
Pouring his sorrows at your willing feet,
Or all his joys unfolding to your eyes,
Because he knows in them your gladness lies.
Ready to give advice, nor angry when
You take the same old beaten path again.
No pendulum betwixt the good and ill,
But standing firmly, duty to fulfil;
Willing to pardon ere the word is said,
Just to the living, reverent to the dead.

This is my picture; tell me, if you can,
A nobler subject than a perfect man.

THE MAN WHO APOLOGIZED.

It was at the corner of Woodward avenue and Congress street, and the time was ten o'clock in the forenoon. A citizen who stands solid at two hundred pounds was walking along with bright eyes, and the birds singing in his heart, when all at once he found himself looking up to the cloudy heavens, and a voice up the street seemed to say:—

"Did you see the old duffer strike that icy spot and claw for grass?"

Then another voice down the street seemed to say:—

"You bet I did! He's lyin' there yit, but he'd git right up if he knew how big his foot looked!"

The solid citizen did get up. The first thing he saw was the beautiful city of Detroit spread out before him. The next thing was a slim man with bone-colored whiskers, who was leaning against a building and laughing as if his heart would break.

"I can knock your jaw off in three minutes!" exclaimed the citizen, as he fished for the end of his broken suspender.

The slim man didn't deny it. He hadn't time. He had his hands full to attend to his laughing. The solid man finally found the suspender, counted up four missing buttons and his vest split up the back, and slowly went on, looking back and wondering if he could be held for damages to the side-walk. He had been in his office about ten minutes, and had just finished telling a clerk that an express team knocked him down, when in came the slim man with bone-colored whiskers. The solid man recognized him and put on a frown, but the other held out his hand and said:—

"Mister, I came to beg your pardon. You fell on the walk and I laughed at you, but—ha! ha! ha!—upon my soul I couldn't help it. It was the—ha! ha! ha!—funniest sight I ever saw, and—oh! ho! ho! ho! ha! ha!—I couldn't help laughing!"

"I want none o' your penitence and none o' your company!" sharply replied the solid man, and the other went out.

In about an hour the "fallen man" had to go over to the express office. The man with the bone-colored whiskers was there with a package, and he reached out his hand and began:—

"Sir, I ask your forgiveness, I know what belongs to dignity and good manners, but—but—ha! ha!—when I saw your heels shoot out and your shoulders—ha! ha! ha!—double up, I had to—ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! ah-h-h-h!"

"I'll lick you if I ever get a good chance!" remarked the citizen, but yet the man sat down on a box and laughed till the tears came.

In the afternoon as the citizen was about to take a car for home, some one touched him on the elbow. It was the man with the bone-colored whiskers. His face had a very serious, earnest look, and he began:—

"Citizen, I am positively ashamed of myself. I am going to settle in Detroit, and shall see you often. I want to ask your forgiveness for laughing at you this morning."

He seemed so serious that the solid man began to relax his stern look, and he was about to extend his hand, when the other continued:—

"You see we are all—ha! ha! ha! liable to accident. I, myself, have often—ha! ha! ha!—struck an icy spot and—ho! ho! ho! ha! ha!—gone down to grass—ah! ha! ho! ha! ho! ha!"

The solid citizen withdrew his hand, braced his feet, drew his breath and struck to mash the other fine. His foot slipped, and next he knew he was plowing his nose into the hard snow. When he got up, the man with the bone-colored whiskers was hanging to a hitching-post, and as black in the face as an old hat. The citizen should have killed him then and there, but he didn't. He made for a car like a bear going over a brush fence, and his efforts to look innocent and unconcerned after he sat down broke his other suspender dead in two. Such is life. No man can tell what an icy spot will bring forth.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

BECALMED.—Samuel K. Cowan.

It was as calm as calm could be;
A death-still night in June:
A silver sail, on a silver sea,
Under a silver moon.

Not the least low air the still sea stirred;
But all on the dreaming deep
The white ship lay, like a white sea-bird,
With folded wings, asleep.

For a long, long month, not a breath of air;
For a month, not a drop of rain;
And the gaunt crew watched in wild despair,
With a fever in throat and brain.

And they saw the shore, like a dim cloud, stand
On the far horizon-sea;
It was only a day's short sail to the land,
And the haven where they would be.

Too faint to row—no signal brought
An answer, far or nigh.
Father, have mercy; leave them not
Alone, on the deep, to die.

And the gaunt crew prayed on the decks above;
And the women prayed below:
"One drop of rain, for Heaven's great love!
Oh, Heaven, for a breeze to blow!"

But never a shower from the skies would burst,
And never a breeze would come:
O God, to think that man can thirst
And starve in sight of home!

But out to sea with the drifting tide
The vessel drifted away,—
Till the far-off shore, like the dim cloud, died;
And the wild crew ceased to pray!

Like fiends they glared, with their eyes aglow;
Like beasts with hunger wild:
But a mother prayed, in the cabin below,
By the bed of her little child.

It slept, and lo! in its sleep, it smiled,—
A babe of summers three:
"O Father, save my little child,
Whatever comes to me!"

Calm gleamed the sea, calm gleamed the sky,
No cloud—no sail in view:
And they cast them lots, for who should die
To feed the starving crew!

Like beasts they glared, with hunger wild,
And their red glazed eyes aglow,
And the death-lot fell on the little child
That slept in the cabin below!

And the mother shrieked in wild despair:
"O God, my child—my son.
They will take his life, it is hard to bear;
Yet, Father, Thy will be done."

And she waked the child from its happy sleep,
And she kneeled by the cradle bed:
"We thirst, my child, on the lonely deep;
We are dying, my child, for bread.

"On the lone, lone sea no sail—no breeze;
Not a drop of rain in the sky;
We thirst—we starve—on the lonely seas;
And thou, my child, must die!"

She wept: what tears her wild soul shed
Not I, but Heaven knows best.
And the child rose up from its cradle bed,
And crossed its hands on its breast:

"Father," he lisped, "so good, so kind,
Have pity on mother's pain:
For mother's sake, a little wind;
Father, a little rain!"

And she heard them shout for the child from the deck,
And she knelt on the cabin stairs:
"The child!" they cry, "the child—stand back—
And a curse on your idiot prayers!"

And the mother rose in her wild despair,
And she bared her throat to the knife:
"Strike—strike me—me: but spare, oh, spare
My child, my dear son's life!"

O God, it was a ghastly sight,—
Red eyes, like flaming brands,
And a hundred belt-knives flashing bright
In the clutch of skeleton hands!

"Me—me—strike—strike, ye fiends of death!"
But soft—through the ghastly air
Whose falling tear was that? whose breath
Waves through the mother's hair?

A flutter of sail—a ripple of seas—
A speck on the cabin-pane;
O God, it is a breeze—a breeze—
And a drop of blessed rain!

And the mother rushed to the cabin below,
And she wept on the babe's bright hair:
"The sweet rain falls, the sweet winds blow;
Father has heard thy prayer!"

But the child had fallen asleep again,
And lo! in its sleep it smiled.
"Thank God," she cried, "for his wind and his rain!
Thank God, for my little child!"

LOVE, THE BEST MONUMENT.

Deal gently with me, O my friends,
When this frail life has fled,
When you shall gather in my house,
And whisper, "She is dead."
Let not a word of idle praise
Be breathed o'er my repose,
And as for blame, however just,
Oh leave it to my foes.
Bend o'er my couch with cheerful smile
And say, "She is at rest.
We loved her well, we mourn her much,
But God knows what is best."

And toll no bell, and chant no dirge
O'er my unburied dust,
But utter words of earnest prayer,
And sing sweet hymns of trust.
Then lay me gently down to rest
Where sleep my loved and lost,
And think of me as one whose barque
No more is tempest-tossed.
And when you go back to the world,
Oh, do not quite forget
That one whose heart was warm and true
Would fain be cherished yet.

And sometimes place upon the grave
The blossoms fair and sweet,

That shall be pledges of our love
Until the hour we meet.
I ask no more, for thus to live
In hearts we call our own,
Were better than the sounding praise
Of monumental stone.

LADY GAY SPANKER.—Dion Boucicault.

Lady Gay (*entering in riding-dress, with whip in hand*). Ha! ha! Well, governor, how are ye? I have been down five times, climbing up your stairs in my long clothes. How are you, Grace, dear (*kissing her*)? There, don't fidget, Max. And there—(*kissing him*) there's one for you.

Sir Harcourt Courtly. Ahem!

Lady Gay. Oh, I didn't see you had visitors.

Max. Permit me to introduce Sir Harcourt Courtly—Lady Gay Spanker. Mr. Dazzle, Mr. Hamilton—Lady Gay Spanker.

Sir H. (*aside.*) A fine woman!

Dazzle. (*aside to Sir H.*) She is a fine woman.

Lady Gay. You musn't think anything of the liberties I take with my old papa here—bless him!

Sir H. Oh, no! (*Aside.*) I only thought I should like to be in his place.

Lady Gay. I am so glad you have come, Sir Harcourt. Now we shall be able to make a decent figure at the heels of a hunt.

Sir H. Does your Ladyship hunt?

Lady Gay. Ha! I say, governor, does my Ladyship hunt? I rather flatter myself that I do hunt! Why, Sir Harcourt, one might as well live without laughing, as without hunting. Man was fashioned expressly to fit a horse. Are not hedges and ditches created for leaps? Of course! And I look upon foxes to be one of the most blessed dispensations of a benign Providence.

Sir H. Yes, it is all very well in the abstract; I tried it once.

Lady Gay. Once! Only once?

Sir H. Once, only once. And then the animal ran away with me.

Lady Gay. Why, you would not have him walk?

Sir H. Finding my society disagreeable, he instituted a series of kicks, with a view to removing the annoyance; but aided by the united stays of the mane and tail, I frustrated his intentions. [*All laugh.*] His next resource, however, was more effectual, for he succeeded in rubbing me off against a tree.

Max and Lady Gay. Ha! ha! ha!

Daz. How absurd you must have looked with your legs and arms in the air, like a shipwrecked tea-table.

Sir H. Sir, I never looked so absurd in my life. Oh, it may be very amusing in the narration, I dare say, but very unpleasant in effect.

Lady Gay. I pity you, Sir Harcourt; it was criminal in your parents to neglect your education so shamefully.

Sir H. Possibly; but be assured, I shall never break my neck awkwardly from a horse, when it might be accomplished with less trouble from a bed-room window.

Max. Ah! Sir Harcourt, had you been here a month ago, you would have witnessed the most glorious run that ever swept over merry England's green cheek,—a steeple-chase, sir, which I intended to win, but my horse broke down the day before. I had a chance, notwithstanding, and but for Gay, here, I should have won. How I regretted my absence from it! How did my filly behave herself, Gay?

Lady Gay. Gloriously, Max, gloriously! There were sixty horses in the field, all mettle to the bone; the start was a picture—away we went in a cloud—pell mell—helter skelter—the fools first, as usual, using themselves up—we soon passed them—first your Kitty, then my Blueskin, and Craven's colt last. Then came the

tug. Kitty skimmed the walls—Blueskin flew over the fences—the colt neck-and-neck, and half a mile to run —at last the colt balked a leap and went wild. Kitty and I had it all to ourselves—she was three lengths ahead as we breasted the last wall, six feet, if an inch, and a ditch on the other side. Now, for the first time, I gave Blueskin his head—ha! ha! Away he flew like a thunderbolt—over went the filly—I over the same spot, leaving Kitty in the ditch—walked the steeple, eight miles in thirty minutes, and scarcely turned a hair.

All. Bravo! Bravo!

Lady Gay. Do you hunt?

Daz. Hunt! I belong to a hunting family. I was born on horseback and cradled in a kennel! Ay, and I hope I may die with a whoo-whoop!

Max to Sir H. You must leave your town habits in the smoke of London; here we rise with the lark.

Sir H. Haven't the remotest conception when that period is.

Grace. The man that misses sunrise loses the sweetest part of his existence.

Sir H. Oh, pardon me; I have seen sunrise frequently after a ball, or from the windows of my traveling carriage, and I always considered it disagreeable.

Grace. I love to watch the first tear that glistens in the opening eye of morning, the silent song the flowers breathe, the thrilling choir of the woodland minstrels, to which the modest brook trickles applause; these, swelling out the sweetest chord of sweet creation's matins, seem to pour some soft and merry tale into the daylight's ear, as if the waking world had dreamed a happy thing, and now smiled o'er the telling of it.

Sir H. The effect of a rustic education! Who could ever discover music in a damp, foggy morning, except those confounded waits who never play in tune, and a miserable wretch who makes a point of crying coffee under my window, just as I am persuading myself to

sleep: in fact, I never heard any music worth listening to, except in Italy.

Lady Gay. No? Then you never heard a well-trained English pack in full cry?

Sir H. Full cry!

Lady Gay. Ay! there is harmony if you will. Give me the trumpet neigh; the spotted pack just catching scent. What a chorus is their yelp! The view-halloo, blent with a peal of free and fearless mirth! That's our old English music—match it where you can. Time then appears as young as love, and plumes as swift a wing. Away we go! The earth flies back to aid our course. Horse, man, hound, earth, heaven!—all—all—one piece of glowing ecstasy! Then I love the world, myself, and every living thing—my jocund soul cries out for very glee, as it could wish that all creation had but one mouth that I might kiss it!

FLIRTATION.

As I strolled on the beach with the fair Isabella—
We were friends of long standing, I'd known her a week—
Was it love or the shade of her gorgeous umbrella
That fluttered in crimson across her soft cheek?

Hope tugged at my heartstrings and made me audacious,
For when coquetry blooms like a Provençal rose,
It is surely a sign that she means to be gracious,
And bless with sweet favor some one of her beaux.

So I set me to wooing, both blithely and bravely,
Caught in mine a small hand in a brown *gant de Suede;*
Snatched a kiss from her lips, and was begging her suavely
To leave out my heart from the list of betrayed,

When she stopped me. "I'm sorry," she murmured, discreetly,
"But you see—I'm engaged!"—and pretended to sigh;
While a swift recollection upset me completely—
"Great Cæsar!" I gasped, "I forgot. So am I."

THE BATTLE OF INKERMAN.—George W. Bungay.

"Forward!" the brave old captain said;
Then through rough storms of fire and lead
Marched the true men with gallant tread;
  Then the terrific fight began!
Onward fresh troops of stalwart men,
Across the valley, through the glen,
Up the round hill, over the plain,
  To the battle of Inkerman!

Cannon thundered in the rent air;
Muskets poured out incessant glare;
Sabre clashed sabre everywhere—
  Mid shouts of rank, squadron and clan!
Old England brightened her great name,
Gay France honored her lofty fame,
Only the Cossack bowed with shame,
  At the battle of Inkerman!

Swiftly the currents foam and swell;
The sky seems a Plutonian bell,
Loud tolling the sad funeral knell
  Of the dead soldier, stained and wan.
On neighing steeds, strong, fierce and fleet,
Through smoke and fire and leaden sleet,
Like angry waves the squadrons meet,
  At the battle of Inkerman!

The strong battalions falter, wheel,
And fly before the hedge of steel;
Thunders the last loud cannon's peal
  O'er the slaughtered steed and lifeless man!
Brave hearts that ne'er shall beat again,
Sleep on the far Crimean plain,
Whose rivulets once wore the stain
  Of the battle of Inkerman!

Long will the blood-stained laurels won
On red turf smoking in the sun,
Tell of the gallant fight begun
  So long ago, and of its plan.
When rolls were called, none made reply
Of those on furlough in the sky:
Souls mustered out can never die,
  Fighting their foes at Inkerman!

THE SNOW.—William Whitehead.

Written Expressly for this Collection.

The snow, the snow, downy and bright,
Cheering the meadows brown;
Pure as the light on wings of white,
Comes as an angel down!
Spirit that wildly through air dost rove,
Thou'rt a beautiful dream to me!
Lovelier still than the Goddess of Love,
That sprung from the foam of the sea!
Down, down, down, down,
Comes the beautiful snow;
Without a chant or song of its own,
Wings the beautiful snow.

The snow, the snow,—terrible, brave,
Raving in midnight wrath,
Weaves the pall of the wanderer's grave,
Lost on his sorrowing path;
It bloweth a keen and chilling breath,
That hideth the streams below;
And drives afar on the wings of death,
The snow, the terrible snow.
Down, down, down, down,
Whirls the terrible snow;
Reckless of prayer, or sigh, or moan,
Speeds the terrible snow.

The storm has hushed its wild unrest;
'Neath the evening's crimson glow,
In peaceful folds o'er nature's breast,
Reposes the beautiful snow;
And the moon is up with her halcyon night,
And the stars in their pathway chime;
The woods are penciled with magic light
And fairies dance o'er the rime.
Light, light, light, light,
Rests the beautiful snow;
Over the hills in the silent night
Spreads the beautiful snow.

Oh! there are vales in the summer eves
Blest with their flowery dyes,
Where languishing moonbeams woo the trees
And passionate love-light hies!

But as I wander the forest glades,
Or muse where the streamlets flow,
I'll still recall mid the murmuring shades
The time of the beautiful snow.
Still, still, still, still,
Shall come where the hyacinths blow
The beams that slept on the whitened hill,
White with the beautiful snow.

The time is coming when I shall greet
No sheen of the wintry glow;
Earth is my resting and I shall sleep
Beneath her beautiful snow.
I'm a child of hers, and a welcome guest
To her I will lovingly go,
And where I lie may memories rest
As pure as the beautiful snow.
Deep, deep, deep, deep,
Deep in the valley below,
I'll lay me where the flowerets sleep
Beneath the beautiful snow.

TO MY LOVE.—W. A. EATON.

Oh, blushing, youthful maiden,
Oh, say thou wilt be mine!
(She says she's only nineteen—
She's nearer thirty-nine.)

With love I'm most distracted,
Oh, tell me I may hope.
(There's nothing suits the ladies
Like plenty of soft soap.)

I love to hear your sweet voice,
Singing so soft, so low.
(She sang once at a concert—
The audience had to go.)

Those eyes, so soft and tender,
With such a glorious tint,
(I don't want to offend her,
But, oh my! don't she squint!)

Those curls so gaily sporting
Upon the summer wind;

(Two little wisps, like corkscrews,
And a great pad behind!)

Those feet, just like a fairy's,
Admired by every one;
(The worms know when she's coming,
And don't the beetles run!)

Those teeth, so straight and even,
So beautiful and white;
(She's very careful of them,
She takes them out at night.)

Those lips, as red as cherries—
One little kiss, I pray!
(Oh, give me a piece of sugar
To take the taste away!)

WHAT A THIRTY-TON HAMMER CAN DO.

"I have been told," said Mr. Dubious, watching the great steam hammer in the rolling mill, "that a good hammer-man can break the crystal of a watch with that thirty-ton hammer." "Yes, sir," said the hammer-man, "it can be done." "I should like to see it," said Mr. Dubious, eagerly, feeling in his watch-pocket. "I can do it, sir," replied the man. "And will you?" replied Mr. Dubious, drawing out his watch, "come, I am anxious to see it tried." He laid his watch on the great anvil plate. The hammer rose up to its full height, and the next instant all its ponderous weight, with a crushing force that shook the ground for an acre around, came down on the watch. "There," said the hammer-man, quietly, "if you don't believe that crystal is broken, just stoop down and you can see it sticking to the hammer." Mr. Dubious swallowed a whole procession of lumps and gasps before he could speak. "But I forgot to say," he exclaimed, "that it was to break the crystal without injuring the watch." "Oh, yes," said the hammer-man, "yes, I know, I have heard that rubbish myself, but it's all gammon. I don't believe it can be done. But you can break the crystal every time."

MOLL JARVIS O'MORLEY.—George R. Sims.

A CONSTABLE'S TALE.

Queer cattle is women to deal with? Lord bless ye, yer honor, they are!
I'd sooner be faced by ten navies than tackle a woman, by far;
For a moment they'll tremble and shiver, and shriek if a spider comes near,
And the next they'll look death in the face, sir, with never a quiver of fear;
As to minds, they ain't got none, I reckon—it's heart as prompts all as they do.
Have I seen some rum things with these women? Yes, I fancy I have—one or two.

Case in point? Half a score, if you're willin'; say one—Well, I'm blowed! look 'ee there,
See that woman a-turning the corner,—that queer looking wench with the hair?
Case in point! Why, she'll do for a good 'un, she's as mad as a hatter, sir, now;
For a man she went out of her senses, and it's worth yer a-hearin' tell how.

That wench there's Moll Jarvis O' Morley, the place t'other side o' the wood;
Every man in the force here knows Molly—there's pretty good reasons he should—
For the privates and sergeants and 'spectors, she flummoxed 'em all to a coon,
And she left us like open-mouthed dummies a-waggin' our heads at the moon.

'Twas in this way it happened: Her husband, a horrible brute of a chap,
Was arrested for smashin' her skull in, and half killing the babe in her lap.
He was tried, and her evidence taken; she softened it down where she could;
But the women as seed him set on her, they told how the real matter stood.

"Fifteen years," says the judge; then she fainted, and Tom growls out with an oath,
"Have a care for yourself and the brat, Moll; when I'm free I'll just finish you both."

Then she knelt and she prayed to the judges to hear what
she'd gotten to say:
Her Tom was mad drunk when he done it, and he'd never
been harsh till that day.

'Twas a lie; bless your soul! why he'd whacked her and
kicked her night, morning and noon;
You'd 'a' thought as she'd dance at the sentence, and think
it a merciful boon.
'Twas a squeak for her life as he'd gave her, her head was
all strapped in the box,
And she trembled and shook as Tom eyed her,—he eyed her
that day like a fox.

Lor, but women's rum cattle to deal with, the first man found
that to his cost,
And I reckon it's just through a woman the last man on
earth'll be lost.
But that ain't my moral at present, I just wants to prove to
yer face
That we pleeceman ain't nothing to go by when a woman
gets into the case.

Just a month after Tom got his sentence, the news come he'd
'scaped from the jail,
And the whole of us all round the country was ordered to
hunt on his trail.
She heard it, and went on her knees, sir, and prayed as he'd
get clean away,
And in less than a week we'd a notion we held Master Thom-
as at bay.

He was there, in them woods over yonder. Them woods is
uncommonly thick,
And a man might be hidden a twelvemonth if he'd live on
rank grass and a stick.
"Starve him out," says our chief; "draw a *cordon* of officers
right round the place.
Let him choose 'twixt starvation and capture; one or other
the beggar must face."

"They're a-starvin' him out," says a gossip; and Molly she
heard what was said,
And she shrieked, and went into hysterics, and cried as her
husband was dead,
Till at last she could bear it no longer, so she moaned and
moved west'ard one day;
For it killed her, she said, to be watching while he was
a-dying that way.

Oh! a deep 'un was Molly, Lord bless you! She made us look awfully small—
"Went off to her friends." We believed her; and she never went off sir, at all.
How she done it we never discovered; but she got in them woods, past my nose,—
Got clean in them woods to that blackguard, and he got away in her clo'es.

I see her come by as I fancied, and I gave her "Good evenin'," as well.
And she nodded her head and went onward—did ever you hear such a sell?
It was him in her dress and her bonnet, he went and he got slick away,
And we've never heared nowt o' the wiper, not a whisper right up to to-day.

Yes, she'd gone to the woods to that villain, to the bully who'd maimed her for life,
She had gone and she'd hugged him and kissed him, I s'pose, like a dutiful wife.
Well, we waited a week; then come orders to beat our way right through the wood,
And to capture the chap at all hazards, and shoot him down dead if he stood.

And all as we found there was Molly, all white and as weak as a rat,
Half-dressed and a-moanin' wi' terror and gnawing her hands where she sat.
She'd 'a' stopped there and died of starvation to give him more time to get free;
I could see the whole game in a moment, and it come like a bombshell on me.

For I saw on the face of the woman the red scar stand out on the white,
Just the mark of the fist of the villain she'd crept there to aid in his flight.
And to think as she'd perish o' hunger and suffer the torments of hell
For the sake of the wretch who'd half killed her and had injured her baby as well.

No, she wasn't not charged with a-aidin' and abettin' the fellow's escape;
She was mad when we found her a-hidin', her reason was clean out o' shape.

But she's harmless enough, and she wanders, and jabbers and jaws about him;
The folks about here knows her story, and humor her every whim.
But don't talk to me about women; they ain't got no reason nor brains,
And the man who goes in for to grip 'em is just a big fool for his pains.
They're a blow to the force, that they are, sir; they sends all our best plans to pot;
They're a mixture o' saint and o' devil, and a real contrydictory lot.

THE THREE NAZARITES.*—ELLEN MURRAY.

Of the Nazarites for life, three are mentioned in the Scriptures: Samson, Samuel, and St. John, the Baptist.

Men questioned thus: "Where goes our life?
Fathers, who leads our way?"
Strange voices rang across the years:
"Seek the old paths and way,
Nor go astray."

Men questioned still: "What guides may lead
When young life hurries on?"
Soft voices rang across the sky:
"From the old battles done
Call those who won."

Men doubting spoke: "So many drink
And why should we refrain?"
Stern voices answered: "To the height
The Nazarites attain,
Call them again."

Men cried: "From out of paradise,
Across death's golden bar,
Come, Strong! rise, Good! speak, Greatest One!
Brave Nazarites afar,
How went your war?"

The Strong replied: "I whirled the gates
Of Gaza round my head;
I tore the lion limb from limb;
And where the war I led
The heathen fled.

*Written expressly for this collection.

"A whitened bone was all I asked
Instead of sword and spear.
The green withes, when they bound me, broke;
The jackals crouching near
Were tame with fear.

"And in my death more foemen died
Than fell in any fight.
Ask ye the secret of my strength?
No taste of wine doth blight
The Nazarite."

The Good spoke calmly, hushed, serene;
The face a summer day,
The lips smiled still as children smile
When father comes that way
To watch their play.

"I knelt, a scarce weaned child, to hear
The Bath Kol speak my name;
I learned the prophet's awful speech,
And veiled my eyes when came
Shechinah flame.

"A nation listened when I spoke,
I judged 'twixt man and man,
I chose the king, I crowned the boy;
From Beersheba to Dan
My circuit ran.

"All named my name with loving praise,
While ages took their flight.
Ask you the secret of my life?
No touch of wine may blight
The Nazarite."

The grandest of the Prophets grand,
Greatest of women born,—
The brave lips answer tremorless,
And with a quiet scorn
Welcomed death's morn!

He cries aloud: "A voice! a voice!
In desert places heard;
A herald for the coming One;
Both heaven and earth are stirred
As wakes my word.

"These hands have touched the Lord of Life,—
To Jordan's wave I led

The Christ, and saw the sacred Dove
Upon that gracious head
Its glory shed.

"Let Herod praise Salome's dance;
I smiled as swords gleamed bright.]
Ask you the secret of my joy?
No touch of wine may blight
The Nazarite."

Men answered: "Can we make our lives
As strong? Oh, teach us how!"
Glad voices ring like chiming bells:
"As they kept then, keep now
The Temperance vow!"

IN THE TUNNEL.

James Wainwright was fireman of engine No. 32, and Bill Blackford, engineer. The latter had one good quality,—continued faithfulness as a servant of the company. His enemies said the most powerful microscope could have discovered no other.

While he had not a friend among the hands, their dislike was not an open one. His strength was known to be almost phenomenal. He had once knocked down a horse with a blow of his fist.

James Wainwright and Bill Blackford, as fireman and engineer of the same locomotive, had kept up the necessary or convenient appearance of friendship, until it was whispered about that Jane Conard had chosen Wainwright for her husband "that was to be." Then Bill Blackford knit his brow, and crushed his teeth together with an oath. It was no secret that he had "waited on" Jane himself.

After that, the men hardly spoke a word to each other. For miles on miles, day after day, they sped along the iron road, and scarcely looked into each other's eyes. When Blackford did glance at Wainwright it was with a malignant scowl.

One day, engine No. 32 ran into a freight train, but no serious damage was done. It was found, however, that at the time of the accident, Blackford was under the influence of liquor. He was reduced from his position to that of fireman, and would have been discharged altogether but for his long and faithful service to the company. James Wainwright was promoted to his position as engineer, whereat Bill Blackford's scowl deepened, and his black eyes snapped fire.

It was a winter's night, cold and clear. Several of the railroad hands were seated round the station fire; among them Wainwright and Blackford.

"The east track needs repairing in the long tunnel," said the supervisor, "and the workmen have all gone home. What two of you will volunteer to attend to it?" On the instant James Wainwright answered: "I, sir!" Immediately Bill Blackford added: "And me, too, sir!"

More than one turned quickly and wonderingly toward the latter. It was not this man's custom to be obliging. One man drew Wainwright aside and said: "Blackford doesn't love you, Jim, I wouldn't go into that tunnel alone with him, if I was you. Let me go in your stead, he's got nothing against me."

"Nonsense!" said the other. "There is no danger; and even if there were, do you suppose I'd let him know I was afraid of him by backing out?"

One or two men, as the volunteers started off together, proposed to go with them, but Blackford said, in a dogged way: "Don't need any help." In a more civilized manner, Wainwright echoed him, and the men fell back.

It was full ten minutes' walk to the mouth of the tunnel, but when they had reached it, neither had spoken a word. Now Blackford asked: "Which side is it on?"

"East."

"Where?"

"About the middle of the tunnel."

"All right. Come on."

Into the darkness they plunged. Each carried a light, but the impression of such a place is always one of intense blackness.

It was their object, if possible, to do the job before the train, due there in half an hour, should reach the spot.

No word was spoken after those few at the mouth of the tunnel. They worked silently and swiftly. An observer might have noticed that Blackford struck the rail vindictively, and smiled as the sparks flew up.

It was finished, and just then the rumble of the coming train was heard.

Between the track which they had just repaired—the one on which the cars would pass—and the wall, the distance was only two or three feet. It would be uncomfortable, indeed, to stand there as the train passed.

Wainwright was about to step on the other track, when Blackford caught him by the wrist.

"Stay on this side!" he hissed.

"What for?" asked Wainwright, a little startled.

"Because I want you to. I want to know what it feels like to stand here; but I ain't going to do it alone."

"You can make the experiment if you please. As for me, I shall stand in the safest place," answered the other; and with a sudden jerk he released his wrist.

But on the instant, the gigantic Blackford caught him round the waist, and muttered in his ear: "Steal the girl I love, will you? Worm yourself into my position as engineer, you hound! I'll fix you!"

There was no mistaking the hate glittering in the villain's dark eyes, nor the meaning of the words he uttered. His purpose was to hold Wainwright there until the train was upon them, then to throw his victim in its way. The other understood now why this man had been so ready to accompany him. Perhaps he had been waiting for such an opportunity for months. Wainwright could see, by the dim light of their lamps, that there was a sullen, murderous resolution in the man's face.

"Bill Blackford, would you kill me?"

"No, no! The train will do that!"

"Do you not fear to do such a thing?"

"No!" thundered Blackford. "You slipped and fell as you were crossing the track, and the train struck you!"

Yes, that was the story the murderer would tell, and though some might shake their heads, and even name their suspicions, they could prove nothing.

It was useless to cry for help. The only answer would be the mocking echo from the tunnel's walls. Struggle! Aye, struggle and resist he might till the last moment, but what avail would his strength be against that of this giant?

The rumble of the train was growing louder. In a few moments it would be upon them.

James Wainwright, by a quick movement, released his right arm, and struck wildly at the other; but the villain caught the descending blow, and, with a laugh, pinioned the arm again to his victim's side.

And now the train has entered the tunnel. The engine's flaming eye sent a fiery stream of light along the track. They were right in the path, but Blackford quickly stepped toward the wall, still holding Wainwright where the train would strike him. The latter struggled, and fought with the desperation of a man whose life is at stake.

Nearer sped the train and still Blackford held him on the track. He had, by some good fortune, freed his left arm. The train was almost upon them! Touching by chance his vest, something pricked Wainwright's hand. He remembered that his mother had been sewing a rent in his vest that day, and she had absent-mindedly left the needle, a long one, in the garment. The train was within a few yards of them. Blackford's right arm was around Wainwright's waist. In a moment the latter drew out the needle and buried it in the villain's hand.

With a howl of pain the would-be-murderer released

his hold. Wainwright wrenched himself from the other arm and sprang across the track. With an oath Blackford followed, but only to meet his death. In his hurry, his foot caught in the rail and he fell.

James Wainwright saw the glare of the headlight full in his eyes; the next instant Blackford was thrown at his feet, mangled and dead.

THE TALE OF A TADPOLE.

A tadpole sat on a cold, gray stone,
And sadly thought of his life.
"Alas! must I live all alone?" said he,
"Or shall I espouse me a wife?"

A wise old frog on the brink of the stream,
Leaned over and said with a sigh;
"Oh, wait till you're older, my dear young friend,
You'll have better taste, by-and-by!

"Girls change, you know, and the pollywog slim,
That takes your fancy to-day,
May not be the Polly at all you'd choose
When the summer has passed away."

But the tadpole rash thought he better knew,
And married a pollywog fair,
And, before the summer was over, he sat
On the brink of that stream in despair.

For, would you believe it? his fair young bride
Proved to be but a stupid frog,
With never a trace of the beauty and grace
Of young Miss Pollywog.

And although the tadpole himself had grown
Quite stout and stupid, too,
He only sees the faults of his wife
(As others sometimes do).

To all young tadpoles my moral is this:
Before you settle in life,
Be sure you know, without any doubt,
What you want in the way of a wife.

"WE'RE BUILDING TWO A DAY!"

REV. ALFRED J. HOUGH.

During the Freethinkers' Convention, at Watkins, N. Y., in response to statements that the churches throughout the land were losing all aggressive power, a message was received from Chaplain McCabe, of the Methodist Episcopal Church Extension Board, saying in substance and speaking only of his own denomination, "All hail the power of Jesus' name; we're building two a day!"

The infidels, a motley band,
In council met, and said:
"The churches die all through the land,
The last will soon be dead."
When suddenly a message came,
It filled them with dismay:
"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
We're building two a day."

"We're building two a day," and still,
In stately forests stored,
Are shingle, rafter, beam, and sill,
For churches of the Lord;
And underpinning for the same,
In quarries piled away;
"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
We're building two a day."

The miners rend the hills apart,
Earth's bosom is explored,
And streams from her metallic heart
In graceful molds are poured,
For bells to sound our Saviour's fame
From towers,—and, swinging, say,
"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
We're building two a day."

The King of saints to war has gone,
And matchless are his deeds;
His sacramental hosts move on,
And follow where he leads;
While infidels his church defame,
Her corner-stones we lay;
"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
We're laying two a day."

The Christless few the cross would hide,
The light of life shut out,
And leave the world to wander wide
Through sunless realms of doubt.

The pulpits lose their ancient fame,
Grown obsolete, they say;
"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
We're building two a day."

"Extend," along the line is heard,
"Thy walls, O Zion, fair!"
And Methodism heeds the word,
And answers everywhere.
A new church greets the morning's flame,
Another evening's gray.
"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
We're building two a day."

When infidels in council meet
Next year, with boastings vain,
To chronicle the Lord's defeat,
And count his churches slain,
Oh then may we with joy proclaim,
If we his call obey:
"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
We're building THREE a day."

THE DRUNKARD'S THIRST.

I know my wife weeps tears of blood,
But give me rum;
That ruin boils in like a flood,
But give me rum;
I know my eyes are blank and blear,
I know my home is dark and drear,
I know an awful death is near,
But give me rum;
Yes! Give me rum! Mad, crazy—hurry, come!
My brain's on fire! I must, *I will have rum!*

Who cares for children's rags and cries,
I will have rum;
A wife's entreaties I despise,
I will have rum;
What though the cross stands in my way,
The Bible, my old mother's stay,
Eternal life, eternal day!
I will have rum!

Away with all! Don't stand here pleading, come!
No matter who, or what, *I will have rum!*

Don't talk of home, the good and true,
But give me rum;
Don't tell me now what you will do,
But give me rum;
Who cares for wife, home, business, friends?
There's nothing here can make amends;
Life, death, eternity depends,
On having rum;
I trample all beneath my feet; come! come!
Say, do you hear? *Rum, rum,* I WILL HAVE RUM!

Pay, did you say? Who talks of pay?
I must have rum;
Home, friends and reputation? Say—
I must have rum;
There's on me an infernal spell,
And if each cup my doom should knell,
If in the draught I plunge to hell,
I must have rum;
Pay? Yes, take all I have, but hurry, come!
Well, add *soul* then, for I MUST HAVE RUM!

They took for pay his bright, young life,
And gave him rum;
They took his children and his wife,
And gave him rum;
They took his health from day to day,
His peace of mind they bore away,
And in the wild blaspheming fray,
They gave him rum!
A raving maniac, wild, in ruin's slum,
He cried with his last gasp, PASS ON THE RUM!

Oh, man, dost thou by voice or vote,
Pass on the rum?
Hands often, indirect, I note,
Pass on the rum;
With worldly policy in view,
To sturdy principle untrue,
Failing our honest work to do,
We pass the rum.
O Prohibition! Liberator; come!
And curse the curser, DARKEST RUIN, RUM!

HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE.

A youth who determined to alter his station,
And had fair promotion—by marriage—in view,
Once asked an old man, for his edification,
What sort of a wife he'd advise him to woo!

"My friend," said the man, "that's a difficult question;
For marriage, like lottery, is not without blanks;
But as you seem willing to hear my suggestion,
I'll give it you freely, and heed not your thanks:—

"If beauty's possession your longing bewitches,
Choose elegant features, and manners of grace;
But if you are bent on estates and on riches,
You must not be scrupulous as to the face!

"If, further, you'd marry for title and honor,
Dismiss all the *amiable* girls from your sight,
And court some old duchess, who, when you have won her,
Perchance may have power to dub you a knight!

"But if for accomplishments—more of the spirit
Than beauty, or riches, or honors—you'd strive,
Endeavor a *sensible* woman to merit,
For charms of the *soul* must all others survive!"

Th' advising good man here stopped short his oration,
And smilingly looked at the venturesome beau,
Who still, though obliged for the kind conversation,
Observed: "This is *not* just the thing I would know;—

"I wish to obtain an explicit direction
A wife how to choose; for I'd like to enjoy
All the sweets of this life, in their highest perfection,
And—" "Oh!" cried the sage, "then *keep single*, my boy!"

MISS O'MULLIGAN TAKES A BICYCLE RIDE.*

LOUISE H. SAVAGE.

Wud I till yez 'bout the toime I rid arn a flossypade? Arrah! it makes me laff now, whin I thinks o' that same, but o-r-r! sorra the laff in the toime I did it. Bud I'll be afther tellin' yez.

Three Aisters gone, I wint over the big say, ter Paree, wid a 'Merikin lady as wint there ter visit the town;

*Written expressly for this collection.

that's the way wid big-bugs, ye know, an', av it was, thin, we sthayed in an English hotel, where they spake our own langwidge, but be the token, arl thim odther paple in Frince are *haythin*, an' carn't talk a dacint worrud, if ye'd belave me. They jist jabber, jabber, like wild bastes thimsilves, wid their onchristian lingo. Yer wudn't know what they'd be manin', at arl, at arl, unliss, be the token, ye had some wan wid yez cud till yez.

But, av it was, thin, there wor a noice young feller a-sthoppin' there at the hotel wid us what knowed their "Parley Voo" (that's fwhat they calls *talkin'*), an' he wor varry perlite ter me, an' he used ter take me out wid 'im ter say the sights; an' mony's the big ruction I got into, too, be the manes av 'im. He wor the Ould Harry's own egg, so he wor, a-gittin' ivery wan inter schrapes; an' 'im wid 'is plisint face an' smilin' eyes, shure ye *cudn't* misdoubt 'im. Arrah! that's the way wid min, the *whole* o' them.

Well, be the token, wan day he tuk me wid 'im ter the Shangs Alazy, they calls it, as is a foine big field wid a race-course arn it. There wor paple, an' paple, there, a-ridin' arn flossypades; there wor some wimmin there, too, a-doin' that same, an' raally, it didn't seem jist proper, an' I sed that mooch ter Mr. Sniggers (that's the name o' me foine bye, that med me arl the throuble). But, av it was, he sed it wor splindid fun, a-ridin' arn thim, an' that arl the ladies does it, as has ony *sthyle*, an' he kep a-talkin' that a-way ter me, an' a-sayin' how graceful they wor, an' how pritty an' foine I'd look arn wan o' thim, if I ownly dared ter thry it. An' whin he sed that, wid 'is eyes a-twinklin', it jist med me mad, an' whin he sed ownly a Frinch 'oman had the courage ter thry that same, I wor more mad, an' I jist toult 'im I cud bate the *whole* o' thim, not manin' ter do it, av course; but he dared me agin, bad look ter 'im, an' me blude wor up—an' if I worn't the idgit! So I axed the man cud arny wan ride, an' he sed, "Yis, wid payin',"

an' Mr. Sniggers, he paid 'im, a-sayin' how graceful I'd be, an' I had sich a nate little fut, an' the loike o' that,—a-makin' a big fool o' me, I 'oun't deny it.

Well, av it was, thin, the two av thim histed me onter the little bitteen av a sate, an' I stharted. It wor jogglin' that orful I didn't know fwhat I'd do, but the ould thing wint down the hill an' out the gate like a harrycane, wid mesilf arn the top av it. A perlice wid a cock hat arn 'im, wor a-standin' there, an' he rushed at me, a-thryin' ter sthop the masheen. Niver a sthop, at arl, at arl. I got schkart, an' I threw up me two arrums, an' I gin that perlice a backhander as sint 'im a sprawlin' in the mud, an' me not manin' it aither. But on I goes. O-r-r! the Sacre-ees that perlice feller shwore at me whin he'd got 'is brith—it wud make yer blude rin cowld, so it wud, an' he rin afther me, but the flossypade wor too marny fer 'im; he moight as will chase the wind. On I goes, like a stame ingin, right over a little yeller dorg, an' the way that purp ky-y-ed wor jist orful. He wor a dorg belongin' ter wan o' thim *quality* folks, a-ridin' by in a big kerridge; an' wid arl her sthyle, an' the most illigint clo'es arn her, the ould haythin begin bullyraggin' me loike a fish-wife. An' who cud blame me? *I* cudn't sthop the ould thing. But I cudn't stay fer her sass, so on I wint over an ould 'oman's fut nixt, that wor swapin' the road, an' she let dhrive at me wid her broom, an' a-schramin' tin thousan' murdthers, an' ivery wan on the strate sthopped ter look at me, an' arl the paple rin ter the winders ter say me a-passin'. An' worrn't that a foine schrape fer an innersint gurrul as wor brought oop dacint?

I hild arn, though, an' arn I goes, fer I cudn't sthop. I shot me two eyes, an' I gin mesilf up for a goner, an' indade I wor near it, for I wint smash up agin a three loike an arthquake, an' it knocked over the flossypade, an' arl the brith out er me, an' I wor pitched right aginst a big fat man, an' I knocked 'im through a gate he

wor a-lanin' aginst, an' the two av us wint over a baby cart, an' the baby rowled out, an' mesilf, an' the cart, an' the baby, an' the fat man, wor arl sprawled in the mud tegither; an' the baby a-yellin', an' the fat man a-groanin' an a-shwearin' tegither, an' that perlice kim up, wuss than before, an,' an'—me new Frinch bunnit arl squshed in the mud, wid that fat man a-settin' arn it. O-r-r-r! worn't that *trouble!* An' be the bones o' St. Patrick, whin I got pitched over, didn't the belt o' me hoop-skirt bust, an' aff it kim around me futs, before arl thim paple, an' oh, the roarin' an' laffin' they sot up, an' be that toime Mr. Sniggers wor there, an' I thort I'd die wid the shame, an' shure, I wur mad, too, but I med wan lape an' got away from thim hoops, an' Mr. Sniggers pit me in a kerridge an' we got home at last, wid 'im a-snickerin' an' a-laffin arl the way, bad look ter 'im, but a-thryin' ter kape a sober face arn 'im, an' a pertindin' ter pity me.

I wor black an' blue arl over from it, an' I didn't git arn a flossypade since.

BEYOND.—Rose Terry Cooke.

The stranger wandering in the Switzer's land,
Before its awful mountain-tops afraid—
Who yet, with patient toil, has gained his stand
On the bare summit where all life is stayed—

Sees far, far down beneath his blood-dimmed eyes,
Another country, golden to the shore,
Where a new passion and new hopes arise,
Where southern blooms unfold forevermore.

And I, lone sitting by the twilight blaze,
Think of another wanderer in the snows,
And on more perilous mountain-tops I gaze
Than ever frowned above the vine and rose.

Yet courage, soul! nor hold thy strength in vain,
In hope o'ercome the steeps God set for thee,
For past the Alpine summits of great pain
Lieth thine Italy.

BROTHER BEN.—Robert C. V. Meyers.

Written Expressly for this Collection.

There are so many things, I think, we do not understand,
And never shall this side of heaven, where all things will be plain;
As why, from out life's stormy sea so very few reach land,
And why, for every happiness, there corresponds a pain;
And why we talk of love, and faith, and Christ, and kneel to Him,
Yet let our brother stumble on through all the doubting dark;
And why we prate of Noah and the guiding seraphim,
Yet quite forget each helpful act is something of an ark.

I was twelve when Ben was born. I recollect the day;
Father'd had one of his flitting spells, and went away from us,
And the landlord stood at mother's side—the rent was due, they say—
And told her just to pack and go, he would not stand more loss.
I doubled up my scrawny fist, and shook it in his face—
"You're all alike; it's in the blood," he said; "you outlaw girl,
You'll be just as the others here, a crying, raw disgrace;
That little baby on the bed will naturally twirl
The card and dice-box, drink and thieve. It's in the blood," he said.
Then he was gone, and Ben—*I* named him—seemed to look at me,
As some one took me by the arm and led me to the bed
Where mother lay so very white, and still as she could be!

Soon they covered up her face and put the baby in my lap.
A strange, strange feeling came to me! What did the landlord say?—
'Twas in the blood? These wee soft hands would on the dice-box rap!
These little lips would learn to swear the dear Lord's name away!
These bright blue eyes would blur and bloat with whiskey and gin-fizz!
These dimpled wrists would hand-cuffs wear like father one day wore!

"Oh, no!" I said, "oh, no; oh, no! he was not born for this;
Oh, no, it is not in the blood—or it shall be no more!"
Then I was crying—so was Ben; a neighbor slapped me then—
"Why did you wake the baby? isn't there trouble enough?"
Yet I kept saying under my breath, "Not in *your* blood, little Ben;
It shall not be, it *dare* not!" The neighbor gave me a cuff.

Shall I tell you what I did that night? You see, the minister
That preached around at the Mission came in and said a word,
And smoothed my curls: "One of our fold." I didn't so much as stir,
For another strange thing had come to me, and I was saying, "Lord,
I hope you will excuse me, but it is not in the blood.
Yet if it is, and you don't mind, just wash it out, Lord, dear,
For I love my baby brother so, and I have understood
That even a little helpless child may be thy minister."
When it was very, very late, I took up little Ben;
I laid his cheek to mother's,—his rosy, hers so white,—
And carried him to that minister's door, and laid him down. And when
I'd rung the bell, I hid, and saw that Ben was *safe*, that night.

Well, I kept around that sheltering house; I never doubted a day
That they would care for the baby. Maybe my faith was strong
And kept the child where I hoped they'd want to keep and love him alway—
The only place I knew of where he need not turn out wrong.
And one day, watching around, I saw the minister's family move.
I followed a furniture-car to find where Ben's new home might be;
They were going a bit in the country, that all poor children love,
And I was glad for the sweet, green sights the little baby'd see.
Now as the nurse-girl walked with Ben, she slipped down in the road;
I had my darling in my arms, unscratched—he hardly fell;

But the girl was hurt; they led her off, while I and my dear load
Went on to the new house. Then, oh, then, the happiness to tell!—
They said I might take the nurse-girl's place till she was well again.
I wonder they didn't see my joy, for I couldn't quite keep in!
I stayed there two short weeks and took good care of little Ben.
Then one day in the garden, cruel and fierce with sin,
Father was hid—he'd made to rob the house that night, I fear.
I threw down little Ben; I hurried father away; and yet
We'd both been seen together; the police knew father's career,
And so he was apprehended, and I with him. Oh, let
Me hurry that over. For twenty-one years I never saw Ben, just think!
For seeing father hid in the green and whispering to me there,
They took him—they said they'd waited for just some connecting link
In a great big chain of misdoing. They took me along. Somewhere
Was a court where they called us both guilty. I didn't so very much mind,—
I knew that I was innocent, and Ben was safe and sound,
And better without than with me; for father was sometimes kind,
And when that way he often felt he'd like to have me around.
Thus, where I was he'd be sure to be, and that would be bad for Ben,
For if it *was* in the blood, you know, father might bring it out;
While now he thought the baby'd died the very same day when
Mother had ended her sorrow. In ten years I was about
The world once more. I hunted father the day he was set free.
We wandered a little from cities; father was ailing,—so
Sick and worn and miserable. I'd learned to sew, you see,
And thus I could quite support him when he was old and low.

He kept a-wanting mother, so I spoke as the minister spoke:
"I am the resurrection!" Well, well, would you believe,
He seemed to forget to scold; once he said with voice all broke,
"Tilly, I've been a bad daddy; forgive me, my child, forgive!"
"Father," says I, "don't mind me; there's a better One than me—
He will forgive and comfort, too, though we be foul with sin;
They hung a thief upon a cross way up on Calvary,
He met the Lord in paradise. Believe, and enter in!"
And so he hoped. I told him then about our little Ben,
Who must be now a great-grown boy. He cried himself to sleep.
He did not wake again; his hand grew cold in mine, and then
I was alone—the Lord had called another poor black sheep!

Now what will you say when I tell you for eleven long years more
I was waiting for Ben and never saw him in all that time?
And yet I knew I'd find him,—I knew it for certain, for
I'd said it wasn't in the blood, that was my reason and rhyme;
And I knew the minister's name, and so I couldn't go far astray,
And could always know where Ben was. I worked and learned all I could,
Worked and learned and waited for just one beautiful day

When I'd see Ben a good man—for it *wasn't* in the blood.
And lo! the day it came! I'd wandered into a great town;
I found a church and people there, a young man and an old;
I heard the old man's name. I looked,—both their faces shone
With worth and cleanness like the light in fire-refined gold.
And I—I knew the young man; if that wasn't little Ben
He'd never had eyes just like mine, nor hair like mine, all curl;
I'd found him, yes, I'd found him; I said it again and again,
And wrung my hands for joy, for all the world like a silly girl.
Then he was up in the pulpit! Friends, I could scarcely see,
For the tears they would keep coming, I felt so very good;

He spoke about the virtues,—Faith, Hope, and Charity;—
The landlord that day had told a lie—for *these* were in the blood!
Glad, so glad, I stood there when everything was done,
And the people said 'twas spiritual, this young man's first effort;
I wanted to see him close, to touch him once ere he was gone—
For he never should know who I was, I wasn't quite his sort.
So he came down the long red aisle, as I was trembling there;
Closer and nearer, on he came, Benny, my Benny, my boy,
Till he was standing before me. My eyes? Yes, and my hair;
I hadn't been mistaken. And then—oh, joy! oh, joy!
His face all coloring somewhat, he looked right in my eyes
Before he left. I couldn't help the next thing that I did—
There wasn't a soul that loved me, and I wasn't very wise,
And somehow I thought if I'd say his name, I'd feel more comforted;
For nobody knew him by that name. So I said low, "Brother," and "Ben."
Then he had turned, had caught my arm, there in the long red aisle,—
"I have looked into my birth, woman, I know the very day when
My sister ran away with me and our mother's basket, while
She meant to give me to the man who has since then called me son!
They told me at the old lodging that my little sister stood
Up for me—she named me Ben, my sister lost and gone—
And vowed that sin and shame were not, *dared* not be in my blood.
Tell me! You knew my sister? I have long searched for her. Tell
Me what you mean by 'Brother,' and 'Ben.' Tell me! tell me!" Then
I think I fell down on my knees, I couldn't stand very well;
Strong arms holding me fondly, I was praying up past Ben,
"Lord, I hope you'll excuse me for letting him know, Lord, dear!
Yet there are so many things in life I've never understood,
But even a little helpless child may be thy minister.
And I thank thee, Lord, for proving that it *wasn't* in the blood!"

NOTE.—The very effective and popular recitation entitled "JAMIE," by the same author as the above, will be found in No. 23 of this Series.

FIRE! FIRE!—W. A. Eaton.

Night in a great city. What a world of meaning is hidden in that sentence. Night, when poverty and misery can walk abroad unseen, when vice can wander forth without disguise, when the reveler's shout dins the ear and the blasphemer's oath makes one shudder. Night in a great city: silent are its streets;—the roar of traffic is stilled for awhile, and the footfall of the lated pedestrian echoes with startling distinctness.

What means that red glare in the sky? It is not near daybreak. No, it is the gleam and glow of fire. See how it brightens and then falls. Hark! others have seen the reflection, and a cry of alarm startles the midnight stillness. "Fire! fire!" The cry gathers strength as it is passed along. "Fire! Fire!"

Hark to the tramping of feet! Look, they are coming from all directions—breathless, some hatless and coatless—as if aroused from sleep. Now the thundering of hoofs is heard, and the shouting of the firemen—"Hi! hi!" See how the flames are bursting through the windows! Hark how the rotten timber crackles! Now they are playing upon it with the long hose, and the deep thud, thud of the engine sounds above the crackling of the flames. Hark! was not that a cry for help? It came from that room yonder. Quick, quick, the ladder! They have raised it against the window. A sturdy fireman mounts it, his bright helmet glowing in the blaze. Two or three strokes of his hatchet and the sash falls in, and out streams a vast volume of smoke, but nothing else is visible. The fireman disappears in the aperture. The crowd hold their breath, and the excitement becomes intense. Presently he appears again, holding the fainting form of a woman in his arms. He has mounted the window sill, and is preparing to descend. See, the flames have almost reached him! Look, he is coming down. A deafening cheer goes up as the noble fellow

reaches the ground,—a cheer that is worth the winning. Rough voices shout, and great brawny hands are stretched out to congratulate him. The flames have reached the roof, and the rafters are beginning to give way. Soon, with a crash and a sputter, the roof falls, and the black and charred skeleton of a house is all that is left on the morrow to tell that a home has been blotted out.

Fire is a terrible enemy, but a more devouring enemy is still going in and out amongst us. The power of the fire-demon Alcohol is not yet crippled. We have still to overcome this mighty foe. With insidious wiles he enters the homes of millions of our countrymen and ruins them. Let us give him no quarter, but whenever we see his terrible form upreared, let us shout aloud our warning cry—"Fire! fire!"

THE BOLD DRAGOON.

Once in a merry tavern in Brabant,
A jolly dozen of dragoons were boasting
Of their past feats in many a Flemish hosting.
"How, now," at length cried one, "friend Gaspar!—can't
You brush your memory up, and give us some
Exploit of yours?" The query was addressed
To a dragoon who had as yet been dumb.
"Oh," answered Gaspar, "I am silent, lest
You might suppose me lying, or might call
Me braggart." "No, no, no!—we won't!" cried all.
"Well, then, the time we lay in camp near Seville
I—I—" "Ay!—hear him! Gaspar Schnapps for ever!"—
"I cut ten troopers' legs off—clean and clever!"
"Their legs!" cried six or eight—"By all that's civil!
What made you cut their legs off, prithee, brother?"
"What made me cut their legs off?" echoed t'other.
"Ay! had you cut their heads off, then, in truth,
You would have ta'en the right mode to astound them."
"Oh, but you see," said Schnapps, "the fact is—I—
I—*couldn't* cut their heads off." "No!—and why?"
"Because," responded the redoubted youth,
"Their heads had been cut off before I found them!"

OUTSIDE.

"There is a fountain filled with blood!"
Triumphant was the strain,
And sweet the words whose message found
That wanderer in the rain.
Wayworn and weary, spent with sin,
And dyed with many stains,
Sore needed he the cleansing flood
"Drawn from Immanuel's veins."

He stepped within the open door
To list; the harmonies
Awakened dead echoes in his heart,—
His mother's cadences.
"The dying thief—" (Ah! that am I,
In sin grown old and gray!)
"And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away."

"Thou dying Lamb"—ah, precious words!
He knelt upon the floor
And prayed; now rose the glorious song,
"Are saved to sin no more."
"Dear Lord," he cried in piteous tones,
"Oh! hear a sinner's plea,
And wash me clean in Jesus' blood
From all iniquity."

Now fuller rose the organ tone,
Throbbing upon the air,
While blending voices seem to raise
To Heaven that pleading prayer.
The theme of all that matchless song,
Raising that burdened soul—
Redeeming love, redeeming love!
(By that love make me whole!)

Those lips once but to curses given
Now join the "sweeter song,"
And praises to salvation's power
Unchain the "stammering tongue."
And now the messenger of God
Cries: "Ho! ye thirsting, come!"
When lo! with firm yet humble tread,
Returns the wanderer home.

A LESSON FROM A BELL.—Walter S. Smith.

There once was a founder who trafficked in bells.
He lived—well, no matter, his history tells.
His craft he had followed a dozen of years
In modest contentment, along with his peers.
One morning he saw in the paper he read,
A church would be built, and he mentally said:
"That parish is wealthy and probably vain,
And for such a parish it's certainly plain
The building committee, in choosing a bell,
To please such a parish must choose very well;
And further, I'm conscious I never have made
So heavy a bell while I've been at the trade;
But, still, I would try it." And so he sat down
And wrote to the chairman, one Israel Brown:
"Dear sir: I perceive by the paper I get,
That you are intending to build. Have you yet,
In furnishing, purchased a bell for the fane?
If not, I'm a founder, and, though rather plain,
I think I can suit you. Please write me and say
How soon you will need it, and so-forth, John Day."

The chairman, as soon as he'd finished this note,
And talked with his colleagues, thus hastily wrote:
"Dear sir: You're a stranger. We are not aware
How well you are fitted for duties so rare.
Have you an acquaintance who knows of your skill,
Whom we may consult here? Or is it your will
To gather the metals and fashion a bell,
And risk our acceptance? Please answer. Farewell."

The founder was sure he had skill in his trade,
So answered, "I'll try it;" and soon it was made.
It measured the size the committee required,
And weighed just as much as the parish desired,
Aud had such a clapper and wheel as it ought;
And hung as they ordered—so Mr. Day thought.
But when the committee inspected the thing
By weight and by measure, and hearing it ring,
They said they were sorry, and thus, in reply:
"We cannot accept it"—but did not tell why.

The founder was puzzled. He listened in pain;
Declared himself snubbed, and began to complain:

"That bell is a beauty. It surely *is* right.
It measures in circuit, diameter, height,
In breadth and in conics, and everything else,
The rightful proportions belonging to bells."
Thus angrily reasoned the man to himself,
And turned to deposit the bell on a shelf.

The bell was so heavy, the shelf was so high,
His crow-bar was needed, and struck, passing by.
It happened that moment to properly swing,
And when the bar struck it, it gave forth a ring.
He looked up, astonished. He had not before
Observed that its ring was a musicless roar.
He smote it again, and thus tested its tone,
And mourned the bad temper and haste he had shown.

"It's true, I believe, that in matter of weight
And circuit and hangings there is no debate.
I've followed directions in closest detail,
And yet there is something awry in my bell.
Good bell-wrights look less to a beautiful mold,
And more to a beautiful *tone*, I am told."
So changing his wrath to a genial respect,
He wrote a new letter and sent it direct:
"Dear sir: If you please, I will try it again
Before you pronounce me a failure." And then
The chairman politely responded: "You may."
But hinted a doubt to importunate Day.

The founder, however, whose word was at stake,
Who'd boasted somewhat of the bell he should make,
Who'd used much exertion to gather the tin,
And bought extra copper and stirred some gold in,
Was thankful, indeed, for a quarter's delay,
And trustingly studied the bells of the day.
His thoughts, retrospecting, and firmly resolved
On finding his fallacy, slowly revolved:
"My *metals* are certainly pure as I need,
I measured them all with a scrupulous heed,
Then why should I fail in producing the tone?
Ah! yes, I bethink me; no reason is known
For precious additions of costly alloy;
In fact, it's asserted that gold will destroy
The music bell-metal alone would discourse.
I guess my additional matter's the source

Of failure this time. So, in molding again
I'll drop out all metals save copper and tin.
My *measure* is faultless, at least," said the man.
"Well,—thicker and shorter might favor the plan.
I notice, though made of pure copper and tin,
The tone is not good if the body is thin."

So, heating his furnace, he altered his mold
And melted his bell. Then removing the gold
And adding a little more copper and tin,
He lifted the mixture and poured it all in.
It had not done cooling until he felt sure
The shape would be right and the tone would be pure.
He took out the cast, then he struck it a blow
In order to prove what he knew to be so;
When music as sweet as the violin's swell
Broke forth on the air and in cadences fell.
So seating himself he took paper and ink,
And wrote Mr. Brown: "My dear sir, I now think,
Unless you are prejudiced—you and the rest—
You'll find that my bell is as good as the best."

The building committee, with dignified mien,
And doubtful misgivings—all plain to be seen—
And rather through pity than confident hope,
Re-measured, re-weighed, and then tugged at the rope.
The clang they expected was not in the stroke,
But music instead; and the frank chairman spoke:
"The founder has triumphed! His patience and skill
Have conquered defects. So, if it's your will,
I'll write him a letter, and say we've agreed;
His bell is exactly the bell that we need!
The members assented, the founder was paid;
The bell was hung up in the belfry and staid;
And there for a score or more years it has hung,
And gladdens the parish each time it is rung.

MORAL.

This story may teach what composers should know:
That books are not judged by their lustre or glow.
That pureness of tone and directness of aim,
And plainness of style (which enhances the same),
Will please and instruct more than apples of gold
In pictures of silver. The founders of old
Did furnish the secret for molds of the muse,
Suggesting the metals verse-founders should use.

Each song is a *bell* for the parish mankind;
The metals essential are *manner* and *mind.*
The precious alloy apt to find its way in
Is *gush, fervor, rhapsody*—mixed with the tin.
The French and the Latin which often are stirred
By scholarly (?) writers to grace a plain word;
The German and Spanish, in word or in phrase—
So ill-understood by their readers—always
Detract from the tone and reduce the effect,
Despoiling most readers of what they expect.
So, too, as to body. An article's strength
Is not necessarily due to its length.
The "thicker-and-shorter" plan does just as well
In writing a book as in molding a bell,
For, though it be made of pure copper and tin,
The tone is not good if the body is thin.

THE LITTLE WHITE HEARSE.—J. W. RILEY.

As the little white hearse went glimmering by—
The man on the coal cart jerked his lines,
And smutted the lid of either eye,
And turned and stared at the business signs;
And the street-car driver stopped and beat
His hands on his shoulders and gazed up street
Till his eye on the long track reached the sky—
As the little white hearse went glimmering by.

As the little white hearse went glimmering by—
A stranger petted a ragged child
In the crowded walk, and she knew not why,
But he gave her a coin for the way she smiled;
And a bootblack thrilled with a pleasure strange
As a customer put back his change
With a kindly hand and a grateful sigh—
As the little white hearse went glimmering by.

As the little white hearse went glimmering by—
A man looked out of a window dim,
And his cheeks were wet and his heart was dry—
For a dead child even were dear to him!
And he thought of his empty life and said:
"Loveless alive, and loveless dead,
Nor wife nor child in earth or sky!"—
As the little white hearse went glimmering by.

DON'T USE BIG WORDS.

In promulgating your esoteric cogitations, or articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable, philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compacted comprehensibleness, coalescent consistency, and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement, and asinine affectations. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, psittaceous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity, and vaniloquent vapidity. Shun double-entendres, prurient jocosity, and pestiferous profanity, obscurant or apparent.

In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, truthfully, purely. Keep from "slang;" don't put on airs; say what you mean; mean what you say. And don't use big words!

ON THE RIVER.—Howard W. Long.

Down the rippling, dancing river,
On whose banks the tall reeds quiver,
In the gentle summer air,
Slowly glides their boat, as roaming
Aimlessly, they watch the gloaming
Settling o'er the scene so fair.

And their hearts are beating gladly—
Pulses leaping wildly, madly!
Life seems all a happy dream!
Wherein earth, so bright and cheerful,
Harbors nothing sad or tearful,
All is tranquil as the stream—

Flowing gently; rising, falling;
As 'tis ever gaily calling
Into view some new delight.

And, two hearts once yearning after
Peace, now echo all its laughter—
  Are at rest this lovely night!

And they mark the foam that flashes
As the wavelet leaps and dashes
  'Gainst their boat, resolved to spray;
Yes, they watch the glistening water,
He and fair Eve's fairest daughter;
  But their thoughts are far away!

Though they're one in thought and feeling,
As upon their senses stealing
  Comes the subtle charm of love!
And they hear the rippling river,
Watch the tall reeds bend and quiver,
  And the twinkling stars above.

But their eyes, now turned from gazing
At the skies, and, flashing, blazing,
  See each other; and the old—
Though 'tis ever new in telling,
When love in the heart is dwelling—
  And the old, old story's told!

And the moon, with joy o'erladen,
Smiles on happy youth and maiden,
  Silent through excess of bliss!
Words are useless! and unspoken
The concession, while love's token
  Is exchanged,—the burning kiss!

May they thus, in joy or sorrow
Of to-day or of to-morrow,
  Share alike,—each bear a part.
And as Time's swift tide shall sweep them
On through life, may love still keep them—
  May they still be one in heart!

THE IDEAL INDIA.—Fred Shelley Ryman.

Come, hear how the brave old Columbus
  The noble, the grand and the true
Sailed away from the Old World,—the Eastern
  And discovered our Western,—the New.
With a heart deep in love with great actions,
  He rose step by step unto fame,

Till at last o'er the dark, deep Atlantic,
To honor and glory he came.
On the Mediterranean often
He in youth showed his prowess and might;
With an eye firmly fixed on the future
He looked through the darkness to light.
Said he, "My brave men, I'd go westward,
And by dint of great pains and much time,
I would sail round the sphere we inhabit
And thus reach the Indian clime."

To many he went for assistance,
But to one shall the glory remain;
The beautiful Queen Isabella
She sent forth Columbus from Spain.
By her were the Saracens banished,
She lighted the *Auto da fe*,
But for these let us ever forgive her,
For 'twas she sent Columbus away.
In honor of Queen Isabella
Let the bells of eternity chime,
Since she gave Columbus assistance
To seek for the Indian clime.

From Palos the Santa Maria
The Pinta and Nina went forth
(Though concealed from their noble commander,)
To reveal rarer realms to the earth,—
Realms where all men should one day be rulers,
Realms where all men should one day be free;
Towards these great Columbus now started,
Upon the broad breast of the sea.
Blow on him ye soft winds of heaven,
On Columbus, the good and the great;
Blow, bear o'er the stormy Atlantic,
His three tiny barks and their freight;
Can ye not show, ye fates, to Columbus
Some gleams of his future sublime,
Can ye not show to him he is sailing
To a fairer than India's clime?

On, on sails Columbus, the faithful,
While the stars seem to change in the sky,
He alone of the crew would press onward,
When all that was dreadful seemed nigh;

When the trade winds like fumes from Inferno
The same constant current maintain,
Ever bearing him onward and westward,
Away from the portals of Spain.
The false chart he lays in the cabin
Quite as carefully kept as the true,
Which he secretly holds ever with him,
Until India's shores come in view;
Now the Sargasso Sea they encounter,
New dangers seem ever at hand;
All around to the eye is the sea and the sky,
But alas! shall they ever see land?
And now a calm comes o'er the ocean,—
The stillness of death's final sleep
Now rests o'er those three tiny vessels
Alone on the breast of the deep.
Still lay every wave on the water,
Still up in the sky lay the clouds,
Still the sun seemed to stand in the heavens,
Still hung both the sails and the shrouds.
And didst thou e'en hope, O Columbus,
In the midst of these trials sublime,
That thou shouldst one day have more honor
Than the fame of the Indian clime?

But as now by the soft breath of heaven
The vessels are borne o'er the wave,
Base mutineers rise in their anger
To curse their commander so brave.
He suffers their scorn and their torments;
Through all that his fate may prepare,
He can go with a mind ever equal
To that truth he was destined to share;
"Give me," said he, "four days' more trial!
And then if our voyage be vain
We will turn to the eastward our vessels
And steer for the portals of Spain."
So onward they sail and soon o'er them
Strange birds, as from new lands, appear,
And weeds on the ocean float to them,
As if a new country were near;
And at last from the mast of a vessel
Where the wide wastes of waters expand,
Before them a blue line is sighted,
And to all comes the joyous cry—LAND!

O Columbus, I seem now to see thee
With care and years stamped on thy brow,
Looking out from the deck of the vessel,
As the land rose before her proud prow.
I seem now to hear that glad chorus
That raised the "*Te Deum*" in praise
To the God who had guided their vessel
Safely on through those desolate days.
Then to her, too, they now raise their voices,
Christ's mother and Heaven's fair Queen,
And the heart of each sailor rejoices
As he sings o'er the beautiful scene:

Nunc Ave! O Sancta Maria
Nunc Ave Regina Coeli
Tibi Semper sit honos gloria
Speravimus Virgo in te.
Sacra semper sit tibi Patria,
Oterrarum coelique Lux,
Te oremus semper Maria,
*Pax nobiscum nobis sis Dux.**

On they sail while they sing, and Columbus,
After long years of study and toil,
Knelt and kissed this his India ideal
And planted the cross on its soil.
Twice after across the Atlantic,
Columbus the noble did sail
To view the new land that he knew not,
But at last did his fair fortune fail.
With chains was he loaded, and sadly
His life's latest years slowly fled,
And as oft comes to earth's bravest heroes,
He was honored by none until dead.
But at last death released the brave spirit
From the bondage of earth and of time,
And Columbus went on to inherit
A fairer than India's clime.

*Now hail! O Holy Mary.
Now hail, Queen of Heaven,
Honor and glory ever be to thee;
We trust, O Virgin, in thee,
Ever sacred to thee be our native land,
O light of heaven and earth,
We pray thee ever, O Mary,
Peace be with us, be thou our leader.

SIX LOVE LETTERS.

"Are there any more of those letters?"

When her father asked this question in an awful tone, Lucilla Richmond could not say No, and dared not say Yes, but as an intermediate course burst into tears and sobbed behind her handkerchief.

"Bring them to me, Lucilla," said her father, as if she had answered him, as indeed she had; and the girl, trembling and weeping, arose to obey him.

Then Mrs. Richmond, her daughter's own self grown older, came behind her husband's chair and patted him on the shoulder. "Please don't be hard with her, my dear," she said, coaxingly. "He's a nice young man, and it's all our fault after all, as much as hers."

"Perhaps you approve of the whole affair, ma'am," said Mr. Richmond.

"I—no—that is I only—" gasped the little woman; and hearing Lucilla coming, she sank into a chair, blaming herself dreadfully for not having been present at all her daughter's music lessons during the past year.

"It was inexcusable in a poor music teacher, who should have known his place," Mr. Richmond declared; and he clutched the little perfumed billet which had fallen into his hands, as he might a scorpion, and waited for the others with a look upon his face which told of no softening. At last six little white envelopes, tied together with blue ribbons, were laid at his elbow by his trembling daughter.

"Lock these up until I return home this evening," he said to his wife; "I will read them then. Meanwhile Lucilla is not to see this music teacher on any pretence whatever."

Mr. Richmond put on his hat and departed, and Lucilla and her mother took the opportunity of falling into each other's arms.

"It is so naughty of you," said Mrs. Richmond. "But

oh, dear, I can't blame you. It was exactly so with your father, and my father objected because of his poverty. He used to be very romantic himself in those old times. Such letters as he wrote to me. I have them in my desk yet. He said he'd die if I refused him.

"So does Fred," said Lucilla.

"And that life would be worthless without me, and about my being beautiful,—I'm sure he ought to sympathize a little," said Mrs. Richmond.

She went into her own room to put the letters into her desk; and as she placed them into one of the pigeon holes, she saw in another a bundle, tied exactly as these were, and drew them out. These letters were to a Lucilla also, one who had received them twenty years before. A strange idea came into Mrs. Richmond's mind.

When she left the desk she looked guilty and frightened. The dinner hour arrived, and with it came her husband, angered and more determined than ever. The meal was passed in silence; then, having adjourned to the parlor, Mr. Richmond seated himself in a great arm-chair, and demanded, in a voice of thunder: "Those absurd letters, if you please."

"Six letters—six shameful pieces of deception, Lucilla," said the indignant parent. "I am shocked that a child of mine should practice such duplicity. Hem! let me see. Number one, I believe. June, and this is December. Half a year you have deceived us then, Lucilla. Let me see—ah! 'From the first moment I adored you,' bah! Nonsense. People don't fall in love in that absurd manner. 'With your smiles for a goal, I would win both fame and fortune, poor as I am!' Fiddlesticks, Lucilla. A man who has common sense would always wait until he had a fair commencement before he proposed to a girl. Praising your beauty, eh? 'The loveliest creature I ever saw!' Exaggeration, my dear. You are not plain, but such flattery is absurd. 'Must hear from you or die!' Dear, dear, dear—how

absurd!" And Mr. Richmond dropped the first letter and picked up another. "The same stuff," he commented. "I hope you do not believe a word he says. Ah! now in number three he calls you 'an angel!' He's romantic, upon my soul! And what is this? 'Those who forbid me to see you can find no fault with me but my poverty. I am honest—I am earnest in my efforts. I am by birth a gentleman, and I love you from the depths of my soul. Do not let them sell you for gold Lucilla.' Great heavens, what impertinence to your parents!"

"I don't remember Fred's saying anything of that kind," said poor little Lucilla. "He never knew you would object."

Mr. Richmond shook his head, frowned and then read on until the last sheet lay under his hand. Then with an ejaculation of rage, he sprang to his feet.

"Infamous!" he cried! I'll go to him this instant—I'll horsewhip him, I'll—I'll murder him! As for you, by Jove, I'll send you to a convent. Elope—elope with a music teacher! Here, John, call a cab, I ——"

"Oh, papa! you are crazy!" said Lucilla. "Frederick never proposed such a thing. Let me see the letter. Oh, that is not Fred's—upon my word it is not. Do look, papa, it is dated twenty years back, and Frederick's name is not Charles! Papa, these are your letters to mamma, written long ago. Mother's name is Lucilla, you know."

Mr. Richmond sat down in his arm-chair in silence, very red in the face.

"How did this occur?" he said, sternly; and little Mrs. Richmond, retreating into a corner, with her handkerchief to her eyes, sobbed:

"I did it on purpose! You know, Charles, it's so long ago, and I thought you might not exactly remember how you fell in love with me at first sight; how papa and mamma objected, and how, at last, we ran away together; and it seemed to me if we could bring it back all plainly

to you as it was then, we might let Lucilla marry the man she loves, who is good, if he is not rich. I do not need it to be brought back any plainer myself; women have more time to remember, you know. And we've been very happy—have we not?"

And certainly Mr. Richmond could not deny that. The little ruse was favorable to the young music teacher, who had really only been sentimental, and had not gone one half so far as an elopement; and in due course of time the two were married with all the pomp and grandeur befitting the nuptials of a wealthy merchant's daughter, with the perfect approbation of Lucilla's father.

ABNER AND THE WIDOW JONES.—ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

"Well, I'm determined! That's enough!
Gee, Bayard! move your poor old bones.
I'll take to-morrow, smooth or rough,
To go and court the Widow Jones.

"Our master talks of stable-room,
And younger horses on his grounds;
'Tis easy to foresee thy doom,
Bayard, thou'lt go to feed the hounds.

"But could I win the widow's hand,
I'd make a truce 'twixt Death and thee;
For thou upon the best of land
Shouldst feed, and live and die with me.

"And must the pole-axe lay thee low?
And will they pick thy poor old bones?
No! hang me if it shall be so,
If I can win the Widow Jones."

Twirl went his stick; his curly pate
A brand-new hat uplifted bore;
And Abner, as he leapt the gate,
Had never looked so gay before.

And every spark of love revived
That had perplexed him long ago,
When busy folks and fools contrived
To make his Mary answer—No.

But whether, freed from recent vows,
Her heart had back to Abner flown
And marked him for a second spouse,
In truth is not exactly known.

Howbeit, as he came in sight,
She turned her from the garden stile,
And downward looked with pure delight,
With half a sigh and half a smile.

She heard his sounding step behind,
The blush of joy crept up her cheek
As cheerly floated on the wind,
"Hoi! Mary Jones—what! won't you speak?"

Then, with a look that ne'er deceives,
She turned, but found her courage fled;
And scolding sparrows from the eaves
Peeped forth upon the stranger's head.

Down Abner sat, with glowing heart,
Resolved, whatever might betide,
To speak his mind; no other art
He ever knew, or ever tried.

And gently twitching Mary's hand—
The bench had ample room for two—
His first word made her understand
The ploughman's errand was to woo.

"My Mary—may I call thee so?
For many a happy day we've seen;
And if not mine—ay, years ago—
Whose was the fault? You might have been!

"All that's gone by; but I've been musing,
And vowed, and hope to keep it true,
That she shall be my own heart's choosing
Whom I call wife! Hey, what say you?

"And as I drove my plough along,
And felt the strength that's in my arm,
Ten years, thought I, amidst my song,
I've been head-man at Harewood farm.

"And now my own dear Mary's free,
Whom I have loved this many a day,
Who knows but she may think on me?
I'll go hear what she has to say.

"Perhaps that little stock of land
She holds, but knows not how to till,
Will suffer in the widow's hand,
And make poor Mary poorer still.

"That scrap of land, with one like her,
How we might live, and be so blest!
And who should Mary Jones prefer?
Why, surely, him who loves her best!

"Therefore I'm come to-night, sweet wench;
I would not idly thus intrude—"
Mary looked downward on the bench,
O'erpowered by love and gratitude,

And leaned her head against the vine,
With quickening sobs of silent bliss,
Till Abner cried, "You must be mine,
You must,"—and sealed it with a kiss.

She talked of shame, and wiped her cheek:
But what had shame with them to do,
Who nothing meant but truth to speak
And downright honor to pursue?

His eloquence improved apace
As manly pity filled his mind.
"You know poor Bayard? Here's the case,—
He's past his labor, old and blind.

"If you and I should but agree
To settle here for good and all,
Could you give all your heart to me,
And grudge that poor old rogue a stall?

"I'll buy him, for the dogs shall never
Set tooth upon a friend so true;
He'll not live long, but I forever
Shall know I gave the beast his due.

"'Mongst all I've known of ploughs and carts,
And ever since I learned to drive,
He was not matched in all these parts;
There was not such a horse alive.

"He was a horse of mighty power,
Compact in frame and strong of limb;
Went with a chirp from hour to hour;
Whipcord? 'Twas never made for him.

"But I might talk till pitch-dark night,
And then have something left to say;
But, Mary, am I wrong or right,
Or do I throw my words away?

"Leave me, or take me and my horse;
I've told thee truth, and all I know:
Truth should breed truth, that comes of course;
If I sow wheat, why wheat will grow."

"Yes, Abner, but thus soon to yield
Neighbors would fleer and look behind 'em;
Though, with a husband in the field,
Perhaps, indeed, I should not mind 'em.

"I've known your generous nature well;
My first denial cost me dear;
How this may end we cannot tell—
But, as for Bayard, bring him here."

"Bless thee for that!" the ploughman cried,
At once both starting from the seat,
He stood a guardian by her side,
But talked of home,—'twas growing late.

Then step for step within his arm
She cheered him down the dewy way;
And no two birds upon the farm
Ere prated with more joy than they.

What news at home? The smile he wore
One little sentence turned to sorrow;
An order met him at the door,
"Take Bayard to the dogs to-morrow."

"Yes, yes," thought he, and heaved a sigh;
"Die when he will, he's not your debtor.
I must obey, and he must die—
That's if I can't contrive it better."

Next day rose fair; with team a-field,
He watched the farmer's cheerful brow;
And in a lucky hour revealed
His secret at his post, the plough.

And there without a whine began:
"Master, you'll give me your advice;
I'm going to marry—if I can—
And want old Bayard; what's his price?

"For Mary Jones last night agreed,
Or near upon 't, to be my wife:
The horse's value I don't heed,
I only want to save his life."

"Buy him, hey! Abner, trust me I
Have not the thought of gain in view;
Bayard's best days we've seen go by;
He shall be cheap enough to you."

The wages paid, the horse brought out,
The hour of separation come,
The farmer turned his chair about,
"Good fellow, take him, take him home.

"You're welcome, Abner, to the beast,
For you've a faithful servant been;
They'll thrive, I doubt not in the least,
Who know what work and service mean."

The maids at parting, one and all,
From different windows different tones,
Bade him farewell with many a bawl,
And sent their love to Mary Jones.

He waved his hat, and turned away,
When loud the cry of children rose;
"Abner, good-bye!" They stopped their play;
"There goes poor Bayard, there he goes!"

Half choked with joy, with love and pride,
He now with dainty clover fed him,
Now took a short triumphant ride,
And then again got down and led him.

And, hobbling onward up the hill,
The widow's house was full in sight;
He pulled the bridle harder still,—
"Come on, we sha'n't be there to-night."

She met them with a smile so sweet;
The stable-door was open thrown;
The blind horse lifted high his feet,
And loudly snorting, laid him down.

O Victory! from that stock of laurels
You keep so snug for camps and thrones,
Spare us one twig from all their quarrels
For Abner and the Widow Jones.

NAE STAR WAS GLINTIN.—Eliza Cook.

Nae star was glintin out aboon,
The cluds were dark and hid the moon;
The whistling gale was in my teeth,
And round me was the deep, snaw wreath;
But on I went the dreary mile,
And sung right cantie a' the while,
I gae my plaid a closer fauld;
My hand was warm, my heart was bauld,
I didna heed the storm and cauld,
While ganging *to my Katie.*

But when I trod the same way back,
It seemed a sad and waefu' track;
The brae and glen were lone and lang;
I didna sing my cantie sang;
I felt how sharp the sleet did fa',
And couldna face the wind at a',
Oh! sic a change! how could it be?
I ken fu' well, and sae may ye—
The sunshine had been gloom to me
While ganging *frae* my Katie.

TOMMY'S PRAYER.—John F. Nicholls.

In a dark and dismal alley where the sunshine never came,
Dwelt a little lad named Tommy, sickly, delicate, and lame;
He had never yet been healthy, but had lain since he was born
Dragging out his weak existence well nigh hopeless and forlorn.

He was six, was little Tommy, 'twas just five years ago
Since his drunken mother dropped him, and the babe was crippled so.
He had never known the comfort of a mother's tender care,
But her cruel blows and curses made his pain still worse to bear.

There he lay within the cellar, from the morning till the night,
Starved, neglected, cursed, ill-treated, nought to make his dull life bright;

Not a single friend to love him, not a living thing to love—
For he knew not of a Saviour, or a heaven up above.

'Twas a quiet, summer evening, and the alley, too, was still;
Tommy's little heart was sinking, and he felt so lonely, till,
Floating up the quiet alley, wafted inwards from the street,
Came the sound of some one singing, sounding, oh! so clear and sweet.

Eagerly did Tommy listen as the singing nearer came—
Oh! that he could see the singer! How he wished he wasn't lame.
Then he called and shouted loudly, till the singer heard the sound,
And on noting whence it issued, soon the little cripple found.

'Twas a maiden rough and rugged, hair unkempt, and naked feet,
All her garments torn and ragged, her appearance far from neat;
"So yer called me," said the maiden, "wonder wot yer wants o' me;
Most folks call me Singing Jessie; wot may your name chance to be?"

"My name's Tommy; I'm a cripple, and I want to hear you sing,
For it makes me feel so happy—sing me something, anything."
Jessie laughed, and answered smiling "I can't stay here very long,
But I'll sing a hymn to please you, wot I calls the 'Glory Song.'"

Then she sang to him of heaven, pearly gates, and streets of gold,
Where the happy angel children are not starved or nipped with cold;
But where happiness and gladness never can decrease or end,
And where kind and loving Jesus is their Sovereign and their Friend.

Oh! how Tommy's eyes did glisten as he drank in every word
As it fell from "Singing Jessie"—was it true, what he had heard?
And so anxiously he asked her; "Is there really such a place?"
And a tear began to trickle down his pallid little face.

"Tommy, you're a little heathen; Why, it's up beyond the sky,
And if yer will love the Saviour, yer shall go there when yer die."
"Then," said Tommy; "tell me, Jessie, how can I the Saviour love,
When I'm down in this 'ere cellar, and He's up in heaven above?"

So the little ragged maiden who had heard at Sunday School
All about the way to heaven, and the Christian's golden rule,
Taught the little cripple Tommy how to love, and how to pray,
Then she sang a "Song of Jesus," kissed his cheek and went away.

Tommy lay within the cellar which had grown so dark and cold,
Thinking all about the children in the streets of shining gold;
And he heeded not the darkness of that damp and chilly room,
For the joy in Tommy's bosom could disperse the deepest gloom.

"Oh! if I could only see it," thought the cripple, as he lay,
Jessie said that Jesus listens and I think I'll try and pray;
So he put his hands together, and he closed his little eyes,
And in accents weak, yet earnest, sent this message to the skies:—

"Gentle Jesus, please forgive me as I didn't know afore,
That yer cared for little cripples who is weak and very poor,
And I never heard of heaven till that Jessie came to-day
And told me all about it, so I wants to try and pray.

"Yer can see me, can't yer, Jesus? Jessie told me that yer could,
And I somehow must believe it, for it seems so prime and good;
And she told me if I loved you, I should see yer when I die,
In the bright and happy heaven that is up beyond the sky.

"Lord, I'm only just a cripple, and I'm no use here below,
For I heard my mother whisper, she'd be glad if I could go;
And I'm cold and hungry sometimes; and I feel so lonely, too,
Can't yer take me, gentle Jesus, up to heaven along o' you?

"Oh! I'd be so good and patient, and I'd never cry or fret,
And your kindness to me, Jesus, I would surely not forget;
I would love you all I know of, and would never make a noise—
Can't you find me just a corner, where I'll watch the other boys?

"Oh! I think yer'll do it, Jesus, something seems to tell me so,
For I feel so glad and happy, and I do so want to go,
How I long to see yer, Jesus, and the children all so bright!
Come and fetch me, won't yer, Jesus? Come and fetch me home to-night!"

Tommy ceased his supplication, he had told his soul's desire,
And he waited for the answer till his head began to tire;
Then he turned towards his corner and lay huddled in a heap,
Closed his little eyes so gently, and was quickly fast asleep.

Oh, I wish that every scoffer could have seen his little face
As he lay there in the corner, in that damp and noisome place;
For his countenance was shining like an angel's, fair and bright,
And it seemed to fill the cellar with a holy, heavenly light.

He had only heard of Jesus from a ragged singing girl,
He might well have wondered, pondered, till his brain began to whirl;
But he took it as she told it, and believed it then and there,
Simply trusting in the Saviour, and his kind and tender care.

In the morning, when the mother came to wake her crippled boy,
She discovered that his features wore a look of sweetest joy,
And she shook him somewhat roughly, but the cripple's face was cold—
He had gone to join the children in the streets of shining gold.

Tommy's prayer had soon been answered, and the Angel Death had come
To remove him from his cellar, to his bright and heavenly home
Where sweet comfort, joy, and gladness never can decrease or end,
And where Jesus reigns eternally, his Sovereign and his Friend.

THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

We speak, we speak of the loved and lost,
Who have gone to the land above,
And the mists of the river of death are crossed
By the rainbow of their love.
Sad hearts are yearning in hall and cot,
To pillow some dreamless head,
But we know the beautiful changes not,
And our darlings are not dead.
By the beautiful gate they watch and they wait,
Till our feet shall cease to roam,
For over the river, that sings forever,
The dear ones gather at home.

The voice of their melody wanders free
Through the wail of our broken song,
And the gleam of their snowy robes we see,
When the earth grows dark with wrong.
We feel the touch of a vanished hand,
That thrilled in the days of yore
And leads us on to the summer land,
Where they live forever more.

We speak when the work of the day is done,
Of the dawning by and by,
And number our treasures, one by one,
In our Father's house on high.
And oft we think when our rest shall come,
Of the meeting which there will be
When the good and beautiful all go home,
To the city beyond the sea.

THE MODERN SHAKESPEARE.

"What, ho! Andromeda!"

"Judged by the tone Jehuic of thy voice, methinks, Henrico, 'twere the tally ho."

"Whereat I tally one for thy sweet wit. But list thee seraphim. Hast heard the news that late hath tattled of Beatrice Marcia?"

"Me rival i' the choir? what of her? If thou hast news that vilifies the jade, then feed me, boy, the very dregs of it."

"She hath betrothed herself to Count Persimmons."

"What! he that owns the peanut mart below, and daily sops the shekels of the just in change for popcorn, taffy, and the like?"

"The same, Andromeda, the very similar!"

"What, he—and she? Nay, nay, it cannot be! Plutonian furies! crush it i' the bud! For will she not to fair Italia hie and ride gondolas i' the market place, sit for her portrait to Sir Michael Angelo, swap garlics with the fragrant Genoese, and homeward come with voice of foreign timbre so veneered, that she may sell her ditties by the quaver, and count her ducats as we count her faults?"

"Go to, thou jealous jabberer, go to! Thy fears do make but corpses of thy wits. There do be ways of circumventing ill, if this thine Iliad of woes should come. I have an uncle, girl."

"As wondrous news as if thou'dst told me thou'dst a father once!"

"But whist thee, wanton. 'Tis a man of gold, this goodly uncle that I tell thee of, and death hath even now a mortgage on the same. Thine own Henrico is the coming heir, and when, on tongue of joy, doth come the tidings of his dear demise, then will us twain across the waters speed and purchase this Italia that thou speak'st ——"

"But, good Henrico ——"

"Nay! withhold me not, for iron is not stronger than me will. Each jot and tittle of this fabled land I will secure me with me uncle's gold,—Florence, Lombardy, Sicily, and Rome, with all their piles of lore and bric-a-brac, shall be but ours, and ours alone, me love; and this Persimmons, and his cackling mate, will meet their doom in Como's limpid tide, or forced to live in circumcumstance as lean as is the tower to Pisa consecrate."

"Now do the gods veneer me soul with peace, sweet comforter, and I do swim in dreams of paradise."

—*Yonkers Gazette.*

A DEFENCE OF XANTIPPE.

Xantippe, I know, was a terrible scold,
But only one half of that story's been told;
For Xan. had to worry and cut and contrive,
To keep half-a-dozen young "Soccies" alive,
While their slouchy old father,—the wise Socrates,
Penniless, hatless, and bare to the knees,—
In a greasy old toga, paraded the pave,
Delighting all Athens with wise saws and grave;
But all the wise maxims which Socrates said
Ne'er earned for the youngsters a morsel of bread;
With never a shoe for herself or the boys,
What wonder the Madam was given to noise?

He dearly loved Athens,—her forum and "walk"
And the cavalier crowd that applauded his talk,—
Was attached to her soil, and and on face, neck and limb
The soil was quite largely attach*ed* to him.
For her, in the forum, the workshop, or gate,
At morning, at noon, or at midnight he'd prate.
He talked of the beautiful,—goodness knows why,—
Of *inflati divini* from out the blue sky;
But in spite of his wit Xantippe ne'er went
Through the old fellow's clothing and fished up a cent!
She worked like a slave, but he sat at his ease
While "chinning" with Crito or Euripides!

The stewpan was broken, and nothing to stew;
Each chair had the rickets,—the table askew,
The bed for the group, a Sicilian plank,
And still he kept "chinning,"—the logical "crank!"

Now, Socrates held that a man was well fed,
Whose *menu* consisted of water and bread;
But the bread? For you see, what made Xantippe fuss,
He ne'er earned his youngsters the first obolus.
He'd "chin" it all day,—but work? Not a bit!
(His speeches were marvels of beauty and wit.)
No wonder *she* stormed! No wonder she railed,
And went for him there with her mop till he paled!
She doused his old toga with dish-water foul,
And keyed up her voice till it reached a wild howl!
No wonder she turned out a bit of a shrew!—
I think the old lady had reason; don't you?

THE DEATH-BRIDGE OF THE TAY.—Will Carleton.

From "Farm Festivals," by permission of Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

The night and the storm fell together upon the old town of Dundee,
And, trembling, the mighty firth-river held out its cold hand toward the sea.
Like the dull-booming bolts of a cannon, the wind swept the streets and the shores;
It wrenched at the roofs and the chimneys, it crashed 'gainst the windows and doors;
Like a mob that is drunken and frenzied, it surged through the streets up and down,
And screamed the sharp, shrill cry of "Murder!" o'er river and hill-top and town.
It leaned its great breast 'gainst the belfries, it perched upon minaret and dome—
Then sprang on the shivering firth-river, and tortured its waves into foam.
'Twas a night when the landsman seeks shelter, and cares not to venture abroad;
When the sailor clings close to the rigging, and prays for the mercy of God.

Look! the moon has come out, clad in splendor, the turbulent scene to behold;
She smiles at the night's devastation, she dresses the storm-king in gold.
She kindles the air with her cold flame, as if to her hand it were given
To light the frail earth to its ruin, with the tenderest radiance of heaven.
Away to the north, ragged mountains climb high through the shuddering air;
They bend their dark brows o'er the valley, to read what new ruin is there.
Along the shore-line creeps the city, in crouching and sinuous shape,
With firesides so soon to be darkened, and doors to be shaded with crape!
To the south, like a spider-thread waving, there curves, for a two-mile away,
This world's latest man-devised wonder,—the far-famous bridge of the Tay.

It stretches and gleams into distance; it creeps the broad
stream o'er and o'er,
Till it rests its strong, delicate fingers in the palm of the op-
posite shore.
But look! through the mists of the southward, there flash
to the eye, clear and plain,
Like a meteor that's bound to destruction, the lights of a
swift-coming train!

* * * * * * * *

'Mid the lights that so gayly are gleaming yon city of Dun-
dee within,
Is one that is waiting a wanderer, who long o'er the ocean
has been.
His age-burdened parents are watching from the window
that looks on the firth,
For the train that will come with their darling,—their truest-
loved treasure on earth.
"He'll be comin' the nicht," says the father, "for sure the
hand-writin's his ain;
The letter says, 'Ha' the lamp lichted—I'll come on the
seven o'clock train.
For years in the mines I've been toiling, in this wonderfu'
West, o'er the sea;
My work has brought back kingly wages; there's plenty for
you an' for me.
Your last days shall e'en be your best days; the high-step-
ping youngster you knew,
Who cost so much care in his raising, now'll care for him-
self and for you.
Gang not to the station to meet me; ye never need run for
me more;
But when ye shall hear the gate clickit, ye maun rise up an'
open the door.
We will hae the first glow of our greeting when nae one o'
strangers be nigh,
We will smile out the joy o' our meeting on the spot where
we wept our good-bye.
Ye maun put me a plate on the table, an' set in the auld
place a chair;
An' if but the good Lord be willing, doubt never a bit I'll be
there.
So sit ye an' wait for my coming (ye will na' watch for me in
vain),
An' see me glide over the river, along o' the roar o' the train.

Ye may sit at the southernmost window, for I will come hame
from that way;
I will fly where I swam, when a youngster, across the broad
Firth o' the Tay."

So they sit at the southernmost window, the parents, with
hand clasped in hand,
And gaze o'er the tempest-vexed waters, across to the storm-
shaken land.
They see the bold acrobat-monster creep out on the treach-
erous line;
Its cinder-breath glitters like star-dust, its lamp-eyes they
glimmer and shine.
It braces itself 'gainst the tempest—it fights for each inch
with the foe—
With torrents of air all around it—with torrents of water
below.
But look! look! the monster is stumbling, while trembles
the fragile bridge-wall—
They struggle like athletes entwining—then both like a
thunder-bolt fall!
Down, down through the dark the train plunges, with speed
unaccustomed and dire;
It glows with its last dying beauty—it gleams like a hail-
storm of fire!
No wonder the mother faints death-like, and clings like a
clod to the floor;
No wonder the man writhes in frenzy, and dashes his way
through the door!
He fights his way out through the tempest; he is beaten
and baffled and tossed;
He cries, "*The train's gang off the Tay brig! lend help here to
look for the lost!*"
Oh, little to him do they listen, the crowds to the river that
flee;
The news, like the shock of an earthquake, has thrilled
through the town of Dundee.
Like travelers belated, they're rushing to where the bare
station-walls frown;
Suspense twists the blade of their anguish, like maniacs
they run up and down.
Out, out, creep two brave, sturdy fellows, o'er danger-strewn
buttress and piers;
They can climb 'gainst that blast, for they carry the blood
of old Scotch mountaineers.

But they leave it along as they clamber; they mark all their
handpath with red;
Till they come where the torrent leaps bridgeless,—a grave
dancing over its dead.
A moment they gaze down in horror; then creep from the
death-laden tide,
With the news, "There's nae help for our loved ones, save
God's mercy for them who have died!"

How sweetly the sunlight can sparkle o'er graves where our
best hopes have lain!
How brightly its gold beams can glisten on faces that whiten
with pain!
Oh, never more gay were the wavelets, and careless in in-
nocent glee,
And never more sweet did the sunrise shine over the town
of Dundee.
But though the town welcomed the morning, and the firth
threw its gold lances back,
On the hearts of the grief-stricken people, death's cloud
rested heavy and black.
And the couple who waited last evening their man-statured
son to accost,
Now laid their heads down on the table, and mourned for
the boy that was lost.
"'Twas sae sad," moaned the crushed, aged mother, each
word dripping o'er with a tear,
"Sae far he should come for to find us, and then he should
perish sae near!
O Robin, my bairn! ye did wander far from us for mony a day,
And when ye ha' come back sae near us, why could na' ye
come a' the way?"

"I *hae* come a' the way," said a strong voice, and a bearded
and sun-beaten face
Smiled on them the first joyous pressure of one long and
filial embrace:
"I cam' on last nicht far as Newport; but Maggie, my bride
that's to be,
She ran through the storm to the station, to get the first
greeting o' me.
I leaped from the carriage to kiss her; she held me sae fast
and sae ticht,
The train it ran off and did leave me; I could na' get over
the nicht.
I tried for to walk the brig over, my head it was a' in a whirl;
I could na'—ye know the sad reason—I had to go back to
my girl!

I hope ye'll tak' kindly to Maggie; she's promised to soon
be my wife;
She's a darling wee bit of a lassie, and her fondness it saved
me my life."
The night and the storm fell together upon the sad town of
Dundee,
The half-smothered song of the tempest swept out like a sob
to the sea;
The voice of the treacherous storm-king, as mourning for
them he had slain;
O cruel and blood-thirsty tempest! your false tears are shed
all in vain!
Beneath the dread roof of this ruin your sad victims nestle
and creep;
They hear not the voices that call them; if they come, they
will come in their sleep.
No word can they tell of their terror, no step of the dark
route retrace,
Unless their sad story be written upon the white page of
the face.
Perchance *that* may speak of their anguish when first came
the crash of despair;
The long-drawn suspense of the instant they plunged
through the shuddering air;
The life-panoramas that flitted swift past them, with duties
undone;
The brave fight for life in a battle that strong death already
had won;
The half stifled shouting of anguish the aid of high Heaven
to implore;
The last patient pang of submission, when effort was ended
and o'er.
But, tempest, a bright star in heaven a message of comfort
sends back,
And draws our dim glances to skyward, away from thy
laurels of black:
Thank God that whatever the darkness that covers his
creature's dim sight,
He always vouchsafes *some* deliverance, throws *some one* a
sweet ray of light;
Thank God that the strength of his goodness from dark
depths ascended on high,
And carried the souls of the suffering away to the realms of
the sky;
Thank God that his well-tempered mercy came down with
the clouds from above,
And saved one from out the destruction, and him by the
angel of love.

THE UNFINISHED MANUSCRIPT.

"I want you to go to bed," said Mr. Meeklamore, the well-known novelist, to his little girl. "Every night, when I sit down to work, you persist in sniffling around. Go to bed; I've got work to do."

"She can't understand you," said Mrs. Meeklamore, "I don't think that she is well."

"She's always ill when I want to work. She seems to study the time. What do you want to whine that way for? You are enough to drive a man crazy!"

"Robert, I don't think the little girl can help it," the wife replied. "She is too young to know anything about the importance of your work."

"Well, it's time she was learning," the author exclaimed, turning, with an angry air. "Other people can work without interruption; I don't see why I should be imposed on. I'll go down town; I can write there without this annoyance," and he gathered up his papers and left the house.

Quietly, and without the slightest disturbance he worked for several hours. Occasionally, while his mind was deep in the molding of a character, he would see a little anxious face, and hear an exclamation of gladness; but he waved aside the vision and worked on. Late at night a boy came with a note. The message ran:

"I am very uneasy about Dora; I think she has the diphtheria."

"My work is done for to-night," he mused; and, arranging his papers with a discontented air, he went home. He found the doctor there. The little sufferer smiled at him when he entered. She tried to say something, but "papa's come," was all he could understand. An unfinished manuscript stared at him.

"Is it a very violent attack?" he asked of the physician.

"Yes, very."

The mother sat on the edge of the bed. The father

approached. He couldn't see the lines of the manuscript now. The little girl choked, and they lifted her up. The father put his arm under her head. The unfinished manuscript was dim.

"She has been ailing for several days," said the mother, "but we did not think that there was anything serious the matter with her, she has been so gay and so full of frolic.

The sufferer looked at her father and tried to speak, but failing, she put her hand into his and smiled. With a struggle she said: "Am I bad?"

"No, angel," whispered the father.

"Do you want me to go to bed?"

"No, darling." The unfinished manuscript was fading more and more.

"She is past all help," the doctor said.

The mother hid her face in the window curtain. The father took his child in his arms. She looked at him—and was dead. The unfinished manuscript had faded.

THE FATE OF CHARLOTTE RUSSE.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

[A little maiden's thrilling account of the tragedy of an Easter dinner.]

My mamma to my papa said,
"To-day the Lenten season ends."
My papa to my mamma said,
"To-night, my love, we'll dine some friends.

"Some soup and fish we'll have," he said;
"A roast duck, and, perhaps, a goose."
"Some wine and fruit," my mamma said,
"And then a little Charlotte Russe."

"A Charlotte Russe!" With great delight
I told it to my doll: "Dear Pearl,
Before we go to bed, to-night,
We'll see this little stranger girl;

"This lovely little stranger girl,
With all her frills and flounces spruce;
I long to meet her! Darling Pearl,
I'm sure you'll dote on Charlotte Russe!"

So, after while, when all was calm,
And nursey busy with her broom,
I took my dolly on my arm
And stole down to the dining-room.

My! how the waxen lights did shine!
The guests had finished all the goose,
And some were taking fruits and wine.
I looked around for Charlotte Russe!

But there was only papa there,
And Mr. Black, and Mr. Brown,
And Mr. Gray, of Grayville Square,
And Mr. Green, of Greenwich town.

You may be sure my face got red;
I pulled my sash till it came loose,
Then crept up close to pa and said,
"Please, papa, where is Charlotte Russe?"

Old Mr. Black, he sat and smiled
At Mr. Green and Mr. Gray;
And Mr. Brown said, "Bless the child!
The cakes have all been taken away!"

But papa pressed me to his side,
And whispered, "Shame! you little puss!"
Then rolling up his eyes, he cried,
"*We've gone and eaten Charlotte Russe!*"

Oh! then they laughed a horrid laugh,—
Those nasty, greedy, cruel men!
No little girl was ever half
So *awful* scared as *I* was then!

I ran with dolly from the room,—
My tears, I think, would fill a cup.
Oh, wasn't it a dreadful doom?
Poor little Charlotte *eaten up!*

"We'll keep as still as any mouse!"
I said to Pearl. "No one's about;
There's been a murder in this house,
And mamma hasn't found it out!"

Oh! dear; I don't know what to do!
I'd ask my nurse, but where's the use?
My pa will surely eat *me*, too,
When he's di—gest—ed Charlotte Russe!

SYMPATHY.—Reginald Heber.

A knight and a lady once met in a grove,
While each was in quest of a fugitive love;
A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

"Oh, never was knight such a sorrow that bore!"
"Oh, never was maid so deserted before!"
"From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
And jump in together for company!"

They searched for an eddy that suited the deed,
But here was a bramble and there was a weed.
"How tiresome it is," said the fair, with a sigh;
So they sat down to rest them in company.

They gazed at each other, the maid and the knight,
How fair was her form, and how goodly his height!
"One mournful embrace," sobbed the youth, "ere we die!"
So kissing and crying kept company.

"Oh, had I but loved such an angel as you!"
"Oh, had but my swain been a quarter as true!"
"To miss such perfection how blinded was I!"
Sure now they were excellent company.

At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear,
"The weather is cold for a watery bier;
When summer returns we may easily die,
Till then let us sorrow in company."

THE STRANGE HARVEST.*—Robert C. V. Meyers.

The story comes from Dünwald, from Dünwald near Mühlheim,
Where ancient trees can verify this tale of olden time.

The monks had endless power, and with power the usual greed,
Till the people who revered them oft felt the pressing need
Of necessary comforts, as the fathers levied on
The fruits of field and labor, and were idle, every one;
They gazed upon their acres with a pride that called for more,
Ever trying, ever plotting to increase their princely store.

*Written expressly for this collection.

One day the Friar Albrecht, spurring past the cloister-gate,
Saw the courting Graf of Schlebüsch, and he clapped his hands, elate:
"What a booby have I been," said he; "his land adjoining ours
Should belong to us. Now let me see our parchments!"

So for hours
He searched through musty sheep-skins till he found a mustier claim;
Then he called the monks about him to explain to them the same.
"Ho! ho!" laughed they, "*Ich hab'es!*"—and they drank in luscious wine
The health of Friar Albrecht till they quite forgot to dine.

The next day to the judges they took their parchment trash,
And they pointed out their claim to the fields of Graf Schlebüsch.
They clearly had small title; yet the judges feared the church,
So they came to no conclusion, though the Graf was in the lurch.
He argued: "Judges learned, I am poor as poor can be
Unless I have my acres which in my family
Have been for generations. And I am about to wed
The Burgomaster's daughter; but no Graf Schlebüsch has led
His lady down to poverty. Monks and judges, you
Should make my path more easy; for I know not what to do."

"You have heard our wise decision, that we can't decide at all,"
Said the leading judge; "it is between the monks and you. Just call
Us in to ratify whate'er agreement you shall make,"
And as the judges left the hall, the Graf began to quake.

When the Burgomaster's daughter, who had been at the trial,
Arose and stood beside him—they were like hands of a dial,
She was so short, and he so tall, yet pointing both one way
Toward love's dear eternity every minute of the day.

She blushed, and smiled, and whispered, and coquetted with the knight,
Till the monks and all the people declared it a sad sight

When a woman with cajoleries could thus a man deceive,—
For they vowed that she would leave him when he his fields must leave.

Suddenly the color rushed to the poor Graf's cheek,
And the Burgomaster's daughter stepped aside that he might speak;
"Ye monks, I wish a conference!" cried the Graf. "Will ye agree
That the lands of my ancestors shall still belong to me
Till I sow one crop the more, and harvest it when ripe?
When my lands shall be your own lands!"

Every burgher's pipe
Went out, so much astonished were the people at this plan.
"That's the Burgomaster's daughter's plea," said they, down to a man;
"Though she will leave him, yet she hates to leave him quite forlorn—
She'll leave him, but leave with him a crop of wheat and corn!"

"Just so," said she, o'erhearing, "'tis my plea. But add this, too,—
That I will not leave him while the crop's unripe. Good day, to you!"
And she left the chamber, upright as an hour-hand at noon.
"Oh, woman's cunning!" laughed they—e'en the monks—"He'll rue it soon!"

"We agree!" Friar Albrecht muttered, for he feared to go too far,
The Graf might give them trouble if he cared to go to war;
"As the Burgomaster's daughter is your law and gospel, too,
You may sow one crop and harvest it when ripe! Luck be with you!"

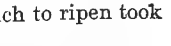
So they called the judges back, and the writing was made plain,
Every word scanned, legal, binding,—it should not be made in vain.
The Graf Schlebüsch he signed it when the monks had. Then 'twas done!
"I sow my seed in the morning," said the Graf, "at rise of sun!"

The grinning monks they watched him, and wondered what his seed?
The Burgomaster's daughter she helped to sow, indeed,—

Just they two and no others. The next day they were wed!
The people were astonished—as the monks were. Then
'twas said
She was the deepest woman since the days of mother Eve;
That she went a very subtle way about it to deceive.
And then the crop had sprouted! The little green leaves
sprang,
Till 'twas like notes writ for music, whose tune the cuckoo
sang.

The monks they came inspecting. How strange!—'twas
very plain
The pair had sown not wheat, nor rye, nor any other grain.
But yet 'twas sure to ripen, so what was it to them?
They grinned and drank delicious wine which no one could
condemn.

They waited and they waited; the crop it grew and grew,
And yet it would not ripen,—such a crop they never knew.
They waited and they waited; the crop grew on, you see,
And the Burgomaster's daughter had three children at her
knee.
They waited and they waited; Friar Albrecht died in need,
But the crop it never ripened, though the cuckoo sang its *Lied.*
They waited and they waited; the Graf Schlebüsch grew old,
And the Burgomaster's daughter had a grandson, I am told.
They waited and they waited; but the crop was never ripe,
It grew high as the cloister, and the cuckoo high did pipe.
They waited and they waited; Graf Schlebüsch died of age,
And the Burgomaster's daughter slept beside him. In a rage
The monk who had been youngest now waited, old, alone;
But the crop it never ripened, its bloom was never done.

The cloister it has crumbled down to dust and memory,
There are no monks where many were, and all is sad to see,
Yet two blades of the crop still rise, not ripe, though weak
with rime,
And the cuckoo sings the song's last notes, 

slow time.

Would you ask me what the seed was which the lovers
sowed that morn,
Which the Burgomaster's daughter had suggested in her
scorn?
Can you not guess? This strange *crop*, which to ripen took
so long,
Was a grove of oaks, the last *two* soon to fall and end the song.

ON THE BEACH.—William Whitehead.

Written Expressly for this Collection.

The sun is low, as ocean's flow
Heaves to the strand in breakers white;
And sea-birds seek their wild retreat
Where cliffs reflect the fading light.

The billow gleams in parting beams,
And sighs upon the lonely shore;
Whilst childhood stands upon the sands
To greet the coming fisher's oar.

Swift to my heart the waves impart
Another dream of restless life;
As some proud mind the fierce fates bind,
Or doom to vain and endless strife.

The moon is up; from her silvery cup
She pours libations o'er the deep;
And stars relight the wastes of night,
Where'er careering waters sweep.

The waves are bright with peace to-night,
And gladly bound 'neath summer's reign;
I tread the verge of the shelving surge,
To muse upon its wild refrain.

O deep! thy winds, in murmuring chimes
Sweet to my ear, my love implore;
Thou dost enthral with siren call,
And tempt me from thy peaceful shore!

Yes, o'er thy graves, thy heaving waves,
A stern delight with danger dwells;
There's buoyant life amid thy strife,
And rapture in thy lonely dells.

E'en in thy wrath, thy surging path
Hath peril's joy beyond thy shores!
Amid the glare of thy despair,
The soul above thy terror soars.

But 'neath thy smile there's death and wile,
The dark abyss, the waiting grave!
Thy surges close o'er human woes
On distant strand, in secret cave!

Insatiate sea! oh, where is she
Who trod in love thy gathered sands?
Thou gavest her back as wreck and wrack,
Pallid, to sad, imploring hands!

And where is he, O sea! O sea!
Who dared thy treacherous crests to ride?
The quick command, the hastening hand,
Were vain to rescue from thy tide!

Yet not in woe the plaint should go
Against thee for the storm's behest;
Thou'rt but the slave when wild winds rave
And tyrant tempests lash thy breast.

Doomed in thy keep the fates to meet,
Thou dost obey a mightier wrath!
Imperious sway commands thy way,
And riots in its reckless path.

Shall time's swift flight e'er stay thy might
That dooms us to thy caves unblest?
Or God's right arm thy tides disarm,
And soothe to peace thy long unrest?

No! still thy waves with moaning staves
Shall heave thy gray sands to the shore,
And thou shalt roll o'er depth and shoal
Forever and forevermore!

THE MERCHANT AND THE BOOK-AGENT.

A book-agent importuned James Watson, a rich merchant living a few miles out of the city, until he bought a book,—the "Early Christian Martyrs." Mr. Watson didn't want the book, but he bought it to get rid of the agent; then taking it under his arm he started for the train, which takes him to his office in the city.

Mr. Watson hadn't been gone long before Mrs. Watson came home from a neighbor's. The book-agent saw her, and went in and persuaded the wife to buy a copy of the book. She was ignorant of the fact that her husband had bought the same book in the morning.

When Mr. Watson came back in the evening, he met his wife with a cheery smile as he said: "Well, my dear, how have you enjoyed yourself to-day? Well, I hope."

"Oh, yes! I had an early caller this morning."

"Ah, and who was she?"

"It wasn't a "she" at all; it was a gentleman,—a book-agent."

"A what?"

"A book-agent, and, to get rid of his importuning I bought his book, the 'Early Christian Martyrs,' see, here it is," she exclaimed, advancing towards her husband.

"I don't want to see it," said Watson, frowning terribly.

"Why, husband?" asked his wife.

"Because that rascally book-agent sold me the same book this morning. Now we've got two copies of the same book—two copies of the 'Early Christian Martyrs' and ——"

"But husband, we can ——"

"No, we can't, either!" interrupted Mr. Watson. "The man is off on the train before this. Confound it! I could kill the fellow. I ——"

"Why, there he goes to the depot now," said Mrs. Watson, pointing out of the window at the retreating form of the book-agent making for the train.

"But it's too late to catch him, and I'm not dressed. I've taken off my boots, and ——"

Just then Mr. Stevens, a neighbor of Mr. Watson, drove by, when Mr. Watson pounded on the window-pane in a frantic manner, almost frightening the horse.

"Here, Stevens!" he shouted, "you're hitched up! Won't you run your horse down to the train and hold that book-agent till I come? Run! Catch 'im now!"

"All right," said Mr. Stevens, whipping up his horse and tearing down the road.

Mr. Stevens reached the train just as the conductor shouted "All aboard!"

"Book-agent!" he yelled, as the book-agent stepped

on the train. "Book-agent! hold on! Mr. Watson wants to see you."

"Watson? Watson wants to see me?" repeated the seemingly puzzled book-agent. "Oh, I know what he wants; he wants to buy one of my books; but I can't miss the train to sell it to him."

"If that is all he wants, I can pay for it and take it back to him. How much is it?"

"Two dollars, for the 'Early Christian Martyrs,'" said the book-agent as he reached for the money and passed the book out the car-window.

Just then Mr. Watson arrived, puffing and blowing, in his shirt sleeves. As he saw the train pull out he was too full for utterance.

"Well, I got it for you," said Stevens; "just got it and that's all."

"Got what?" yelled Watson.

"Why, I got the book—'Early Christian Martyrs,' and paid ——"

"By—the—great—guns!" moaned Watson, as he placed his hand to his brow and swooned right in the middle of the street.

THE SMACK "OUT" OF SCHOOL.

The sun shone in through waving boughs
  Of elm-trees by the door,
Across the row of feet that toed
  The chalk-mark on the floor.
Down at the foot of that long line
  Of spellers, standing there,
Was Allan Deane, with quiet face
  Framed round with stiff tow-hair.

The fair young teacher called this boy
  "The dunce of Wheaton school;"
But Allan's wits, though slow, were keen,
  And since to Lawyer Poole
This same fair teacher gave a kiss,
  So slyly, as she thought,

The boy, with mischievous delight,
A cunning plan had wrought.

Next morning Allan charged his class
To learn their lessons well,
For young Squire Poole that afternoon
Would come to hear them spell.
And this was all; they never knew
What else was on his mind,
Until the teacher gave out "smack,"
To be spelled and defined.

'Twas Allan's turn;—he raised his eyes
To watch the lawyer's face,
And spelled the short word slowly through
With calm and steady grace.
"Define it, sir," the mistress said,—
For, courage to acquire,
The boy had paused,—"Why, ma'am," said he,
"It's what you gave the Squire."

THE LITTLE FIREMAN.—John F. Nicholls.

What do you think o' my youngster,—he's a likely lad, sir, eh?
You wouldn't think he was a hero in the amateur-fireman way.
But he is. I can tell you a story that'll make you look and stare;
How he brought down a lad at a fire, sir, from the top of that building there.

It's a hospital, that's what it is, sir; and it's nearly a fortnight ago
Since a chum o' my Willie's went in, sir, on account of his health bein',low.
And my Will he got anxious and worried, for he missed his young playfellow bad,
And he went about gloomy and grumpy, and always looked lonely and sad.

He was constantly watching that window (the top one, up there to the right),
And I'm certain, if I would a-let him, he'd a-looked at it all through the night;

For his playfellow's bed lay near it, and my Willie knew that
quite well,
And to look at that window was pleasure, far more than we
can tell.

Well, he kept like that for some days, sir; he was always
a-watching that place,
When he rushed in to me one evening, with a look of alarm
on his face.
"It's on fire!" he shouted; "oh, father! the hospital's all in
a blaze!"
And he looked at me with such eyes, sir, that I shrank from
his terrified gaze.

"Oh, father!" he cried in his terror, and he seemed nigh
ready to drop,
"How can they get at poor Tommy? he's right at the very
tip-top,
It'll burn him right up to a cinder if he is obliged to stay;
I'll run out and tell them to fetch him," and he instantly
darted away.

I told him to stop, but he didn't; so I followed him, sir, like
mad,
But he went on ahead like an engine, and the crush was
fearfully bad;
The hospital, sir, was a-burning, and the flames getting
fiercer and higher,
While the fireman were working their hardest to get some
control o' the fire.

They were fetching the patients out, too, sir, as quickly as
ever they could,
And the fire-escape men were all busy and doing a great
deal of good;
But the friends of the patients were watching to see that
they all were got out,
And above all the roar of the flames, sir, we presently heard
a shout:

"There's a boy at the top forgotten," and I thought o' my
Will's little chum;
And my eyes grew heavy and dim, sir, for the great salt
tears would come.
The fireman seemed well nigh distracted,—the escape was
on fire at the top;
And they said it was death to ascend it, for the ladder would
certainly drop.

But a lad dashed up that escape, sir, as it seemed to his certain death;
While the crowd stood speechless and silent, and every one held his breath.
That boy was my Will, I could see him, by the light from the great red fire,
And I felt—well, I can't tell how, sir, as I saw him mount higher and higher.

For the ladder seemed all of a totter, but that boy of mine was so light
That he got to the window in safety; and we saw him get in all right;
But he came out again in a second, and he carried a small white pack;
That boy had gone in after Tommy, and was bringing him down on his back.

Such a cheer rent the heavens just then, sir, as I never shall hear again;
And the crowd got as mad as hatters, and shouted with might and main.
But the lads got down safe to the ground, sir, and both of 'em fainted away;
For after that dreadful excitement, 'twas no wonder at all, I say.

What do you think of him now, sir? a likely lad, sir, eh!
There's not many youngsters a-going as could act in that sort of a way;
For he risked his own life for his playmate, and he's ready to do it still,
So I hope there's no harm in my saying I'm proud of my Fireman Will.

SUPPORTING THE GUNS.

Did you ever see a battery take position?

It hasn't the thrill of a cavalry charge, nor the grimness of a line of bayonets moving slowly and determinedly on, but there is a peculiar excitement about it that makes old veterans rise in the saddle and cheer.

We have been fighting at the edge of the woods. Every cartridge-box has been emptied once and more, and a

fourth of the brigade has melted away in dead and wounded and missing. Not a cheer is heard in the whole brigade. We know that we are being driven foot by foot, and that when we break back once more, the line will go to pieces and the enemy will pour through the gap.

Here comes help!

Down the crowded highway gallops a battery, withdrawn from some other position to save ours. The field fence is scattered while you could count thirty, and the guns rush for the hill behind us. Six horses to a piece, three riders to each gun. Over dry ditches where a farmer would not drive a wagon; through clumps of bushes, over logs a foot thick, every horse on the gallop, every rider lashing his team and yelling,—the sight behind us makes us forget the foe in front. The guns jump two feet high as the heavy wheels strike rock or log, but not a horse slackens his pace, not a cannoneer loses his seat. Six guns, six caissons, sixty horses, eighty men, race for the brow of the hill as if he who reached it first was to be knighted.

A moment ago the battery was a confused mob. We look again and the six guns are in position, the detached horses hurrying away, the ammunition-chests open, and along our line runs the command: "Give them one more volley and fall back to support the guns!" We have scarcely obeyed when boom! boom! boom! opens the battery, and jets of fire jump down and scorch the green trees under which we fought and despaired.

The shattered old brigade has a chance to breathe for the first time in three hours as we form a line of battle behind the guns and lie down. What grim, cool fellows these cannoneers are. Every man is a perfect machine. Bullets plash dust in their faces, but they do not wince. Bullets sing over and around them, but they do not dodge. There goes one to the earth, shot through the head as he sponged his gun. The machinery loses just one beat,—misses just one cog in the wheel, and then works away again as before.

Every gun is using short-fuse shell. The ground shakes and trembles—the roar shuts out all sounds from a battle-line three miles long, and the shells go shrieking into the swamp to cut trees short off—to mow great gaps in the bushes—to hunt out and shatter and mangle men until their corpses cannot be recognized as human. You would think a tornado was howling through the forest, followed by billows of fire, and yet men live through it —aye! press forward to capture the battery! We can hear their shouts as they form for the rush.

Now the shells are changed for grape and canister, and the guns are served so fast that all reports blend into one mighty roar. The shriek of a shell is the wickedest sound in war, but nothing makes the flesh crawl like the demoniac singing, purring, whistling grape-shot and the serpent-like hiss of canister. Men's legs and arms are not shot through, but torn off. Heads are torn from bodies and bodies cut in two. A round shot or shell takes two men out of the ranks as it crashes through. Grape and canister mow a swath and pile the dead on top of each other.

Through the smoke we see a swarm of men. It is not a battle line, but a mob of men desperate enough to bathe their bayonets in the flame of the guns. The guns leap from the ground, almost, as they are depressed on the foe—and shrieks and screams and shouts blend into one awful and steady cry. Twenty men out of the battery are down, and the firing is interrupted. The foe accept it as a sign of wavering, and come rushing on. They are not ten feet away when the guns give them a last shot. That discharge picks living men off their feet and throws them into the swamp, a blackened, bloody mass.

Up now, as the enemy are among the guns! There is a silence of ten seconds, and then the flash and roar of more than three thousand muskets, and a rush forward with bayonets. For what? Neither on the right, nor left, nor in front of us is a living foe! There are corpses a-

round us which have been struck by three, four and even six bullets, and nowhere on this acre of ground is a wounded man! The wheels of the guns cannot move until the blockade of dead is removed. Men cannot pass from caisson to gun without climbing over winrows of dead. Every gun and wheel is smeared with blood, every foot of grass has its horrible stain.

Historians write of the glory of war. Burial parties saw murder where historians saw glory.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

AN APOSTROPHE TO THE OYSTER.—J. W. GESNARD.

I sing the oyster! (Virgin theme!)
King of Molluscules! Ancient of the stream!
Thy birth was Time's,—soon as th' affrighted world,
A quivering mass, in space immense was hurled;
In darkness cradled, amidst chaos nursed
Tumultuous! Ambiguous, till burst
Thy unctuous beauty on a world where none
Could know thy merit; there, alone
Thou pined'st forlorn, mid mud and flood and slime,
Ere man came on the stage, far in the time
Cosmogonetical.

Nor yet alone,—primordial bivalve!
Say, in thy nonage, didst thou not have
Some shell-fish *she*, by tender tie endeared,
To share thy mud, and pull thy downy beard?
Her love to cherish, and to calm her fear
When Megalosaurus fierce came rather near;
Or when Galumpus, monarch of the main,
Loud bellowing, shook afar the watery plain!
Or Col-los-soch-e-lys, grim giant of the shore,
Lashed out his tail, and gave his morning roar
Thundiferous!

How long, bemired, inglorious, didst thou sleep?
Thy charms secreted by the envious deep,—
Unknown, untasted, and unsung!—So lies
The fairest flower 'neath Arab's desert skies;
So sleeps the gem within its rocky tomb;
So blinks the planet in its distant gloom,

Till some rare *savant* brings it to the view;
So, half the world, for ages, lay *perdue*,
Till great Colombo chanced this way to steer,
And waked our dozing hemisphere,
One morning!

To fame unknown, but no less worthy, he
Who, of all men, first found and tasted thee.
How great his faith! his courage how audacious!
To swallow *thee*, cold, slimy, and vivacious!
What tremor his, as when thou first didst glide
Down his œsophagus, and didst nimbly hide
Within the inner man; but when, by repetition,
He gained, at length, the rapturous fruition
Of all thy charms,—what triumph his! to find
That *he*, of all, had given to mankind
A new sensation!

Was't Phut, or Peleg, Shem, or great Magog,
Or lively Nimrod, or perhaps his dog?
Or did the royal lips of great Nebu-
Chadnezzar first smack over you
Ere yet, a ruminant, this stately sinner
Was sent, with cows and goats, to pick his dinner?
Or broiled, or roasted, did thy unctuous savor
Perfume the marble halls of old Belshazzar?
Did Pharaoh gulp thee, 'ere the sea gulped him?
Or Troglodyte, or Scandinavian grim?
Long, long ago!

The Romans knew, and loved thee! So assure us
Old writers; and those sons of Epicurus,
With mullets, and other ancient fishes,
Would serve *thee* up, the choicest of their dishes.
While Baiæ and Brundusium, as 'tis said,
Rivaled—in claiming the best oyster bed!
But now, nomadic, through all regions known,
From Polar sea to fierce Equator's zone;
Pagan and Christian, Turcoman and Jew,
All stew, broil, bake, and swallow you,—
You Oyster!

Part Twenty-sixth.

Each of the Four Numbers of "100 Choice Selections" contained in this volume is paged separately, and the Index is made to correspond therewith. See EXPLANATION *on first page of Contents.*

The entire book contains nearly 1000 pages.

100

CHOICE SELECTIONS

No. 26.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

There are beautiful songs that we never sing,
And names that are never spoken;
There are treasures guarded with jealous care
And kept as a sacred token.
There are faded flowers and letters dim
With tears that have rained above them,
For the fickle words and the faithless hearts
That taught us how to love them.

There are sighs that come in our joyous hours,
To chasten our dreams of gladness,
And tears that spring to our aching eyes,
In hours of thoughtless sadness.
For the blithest birds that sing in spring
Will flit with the waning summer,
And lips that we kissed in fondest love
Will smile on the first new comer.

Over the breast where lilies rest
In white hands still forever,
The roses of June will nod and blow,
Unheeding the hearts that sever.
And lips that quiver in silent grief,
All words of hope refusing,

Will lightly turn to the fleeting joys
That perish with the using.

Summer blossoms and winter snows,
Love and its sweet Elysium;
Hope, like the siren, dim and fair,
Quickening our fainting vision;
Drooping spirit and failing pulse,
Where untold memories hover;
Eyelids touched with the seal of death,
And the fitful dream is over.

THE OVERFLOW OF GREAT RIVER, 1878.*

GEORGIA A. PECK.

December snows piled high the frozen earth,
Ice-bound the rivers lay, and brooks were still,
When lo! capricious Nature, tired of frost,
Sent pouring rains, with south winds rising high,
Until at nightfall, fields but yesterday
Deep hidden 'neath the snow, lay bare and brown.

Out from the window of her father's house
In Boston Highlands, gazed young Amy Wayne,
Watching with dreamy, unreflecting gaze,
The swift disrobing of the wintry earth,
Thinking of one who would to-morrow greet
The glad home-coming of his wife and child.
Poor dreamer! even as she mused, grim fate,
Relentless, menacing the distant home,
Turned all its joy to gloom.

With fond farewells,
Upon the morrow, Amy and her child,
The little Una, but two summers old,
Early responding to the engine's shriek,
Took first express to westward.

Happy thoughts
Of him, her husband, waiting their approach
With many a teasing tale of single woe,
Kept time to railway jarring, and the tones
Of baby Una, prattling, "Is we home?"

*Written expressly for this collection.

Roused from her happy reveries by a call,
She looked up quickly for she caught a word
Familiar,—"Westfield." David's home and hers!
The newsboy passing with his droning cry,
"Springfield Republican! Morning paper!
All about the Westfield flood! Morning paper!"

The flood—the Westfield flood! and David there!
Scarce could her trembling fingers lift the coin;
The vendor handed carelessly the sheet
And calling "Boston papers?" passed. All swam
A single moment, dim before her sight,
Then pushing back the sunny baby head
She snatched the import of the printed lines.

The heavy rains—the warm south wind—the thaw—
The rising river, fed by countless streams—
The treacherous dike—the overflow—the break—
The sweeping, seething flood—the heavy crash
Of falling buildings—panic, ruin, fire,—
Reported losses— With devouring glance,
Her eye ran down the long dread list, and stopped.
"Dispatch! At 2 A. M. the great warehouse
Of David Wayne & Co. was swept away."

"David Wayne." "Swept away—" "Dispatch at 2—"
The letters blurred and swam, then stood distinct,
While swift imagination drew the scene:
The alarm-bell—people running to and fro—
The swollen stream—the threatened dike—the rush
Of men of business to the fated blocks—
The crash—the fall—the "warehouse swept away!"

"What matter, mamma? Is we there, mamma?"
The baby tugged and teased, but still and white
The mother sat, with fixed, strained gaze ahead.
Widow or wife? "O God, O God," she prayed,
"If David lives! if David only lives!
Though beggared all, O God, that David lives!"

Meantime the train sped onward—whistled—stopped.
Hoarsely the brakeman calls, "Springfield! change cars!
Passengers going west obliged to wait—
Track washed away!"

Faintly the young wife rose,
Lifted her child, and left the car. "Papa!"
Cried Una, "where papa, mamma? Is we home?"
"Home, darling? poor, poor darling, no!" she sobbed.
A moment desolate she stood, the tears
Forcing their way. Stay—one faint gleam of hope,
The telegraph—she turned and faltered out,
"Send dispatch to David Wayne, of Westfield,
Quickly! 'Are you safe?' signed 'Amy.'" "Wire's down,"
The operator said, "it must go round,
'Twill take an hour or more."

She turned away.
"Then come, my darling; papa'll send us word
At sister's. Darling baby, come!"

But there,
The hopeful, soothing words, the tenderness,
Met no response. Tearless, all day she watched,
And listened, hushing her slow-beating heart
To hear the messenger's sharp ring. Hours passed,
No word, no sign, and early night came down.
The homesick child cried "Papa!" and despair,
Heavy and chill, fell on the mother's heart.

The early night came down. With burning brow
Pressed to the window-pane, eyes closed, she stood
While, like a knell, her heart throbbed one refrain,
"David, my husband! Lost—my David, lost!"

An opening door—a step, and Una cried,
"Papa! Oh, Papa's come!" Two strong, glad arms
Caught child and mother. David's voice was heard:
"Your message reached me late. Darling, they ran
An engine through. I thought I'd come myself!"
Nature could bear no more. One look, one kiss,
And crying, "David! safe!" she swooned and fell.

What though she woke to know their all was gone,
Life lay before them—hearts were strong—the flood
Might sweep all else, husband and child were hers,
With love, that many waters cannot quench!
So hand in hand, and heart in heart, they went
Out with thanksgiving, strong to do and bear.

ME AND BILL.—Robert Overton.

A FISHERMAN'S STORY.

We was more like brothers than anything else, me and Bill; and if we *had* drawn from the same breast, God knows we couldn't ha' loved each other better and more hearty than we did. Many a night we slept under one of these 'ere old boats together, when the drink was in my father and he turned me out, and the drink was in his father and he turned him out. And many a time we young warmints made vows as 'ow I were to 'eave Bill's father overboard, and Bill were to 'eave my father overboard, when we growed up—because, you see, as Bill said, it would be sort of unnatural for a bloke to 'eave his own old 'un overboard. But Providence took that 'ere job out of our hands, for one squally night the old gen'l'men went out and got drownded of themselves, just as me and Bill were beginning for to pick up a little rhino on board the smacks. "Well," says me and Bill, "their loss is our gain, which is Scripter; and it ain't no manner o' use for to repine." So we goes in steady for 'ard work, to keep up the homes for our mothers and the little ones; and boys as we was, we managed to bring enough shot to the locker, till there came a very bad season, and then me and Bill determined to go sailorin' together to furrin parts. So we went up to London and shipped for a long cruise aboard the "City of Dublin," and was away two or three years, always sticking close to each other, and came back to the old place more like brothers than ever we was, and growed to that extent as our old mates scarcely knowed us again.

A noble-lookin' young chap were Bill,—straight and broad and stout-lookin', with arms and 'ands like iron, and heart of oak.

The old place seemed to me very much the same as it was afore we went away, and so did most of the people; but there was one exception, and that were Mary Wilson,

the coast-guardsman's daughter. When I knowed her afore, she were a little pale girl, with nothing uncommon special about her, but when I come back, I found her a fine strapping lass, likely enough to turn the heads of a whole fleet's crew, with her sweet face and winsome ways. Accordin', old Wilson and me became great chums, and I used to sit for hours in his little room yonder, a-talkin' to him and a-lookin' at her. Somehow me and Bill used to meet there sometimes, but I never give it a thought that Bill was beginnin' for to love the girl as I had give my heart to, till one night me and him was sittin' at the winder of my little cottage, havin' a quiet glass and pipe together, and talkin' about our plans for the future.

"Bill," I says, "I'll give you a toast," says I; "I'll give yer the lass whose colors I've run up to the mast-head, never to be hauled down again; the girl of my heart,—Mary Wilson."

Then poor Bill turned quite pale, and I see his great 'and tremblin' as he raised it; and I saw how 'twas. Neither of us spoke a word for a bit, and then I says:

"Shipmate:"

"Aye, aye, Ben," says he.

"Do you love her too, shipmate?"

"By ——, I do!" he busts out, and we stands up and looks at each other straight. By-and-by I 'olds out my 'and, and Bill takes 'old on it tight.

"Brother," says I, "you speak to her fust."

"No, no," says he; but after a bit he consented.

Next morning he starts off for the purpose, and I didn't see nothing of him till nightfall. I was walkin' along the shore lookin' at the ships out at sea, and the stars shinin' up aloft, and thinking about Mary, and how I should do 'case of her and Bill agreeing to sail in company, when Bill come up very quiet and says in a choky sort of voice:

"Shipmate, she don't love me; and God bless you and her!"

Now it came to my turn to speak, I must say I felt in a choppy sea with a 'ead wind. In fact it waren't till some evenings afterwards that I plucked up courage to make for the little house on the cliff where Mary and her father lived. When I did go, I cert'nly were rigged out uncommon smart,—new paint, colors a-flyin', and "Rule Britannia."

I sailed steady, but under short canvas, till I arrove at the cottage, where I brought to for a bit, and then tacked cautious round and round, takin' a look in now and then through the winders, till I see Mary a-sittin' by herself in the little front parlor, lettin' out a reef in a old dress. At last, with a tremendous effort, I pulls myself together, and steers straight in.

"Good evenin', Polly," I says, a-'alin' her.

She give a start like and colored up and replied:

"Oh, good evenin', Mr. Bunting."

"I were takin' a walk," says I, "and thought I'd 'eave to a bit, don't yer know?"

"Father'll be very glad to see you," she answers; "he'll be in directly. Won't you take a seat?"

By this time I were breathin' rather 'ard, but I says:

"Well, I don't mind if I do cast anchor for a spell."

So down I sits, while Mary goes on lettin' out that reef. We keeps like that for may be a quarter of an hour, and then I says: "'Ot," says I.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Bunting," she says.

"'Ot," I says again.

She seemed rather confused, I thought, but she answered:

"Oh, certainly."

I didn't pay out no further conversation, but set quiet for another spell, and then I says:

"Well, I must be startin' 'ome again; good-by, Polly."

She wanted me to wait till her father came in, but I felt I had done pretty well, all things considered, so I started on the return passage. But when I got back, my sister Alice, as was very anxious about the matter,

she called me a 'ulkin' lubber, and other most unbecomin' epitaphs, for not speakin' up better, and started me off again next day rigged out flasher than ever, tellin' me she'd never forgive me if I made a fool of myself a second time, which I felt rather 'ard. Nothin' could keep her, neither, though I knowed all along it were a mistake, from puttin' me inside father's old collar, which were unnateral stiff and steep.

I got to Polly's house again, and fixed myself in the same seat as afore, feeling dreadful unhappy, all along of that blessed collar. Screwing up my courage till I felt ready to burst, I says:

"Polly, I have made up my mind leastways me and Bill as is a able seaman of well-beknown character for steadiness and soberiety as everybody in this place man woman and child do know for him to be brave as a lion and gentle as a lamb and which any lass might be proud on and happy along of and God bless him!"

All this I says in one breath, with that ridiklous collar working into my flesh steady. I was so surprised at the burst of eloquence as had flowed from me that I didn't see till I was baled out of words that it were a rum thing to go talkin' about Bill when what I wanted to say was to ask the young woman to be my wife.

"Is it to speak for Bill," says Polly, tossing up her head, though I see her lips tremble and her eyes fill, "that you have come?"

Then I up and speaks out like a man.

"No, Polly; I came to tell you that I love you hearty and true, and to ask you—if so be as you think you could ever come to care for a rough chap like me—to be my wife, to be sheltered and protected so far as my heart and 'and can do it through all the storms of life, to be loved and cherished till death, so help me God."

And then, all blushing and beautiful, she did the proper thing, and I was happy, though that confounded collar had settled well into my gills long afore.

Me and Bill had a reg'lar long confab that night about our plans for the futur', and we made it out clear that we had better take another cruise together afore I settled down; and so a few days arter Polly had promised to be my wife, me and him run up to London again, and found our old ship, "City of Dublin," in the docks, almost ready for sea, so we signed articles aboard her, shipmates once more.

We had a splendid run, and I got a nice little stock of yellow boys ready for the time when Polly and me was to begin housekeeping.

Many a time as I kept the night-watch, I thought of her waitin', lovin' and patient, till I got home from sea; and many a time, when I got tempted to drink along with other chaps, I seemed to feel her bright eyes drawin' me away. So, though many a mile of blue water parted us one from t'other, I never felt away from her quiet, gentle influence.

At last our long voyage drew to a close, till one night we fetched the Channel, with a good wind and a threatening sky. Me and Bill had our watch together, and he says to me, lookin' away to the land:

"Ben, we shall pass the old place soon, if the wind don't change, and maybe we shall see the light from the little house on the cliff."

His voice was so quiet and low that I only answered, "Aye, aye, Bill."

By-and-by he comes up to me again, and he says, still very quiet, "Do you know, Ben, I often have a feeling that if I am to go down like so many brave chaps 'ave done afore us, I should like it to be near the old place, Ben, where you and me growed up together, and where I could see as I went down the lights along the beach where we used to play together, we two little uns, Ben—and the light in the winder of Polly's cottage?"

"Why, Bill," I says, "whatever has put these ideas into your head to night?"

"Look above," he says.

Sure enough, the sky was getting frightfully black, and the water risin' in a way as we knowed meant no good, while the wind was blowing 'arder every minute.

Afore we had time for another word, the skipper's voice rang out above the gathering storm: "All hands aloft!" In another hour, such a storm was raging that the oldest tars on board looked glum, and the skipper himself grew thoughtful and anxious.

Blacker and blacker became the sky, higher and higher rose the waters, and at last the inky clouds were rent open, and blindin' flashes of lightnin' played upon the strugglin' ship. On, on she strove with her rich cargo and gallant crew. Only another good ship doomed to destruction; only another victim for the 'ungry sea. Brighter flashed the lightnin', showin' the dim outline of a craggy coast; and, with a mighty crash, quiverin' her from stem to stern, she struck a hidden rock.

"Ben," says Bill, hastily, "she's on the Black Rock off the point; look—there are the lights of the old town!"

Loud but steady the skipper shouts, "Lads, clear the decks!" 'Twas the last command he ever give, for a great wave broke over the ship, and swept him and five or six other brave souls into the boilin' ocean.

At last the storm grew a trifle less violent, and then we could make out a commotion amongst the folks on the beach; and sure enough the plucky fishermen were mannin' a boat to attempt a rescue. What a cheer went up from us poor fellows on the deck of the "City of Dublin," already beginnin' to break up!

Sometimes above us, on the summit of some angry wave, sometimes hidden from our sight, sometimes driven back, the boat our strainin' eyes were fixed on came slowly closer, and at last she reached us; and several mates and old friends did me and Bill make out as she came alongside. Quickly the boat filled with her livin' load, threatenin' any minute to capsize.

At last every man was off the sinking ship but me and Bill, and the cry was raised,—such a wild and weird one it seemed,—"There's room for *one man* more!"

We knowed it well, me and Bill, that only one of us could get aboard that boat, and that afore she could return, the poor old ship, which had carried us safe so many thousands of miles only to be wrecked in sight of home, must perish, and one of us with her. One must be taken and the other left.

"Bill," I says, "tell Polly I were faithful and true to her to the last. Jump in, brother!"

But straight and fast stood he, and his voice was quite cheery and calm; his eye didn't flinch, nor his face pale.

"No, Ben, no; your life must be saved—for *she loves you.* I shall go down, you see, after all, in sight of the light on the cliff," and he pointed to where, dim and faint in the distance, shone the light from Mary's winder. "Jump in, mate, and God bless you."

I never heard his voice again, for at that moment the fragment of an entangled spar came crushing on my head and felled me to the deck, stunned. But they told me afterwards that he gathered me in his great strong arms, gentle and tender like a woman, and lowered me into the friendly 'ands stretched out from the boat, first bendin' his noble head over my face and kissin' me.

After the storm I see him again, washed ashore,—stretched on the wild sea-beach, the willin' 'ands idle forever, his great brave heart forever cold and still. And I fell down and wept as I see the cold mornin' light streamin' on the dear dead face of the man who had lost his life to save mine.

So me and Bill was parted at last; but I don't think I shall be comin' down to the beach much longer to watch the boats put out to sea and the children at their play; and I 'umbly hopes that when the great Cap'n do call me, me and Bill will meet again, never, never to part no more.

THE INVENTOR'S WIFE.—Mrs. E. T. Corbett.

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It's easy to talk of the patience of Job. Humph! Job hed nothin' to try him!
Ef *he'd* been married to 'Bijah Brown, folks wouldn't have dared come nigh him.
Trials, indeed! Now I'll tell you what—ef you want to be sick of your life,
Jest come and change places with me a spell—for I'm an inventor's wife.
And sech inventions! I'm never sure, when I take up my coffee-pot,
That 'Bijah hain't ben "improvin'" it, and it mayn't go off like a shot.
Why, didn't he make me a cradle once, that would keep itself a-rockin';
And didn't it pitch the baby out, and wasn't his head bruised shockin'?
And there was his "Patent Peeler," too—a wonderful thing, I'll say;
But it hed one fault,—it never stopped till the apple was peeled away.
As for locks, and clocks, and mowin' machines, and reapers, and all sech trash,
Why, 'Bijah's invented heaps of 'em, but they don't bring in no *cash*.
Law! that don't worry him—not at all; he's the aggravatin'-est man—
He'll set in his little workshop there, and whistle, and think, and plan,
Inventin' a jew's-harp to go by steam, or a new-fangled powder-horn,
While the children's goin' barefoot to school and the weeds is chokin' our corn.
When 'Bijah and me kep' company, he warn't like this, you know;
Our folks all thought he was dreadful smart—but that was years ago.
He was handsome as any pictur then, and he had such a glib, bright way—
I never thought that a time would come when I'd rue my weddin' day;

But when I've been forced to chop the wood, and tend to the farm beside,
And look at 'Bijah a-settin' there, I've jest dropped down and cried.
We lost the hull of our turnip crop while he was inventin' a gun;
But I counted it one of my marcies when it bu'st before 'twas done.
So he turned it into a "burglar alarm." It ought to give thieves a fright—
'Twould scare an honest man out of his wits, ef he sot it off at night.
Sometimes I wonder ef 'Bijah's crazy, he does sech cur'ous things.
Hev I told you about his bedstead yit?—'Twas full of wheels and springs;
It hed a key to wind it up, and a clock face at the head;
All you did was to turn them hands, and at any hour you said,
That bed got up and shook itself, and bounced you on the floor,
And then shet up, jest like a box, so you couldn't sleep any more.
Wa'al 'Bijah he fixed it all complete, and he sot it at half-past five,
But he hadn't more'n got into it when—dear me! sakes alive!
Them wheels began to whiz and whir! I heerd a fearful snap!
And there was that bedstead, with 'Bijah inside, shet up jest like a trap!
I screamed, of course, but 'twan't no use, then I worked that hull long night
A-tryin' to open the pesky thing. At last I got in a fright;
I couldn't hear his voice inside, and I thought he might be dyin';
So I took a crow-bar and smashed it in.—There was 'Bijah, peacefully lyin',
Inventin' a way to git out agin. That was all very well to say,
But I don't b'lieve he'd have found it out if I'd left him in all day.
Now, sence I've told you my story, do you wonder I'm tired of life?
Or think it strange I often wish I warn't an inventor's wife?

THOU KNOWEST BEST.—Marianne Farningham.

Thou knowest best, my Father,
What shall be good for me,
And I, with child-like confidence,
Would leave all things to thee.
Take thou into thy strong, kind hand
The ordering of my ways,
And only give me trust and love
To brighten these my days.

Thou knowest best, my Father,
If failure or success
Would make my life the nobler,
And all the future bless;
If few or many friends would bring
My spirit nearer thee,
I think I have the faith to say
"Thy will be done for me."

Thou knowest best how needy
Are those for whom I pray,
Thy loving-kindness comforts them
Who wander far away;
Thou hearest all our prayers, and dost
The right whate'er it be;
Oh, care for mine in mercy still
As thou hast cared for me!

Thou knowest I can only guess,
With all my searching thought,
What unexpected future good
By present pains is wrought;
What can I do but hope in thee
And, leaving all the rest,
Listen for thy directing word,
And know thy will is best?

Thou knowest if some work remains
Still for my hands to do,
Or if, since it is evening-tide,
My task is nearly through;
What matters that I do not know?
My Father, I will be,
In shadow or in fairest light,
At rest in peace with thee.

NOT IN THE PROGRAMME.—Edwin Ccller.

A STROLLER'S STORY.

See some queer things, we traveling folk? Well, yes, that's perfectly true:
Why, 'twas only now while sitting here, smoking and waiting for you,
I was thinking over a curious scene you may have heard about,
That shows how the real thing after all beats acting out-and-out!

I know it's true, for it all took place under my eyes, you know:
Let's see, 'twas at—yes, at Doncaster—about two years ago;
Me and the missus was sitting down at our lodgings one day at tea,
When the slavey told me a lady had called, and wanted to speak to me.

"Show her up here," I says, for I thought "'tis one of our folks looked round
To ask me something about to-night," but I was wrong, I found:
For there entered, blushing up to her eyes, shrinking, tremulous, coy,
A lady I'd never seen before, with a charming little boy.

A beautiful blonde she was, not more than two-and-twenty or so,
With witching eyes of a lustrous brown, but ah, how full of woe!
And she and her boy were dressed in black, and she wore in mournful mood
On her flaxen hair, that was tinged with gold, the weeds of widowhood.

She took the chair I gave her, and spoke in a low sweet voice,
I could see that she was a lady born, she seemed so gentle and nice:
She'd had some knowledge of the stage as an amateur, she said,
And could I give her something to do to find her boy in bread?

"Oh, that's how the wind lays, is it?" I thought. "Well, p'r'aps I might do worse:
If she only acts as well as she looks, she'd nicely line my purse;"
And I took good stock of her as she sat with her boy beside her chair,
And smoothed with dainty, tremulous hand his bonnie golden hair.

Bit by bit her story came out. Long back her mother had died
And left her, an only child, to be her father's darling and pride:
He was in the law, and thought to be rich, and was held in high repute,
But, ah! he died a ruined man, and left her destitute.

Then the only relative she had, an aunt, who was well-to-do,
Had taken her in, and had found for her a wealthy suitor, too.
But she loved another, a sailor lad, who, like herself, was poor;
And when they married, her haughty aunt had spurned her from her door.

They were very happy at first, she said, and her voice was tearful and low,
But, oh, she had lost her husband too—he was drowned four months ago;
His ship was wrecked, and all were lost; and now, in her need and care,
She'd no one left in all the world, but her little Charlie there!

And here she drooped her head, poor girl, and her voice was choked with sighs—
Hem, hem! confound the smoke; how it gets in a fellow's throat and eyes!
Then she finished her tale. She felt at first all stunned and dazed, she said;
And even to think of aught but him seemed treachery to the dead.

But by-and-by, for the sake of her boy, now doubly precious and dear,
She nerved herself to look beyond to the future that seemed so drear:
She thought of a governess' place at first, but then they would have to part,
And to give up her only darling now would almost break her heart!

Little by little her things had gone to meet their daily need,
Till her home, too, had to be given up, and all seemed lost indeed;
Then she thought of how she loved the stage in the happy long ago,
And how well she played as an amateur—at least they told her so.

She'd called at all the theatres she knew, but 'twas still the same old tale,—
A novice had no chance at all where even veterans fail.
Then some one had told her to come to me, and she'd traveled here to-day,
To see if I could take her on, in however humble a way.

I should find her quick and willing, she said, in all I wanted done;
And all she asked was lodging and food for her and her little one:
She'd nothing left but her wedding-ring and one poor half-a-crown,
And, oh, there was only the workhouse, if—and here she quite broke down.

Well there, the parsons give it sometimes to we "poor players" hot,
But whatever our faults may be, my boy, we ain't a hard-hearted lot!
There was the missus a-crying, too, with the little kid on her knee,
And I—well this weeping business, somehow, always gets over me.

And the end of it was that I took her on, as a super, so to speak,
And found her board and lodging with us, and a shilling or two a week.
She helped the missus in different ways, and did it first-class, too;
And we sent her on in little parts where she hadn't much to do.

But a quicker "study" I never knew, and she'd something better and higher,—
I could see that she was an actress born; the woman had passion, fire!

She took with the public from the first, what with her sweet young face,
And passion, and power, and we gave her soon the leading lady's place.
Some of our ladies was jealous-like, when they see her taking the lead,
And used to sneer at her ring and weeds, and mutter, "*Mrs.* indeed!"
But she was so gentle, obliging, meek, this soon wore off, it did,
And they all of 'em got to love her at last, and to almost worship the kid.

She seemed transformed with passion and power when once she got on the stage,
And Mrs. Mowbray, as she was called, come to be quite the rage;
She'd only to show herself for the cheers to thunder out, and lor'!
She always was good for three recalls of a night, and often more!

'Twas the best day's work I ever did when I lent her a helping hand:
By Jove, sir, as Constance, in "King John," that woman was something grand!
And as for Ophelia, where she sings that song before she dies,
Hardened old stager as I am, it brought the tears to my eyes.

One night I happened to be in the front when she was extry fine;
'Twas in "East Lynne," and she'd just come on, with her boy, as Madame Vine:
She's supposed, as the Lady Isabel, to have wronged her husband and fled,
But takes the governess' place disguised, after he thinks she's dead.

She'd got to that crowning scene of all, where the mother longs to stretch
Her arms to her boy, but has to check and school herself, poor wretch!
And the house was hushed in pity and awe, when I saw her stare and start,
Then stagger, and turn as white as death, and put her hand to her heart.

I followed her eyes, and there close by in the pit, looking
pale and thin,
Was a tall young fellow in naval dress, who had only just
come in:
He sprang to the stage, and bounded on, and you can guess
the rest!
"O Alice, Alice!" "O Harry, dear"—and she swooned away
on his breast!

I think for the moment the people thought 'twas part of the
play, forsooth,
But her story, you see, had been whispered about, and they
easily guessed the truth,
And then—ah! talk of a scene, my boy! such cheers you
never heard;
I thought the roof would have fallen in—I did upon my
word!

Of course the curtain had to be dropped, and I whispered to
the band
To strike up something, and hurried behind at once, you
understand,
To find her just "coming-to," dear heart, with the women
all weeping there,
And her husband, with her hand in his, kneeling beside
her chair:

And her little one clinging to her—ah! what a tarblow that
would have been!
'Twould have made the fortune of a piece to have brought
in such a scene!
I've come to look at it now, you see, in a sort of professional
light;
But then I was very nearly as weak as the women were, or
quite.

His story was short: his ship was wrecked, and 'twas
thought that all were drowned,
But he and another clung to a spar, and were picked up
safe and sound;
'Twas more like the Tichborne story agen than anything
else I know:
Do I believe in the Claimant? Yes—I believe he's Arthur O.!

They landed him close to the Diamond Fields, and he wrote
to his wife, but she
Believed he was dead, and had changed her name, and
taken service with me;

Then he took a turn at the diggin's, and there good luck
came thick and fast,
And he'd come back rich to find her gone, but they'd met
at last—at last!

Then her story was told, and how good I'd been, and all the
rest, dear heart,
And she would insist on going on agen just to finish her part:
So I went to the front myself, you know, and told the peo-
ple all,
And, upon my soul, I thought this time the roof must
surely fall!

And when she came on agen at last, what deafening thunder
o' cheers!
Men a-waving their hats like mad—women and kids in tears!
I thought of the night when Kean first set all England's
heart astir:
"SIR, THE PIT ROSE AT ME!" he said; and so it did at her!

And she seemed inspired, so grand she was, so passionate,
true, and warm;
From the time she opened her mouth agen, she took the
house by storm:
Three times they had her back at the end, and I shall
never forget
How he had to lead her on at the last—I can see and hear
'em yet!

A bonnie couple they were, my boy, and to see 'em together
then—
Hem! bother the smoke; it's been and got into my eyes agen!
He dropped me a fiver for a feed for the company next day,
And she bought me this here diamond ring—up to the
knocker, eh?

He took a nice little place in Kent, where they're living in
style, you know;
And there's always a knife and fork for me whenever I like
to go.
It ain't so very long ago, perhaps two or three months, or more,
Since me and the missus were there for a week, and was
treated "up to the door."

I had their story put in a play, and it answered pretty well,
But, bless your heart, it wasn't a patch on the genuine article!
Well, good-bye for the present, old friend, if you won't have
any more:
You won't forget about the bills? Good on yer! *O revwar!*

PUZZLED.—Annie Trumbull Slosson.

You ask me whether I'm high Church,
You ask me whether I'm low,
I wish you'd tell the difference,
For I'm sure that *I* don't know.
I'm just a plain old body,
And my brain works pretty slow;
So I don't know whether I'm high Church,
And I don't know whether I'm low.

I'm trying to be a Christian
In the plain, old-fashioned way
Laid down in my mother's Bible,
And I read it every day;
Our blessed Lord's life in the gospels,
Or a comforting Psalm of old,
Or a bit from the Revelations,
Of the city whose streets are gold.

Then I generally pray when I'm praying,
Tho' I don't always kneel or speak out,
But I ask the dear Lord, and keep asking
Till I fear he is all tired out.
A piece of the Litany sometimes,
The collect perhaps for the day,
Or a scrap of a prayer that my mother
So long ago learned me to say.

But now my poor memory's failing,
And often and often I find
That never a prayer from the prayer-book
Will seem to come into my mind.
But I know what I want, and I ask it,
And I make up the words as I go;
Do you think, now, that shows I ain't high Church?
Do you think it means I am low?

My blessed old husband has left me,
'Tis years since God took him away.
I know he is safe, well and happy,
And yet when I kneel down to pray,
Perhaps it is wrong, but I never
Leave the old man's name out of my prayer,
But I ask the Lord to do for him
What *I* would do if I was there.

Of course he can do it much better;
But he knows, and he surely won't mind
The worry about her old husband
Of the old woman left here behind.
So I pray, and I pray, for the old man,
And I'm sure that I shall till I die,
So maybe that proves I ain't low Church,
And maybe it shows I am high.

My old father was never a Churchman,
But a Scotch Presbyterian saint;
Still, his white head is shining in heaven,
I don't care who says that it ain't;
To one of our blessed Lord's mansions
That old man was certain to go,
And *now* do you think I am high Church?
Are you sure that I ain't pretty low?

I tell you it's all just a muddle,
Too much for a body like me,
I'll wait till I join my old husband,
And then we shall see what we'll see.
Don't ask me again, if you please, sir;
For really it worries me so,
And I don't care whether I'm high Church,
And I don't care whether I'm low.

A NUTTING EXPEDITION.

Young Augustus Jones and Miss Clara Brussels never speak any more as they pass by. A few weeks ago the world looked bright to the young couple. Augustus loved Clara and Clara loved Augustus. The young man admired the old man Brussels, respected old Mrs. Brussels, and was on intimate terms with the house dog. A few days ago the young man received an invitation to go with the family on a nutting expedition, which he promptly accepted. The roomy old carriage was comfortably filled, with Mr. and Mrs. Brussels on the front seat and Augustus and his darling on the back one. The day was a delicious one, with the warm, mellow glow of

the Indian summer air bringing a delicious languor to the soul. Arriving on the ground, they soon found there were plenty of nuts, but how to get them was the question. Clubs were procured however, and the work of pelting the nuts from the trees commenced. The first attempt of young Augustus was a success. He drew back to throw and took Mrs. Brussels under the chin with such force as to draw an agonizing shriek from the old lady. Finally all the clubs were lodged in the trees, and it was decided that it was necessary to climb the monarchs of the forest if any nuts were procured. Of course, this meant work for Augustus. He avowed a willingness to try, and was so bewildered by a thankful glance from Clara's blue eyes that he promptly commenced the ascent of a black oak under the impression that it was a hickory.

"That young man will do some mischief yet," said old Mrs. Brussels, who was still indignant.

And then Augustus attempted the explanation that he had intended climbing the oak and then jumping over to the hickory, which, as the limbs were about forty feet apart, would have been a very heroic feat indeed. The young man finally succeeded in reaching one of the branches of a hickory and dislodging a few consumptive-looking nuts, one of which took Clara on the tip of her angelic nose, just as she looked up to see Augustus, retiring her in short order. The old man lay down on the grass and roared, when, just as he turned over, one of the heaviest clubs that had lodged in the branches took him across the mouth, knocking out two of his teeth and changing his laugh to a roar of anguish.

"I knew he would do some mischief," shrieked the old woman, rushing to the relief of her husband and gazing reproachfully up in the tree just in time to receive a big hickory nut in the eye.

"Clara," shouted the old man, "lead up the horse and let us go home and leave that conceited young fool up in the tree."

Clara, with a heart swelling with indignation toward her lover, did as she was bid, when, just as the old horse came under the tree, poor Augustus, who knew nothing of the damage he was doing, rained down a perfect avalanche of clubs and hickory nuts and started the old horse on the run.

"Got all you want down there?" cheerfully shouted young Augustus from the upper branches.

"Come down, you miserable idiot, and see!" shouted old man Brussels, with a gleam of war in his eye.

"What's the matter?" asked the bewildered young man, as he reached the ground. Old man Brussels started towards him, but was held by the women folks, who briefly and sternly explained the situation to him in such a way as to let him know that all was at an end.

Clara now has young Smith for steady company. The new gallant laughed heartily when told of Jones' misfortunes. "He doesn't understand nutting, Clara," said he; "I will go to the woods to-morrow and bring you all you want." He accomplished the feat by hiring a buggy and buying a bushel for a dollar of a farmer's boy.

GIVE US MEN.

God give us men, a time like this demands
Great hearts, strong minds, true faith and ready hands:

Men whom the lust of office cannot kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and will;
Men who love honor; men who will not lie;

Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And brave his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sunburnt, who live above the fog,
In public duty, and in private thinking;

For while the rabble, with its thumb-worn creeds,
Its large professions, and its little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land and waiting Justice sleeps.

LOST ON THE SHORE.—Holme Lee.

Drowsy sunshine, noonday sunshine, shining full on sea and sand,
Show the tiny, tiny footsteps trending downward from the land;
In the dewy morning early, while the birds were singing all,
My bonnie birdies flew away, loud laughing at my call.
I did not follow after, for I thought they flew to hide,
But they went to seek their father's boat, that sailed at ebb of tide.
Along the dusty lane I track their hurrying little feet;
Did no man coming up that way my bonnie birdies meet?
They lisped "Our Father" at my knee, they shared their bread with Nap,
And kissed, and fought, and kissed again, both sitting in my lap;
It was not long—for we must work—and soon upon the floor
I set my merry little lads before the open door.
A white-winged moth came flying in,—in chase they sprang away;
I watched them, smiling to myself, at all their pretty play;
The golden-rippled darling heads flashed to and fro my eyes,
Until I saw them through a mist,—angels in paradise.
But we who have to work to live must trust so much to God,
That, with the vision in my heart, I left them on the sod,
Plucking the daisies, one by one, to set them on a thorn
Which Willie's sturdy little grasp out of the hedge had torn.
And up and down the house went I, as I go every day,
And while I toiled, and father toiled, our darlings stole away.
I heard my Robin's joyous shout beyond the orchard trees,
And answered back, "Yes, mother, here, her little birdy sees!"
The laughing pair cried out again; on with my work, worked I;
Waking or sleeping, we believe that God is always nigh:
And, oh! I must not doubt it now, though the little steps I see,
Trending along the dusty lane to the fast inflowing sea!
Here, where the the yellow king cups grow, they have dropt the daisied thorn,
They have rested under the shady hedge, and Robin his frock has torn;
Here is a rag of the faded stuff, he has worn it the summer through,—
My little lad was but three years old when his old frock was new.

Oh! pray they have gone through the ripening fields—their footsteps are lost in the grass—
Ah! no; for I see the king cups strewn down the ravine of Small-hope Pass!
O Father! to whom my darlings prayed, this morning, "Thy will be done!"
Show me their little golden heads in the gold of this summer sun!
Where are they? Here cease the tiny steps that the loving hearts wiled on;
Here comes the sweep of the heavy tide—but my babes, my babes are gone!
I cannot see for the burning haze and the glitter upon the foam;
But *Thou*, O Thou Merciful! hear my cry, bring me them safely home!
"Fisherman, came you over the rocks that lie under Hurtle Head?
My two children have strayed from home,—one white clad, the other red;
They have golden hair, and the prettiest eyes—their names are Willie and Rob?"
"No, mistress, I saw no children there, but only the waves' deep throb,
And a storm brewing up in the windy west—God speed your master safe!
There's hardly a boat will live the night that's beating outside the reef."
"Fisherman, saw you the trace of steps, little steps, on the farther strand?"
"No, mistress, the tide has been over it; I saw but the wet, ribbed sand."
"Did you find aught, fisherman, as you came,—a cap, or a little shoe?"
"I found nought, mistress, as I came, but some hedge-flowers, yellow and blue."
"The king cups, the pretty forget-me-nots, they gathered the bank below!
My laddies dropt them, fisherman; how long ere the tide is low?"
"How long? It is on the turn, mistress; the rocks will soon be bare;
But Almighty God, in mercy forbid you find your laddies *there!*"
"The sea-caves, fisherman, under the Head, I have taken them in to play."

"Yes, mistress, yes, but the tide has rolled both heavy and high to-day."
"One wild night, when the wind was up, and the waves were ebbing out,
We three sat waiting under the Head for the coming of father's boat;
There was a moon in the ragged clouds, and a swirl of rain in the air:"
"Ay, mistress, ay, but Heaven forbid you find your darlings *there!*"
"Where *shall* I find them, fisherman, my bairnies, pretty and sweet?"
"If they strayed down on the beach this morn, you will find them at Jesus' feet."
"Not drowned! Not *drowned* in the cruel sea? Is God in heaven unjust?
He could not rob me of both my dears, or why are we bid to *trust?*
In the working hours they left my side, they only went out to play;
He knows that we who must earn our bread cannot watch and be still all day!
What can I say when the boat comes home, and no darling to meet it runs?
Can I tell their father, who loved them so, I have *lost* him his little sons?
Oh! 'tis hard in our lives of so little joy to rob us of that we had;
Living and dying, the best of days with the poor are always sad!"
"Speak low, mistress, when you speak so. God in heaven is *great.*
I had three sons—they all went down—*they* perished and *I* wait.
You have read it in the book—'The Lord gave; the Lord hath taken away;
Blessed be the name of the Lord!' So say I this day.
And how David the King fasted and wept until the child was dead.
Then to the mighty God he gave him up, rose, and was comforted."
"Oh! the tiny, tiny footsteps, trending downwards from the land,
The blessed little footsteps, softly printed in the sand!
Oh, my birdies! Oh, my birdies! that have left an empty nest,
I would I had my birdies now, warm nestled in my breast!"

THERE'LL BE ROOM IN HEAVEN.

She was a little old woman, very plainly dressed in black bombazine that had seen much careful wear; her bonnet was very old-fashioned, and people stared at her tottering up the aisle of the church, evidently bent on securing one of the best seats, for a great man preached that day. The house was filled with splendidly dressed people who had heard of the fame of the preacher, of his learning, his intellect and goodness, and they wondered at the presumption of the poor old woman. She must have been in her dotage, for she picked out the pew of the richest and proudest member of the church and took a seat. The three ladies who were seated there beckoned to the sexton, who bent over the intruder and whispered something, but she was hard of hearing, and smiled a little withered smile, as she said, gently: "Oh, I'm quite comfortable here, quite comfortable."

"But you are not wanted here," said the sexton, pompously; "there is not room. Come with me, my good woman; I will see that you have a seat."

"Not room," said the old woman, looking at her shrunken proportions, and then at the fine ladies. "Why, I'm not crowded a bit. I rode ten miles to hear the sermon to-day, because—"

But here the sexton took her by the arm, shook her roughly in a polite underhand way, and then she took the hint. Her faded old eyes filled with tears, her chin quivered; but she rose meekly and left the pew. Turning quietly to the ladies, who were spreading their rich dresses over the space she left vacant, she said gently: "I hope, my dears, there'll be room in heaven for us all." Then she followed the pompous sexton to the rear of the church where, in the last pew, she was seated between a threadbare girl and a shabby old man.

"She must be crazy," said one of the ladies in the pew which she had first occupied. "What can an ignorant

old woman like her want to hear Dr. —— preach for? She would not be able to understand a word he said."

"Those people are so persistent! The idea of her forcing herself into our pew. Isn't that voluntary lovely! There's Dr. —— coming out of the vestry. Is he not grand?"

"Splendid! What a stately man! You know he has promised to dine with us while he is here."

He was a commanding looking man, and as the organ voluntary stopped, and he looked over the great crowd of worshippers gathered in the vast church, he seemed to scan every face. His hand was on the Bible when suddenly he leaned over the reading desk and beckoned to the sexton, who obsequiously mounted the steps to receive a mysterious message. And then the three ladies in the grand pew were electrified to see him take his way the whole length of the church to return with the old woman, when he placed her in the front pew of all, its other occupants making willing room for her. The great preacher looked at her with a smile of recognition, and then the services proceeded, and he preached a sermon that struck fire from every heart.

"Who was she?" asked the ladies who could not make room for her, as they passed the sexton at the door.

"The preacher's mother," was the reply.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S SEA-DIRGE.

There are certain things—as a spider, a ghost,
The income-tax, gout, an umbrella for three—
That I hate, but a thing that I hate the most,
Is a thing they call the sea.

Pour some salt water on to the floor,—
Ugly, I'm sure you'll confess it to be;
Suppose that it extended a mile or more,
That's very like the sea.

Pinch a dog till it howls outright,—
Cruel, but all very well for a spree;

Suppose that it did so day and night,
That would be like the sea.

I had a vision of nursery-maids,
Tens of thousands passed by me,
All leading children with wooden spades,
And this was by the sea.

Who invented those spades of wood?
Who was it cut them out of the tree?
None, I think, but an idiot could,
Or one that loved the sea.

It is pleasant and dreamy, no doubt, to float
With "thoughts as boundless, and souls as free,"
But suppose you are very unwell in the boat,
How do you like the sea?

"But it makes the intellect clear and keen."
Prove it! prove it! how can that be?
"Why, what does '*B sharp*' (in music) mean,
If not the the '*natural C?*'"

What! keen? with such questions as: When's high tide?
Is shelling shrimps an improvement to tea?
Were donkeys intended for man to ride?
Such are our thoughts by the sea.

There is an insect that people avoid,
(Whence is derived the verb "to flee,")
Where have you been by it most annoyed?
In lodgings by the sea.

If you like coffee with sand for dregs,
A decided hint of salt in your tea,
And a fishy taste in the very eggs,—
By all means choose the sea.

And if, with these dainties to drink and to eat,
You prefer not a vestige of grass or tree,
And a chronic state of wet in your feet,
Then—I recommend the sea.

For I have friends who dwell by the coast,
Pleasant friends they are to me;
It is when I am with them, I wonder most
That any one likes the sea.

They take me a walk; though tired and stiff,
To climb the heights I madly agree;
And, after a tumble or so from the cliff,
They kindly suggest the sea.

I try the rocks and think it cool
That they laugh with such an excess of glee,
As I heavily slip into every pool
That skirts the cold, cold sea.

Once I met a friend in the street,
With wife, and nurse, and children three;
Never again such a sight may I meet
As that party from the sea.

Their cheeks were hollow, their steps were slow,
Convicted felons they seemed to be;
"Are you going to prison, dear friend?" "Oh, no!
We're returning from the sea."

ONLY.—JESSIE GORDON.

Only a seed—but it chanced to fall
In a little cleft of a city wall,
And taking root, grew bravely up,
Till a tiny blossom crowned its top.

Only a flower—but it chanced that day
That a burdened heart passed by that way;
And the message that through the flower was sent,
Brought the weary soul a sweet content.

For it spake of the lilies so wondrously clad;
And the heart that was tired grew strangely glad
At the thought of a tender care over all,
That noted even a sparrow's fall.

Only a thought—but the work it wrought
Could never by tongue or pen be taught;
For it ran through a life, like a thread of gold;
And the life bore fruit a hundred fold.

Only a word—but 'twas spoken in love,
With a whispered prayer to the Lord above;
And the angels in heaven rejoiced once more;
For a new-born soul "entered in by the door."

THE TOWN PUMP.—George W. Bungay.

The pump, straight as a soldier stands;
Good friend of mine;
I clasp his hand with my two hands,
And shake it hard and heartily.
Although 'tis not his turn to treat,
He stands out in the open street,
And pours his wine
With wasteful hospitality.

With grateful heart I drink my fill,
From his full cup;
And others come, and drink, and still
The crystal current freely flows
For all the thirsty multitude;
The beverage pure that nature brewed
To cheer us up.
Here's to the drink the pump bestows!

Nor rich nor poor the pump will slight.
Gentile and Jew,
Christian, Moslem, and Muscovite,
Thy bounteous gift alike may share;
Thine is a noble, generous deed,
That washes out the lines of creed,
And, like the dew,
Falls pure and stainless in the air.

A benefactor pure thou art,
To thirsty souls.
I feel a quicker pulse of heart,
When my hand touches thine, old friend.
Thy shadow marks the narrow way,
Which followed will not lead astray
Where tempting bowls
May bring life to a bitter end.

There like fair Rachel at the well
A maiden stands.
Will Jacob come and break the spell,
Of her mysterious revery?
Oh, dear old pump, the people's friend,
May benedictions without end
Fill the clean hands
That clasp thy hand outreached and free.

—*Demorest's Magazine.*

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.—Alfred Tennyson.

In her ear he whispers gaily,
"If my heart by signs can tell,
Maiden, I have watched thee daily,
And I think thou lov'st me well."
She replies, in accents fainter,
"There is none I love like thee."
He is but a landscape-painter,
And a village maiden she.
He to lips, that fondly falter,
Presses his without reproof;
Leads her to the village altar,
And they leave her father's roof.
"I can make no marriage present;
Little can I give my wife.
Love will make our cottage pleasant,
And I love thee more than life."
They by parks and lodges going
See the lordly castles stand;
Summer woods, about them blowing,
Made a murmur in the land.
From deep thought himself he rouses,
Says to her that loves him well,
"Let us see these handsome houses
Where the wealthy nobles dwell."
So she goes by him attended,
Hears him lovingly converse,
Sees whatever fair and splendid
Lay betwixt his home and hers:
Parks with oaks and chestnut shady,
Parks and ordered gardens great,
Ancient homes of lord and lady,
Built for pleasure and for state.
All he shows her makes him dearer;
Evermore she seems to gaze
On that cottage growing nearer,
Where they twain will spend their days.
Oh, but she will love him truly!
He shall have a cheerful home;
She will order all things duly,
When beneath his roof they come.
Thus her heart rejoices greatly,
Till the gateway she discerns

With armorial bearings stately,
And beneath the gate she turns;
Sees a mansion more majestic
Than all those she saw before;
Many a gallant gay domestic
Bows before him at the door.
And they speak in gentle murmur,
When they answer to his call,
While he treads with footstep firmer,
Leading on from hall to hall.
And, while now she wonders blindly,
Nor the meaning can divine,
Proudly turns he round and kindly,
"All of this is mine and thine."
Here he lives in state and bounty,
Lord of Burleigh, fair and free,
Not a lord in all the county
Is so great a lord as he.
All at once the color flushes
Her sweet face from brow to chin:
As it were with shame she blushes,
And her spirit changed within.
Then her countenance all over
Pale again as death did prove;
But he clasped her like a lover,
And he cheered her soul with love.
So she strove against her weakness,
Though at times her spirits sank;
Shaped her heart with woman's meekness
To all duties of her rank:
And a gentle consort made he,
And her gentle mind was such
That she grew a noble lady,
And the people loved her much.
But a trouble weighed upon her,
And perplexed her, night and morn,
With the burden of an honor
Unto which she was not born.
Faint she grew, and even fainter,
As she murmured, "Oh that he
Were once more that landscape-painter,
Which did win my heart from me!"
So she drooped and drooped before him,
Fading slowly from his side:

Three fair children first she bore him
Then before her time she died.
Weeping, weeping late and early,
Walking up and pacing down,
Deeply mourned the Lord of Burleigh,
Burleigh-house by Stamford-town.
And he came to look upon her,
And he looked at her and said,
"Bring the dress and put it on her,
That she wore when she was wed."
Then her people, softly treading,
Bore to earth her body, drest
In the dress that she was wed in,
That her spirit might have rest.

LITTLE FRITZ.—GEO. M. VICKERS.

Written expressly for this collection.

Goot evenings, shentlemans und ladies. I haff a dreadful troubles to tell you. I don't like to go to schkool, 'cause vy der poys make fun uf mine hat, und uf mine schkarff. Ven I go ter yart in, all ter poys laff und say: "Look at der leetle Bismarck!" und "Say, Kaiser, who cut yer bang?" und den dey schniff der noses und say, "I schmell sauer kraut."

Sam Tyler said he vos mine friendt, und he took a pretzel und a apple from mine lunch; den ven he eats his pie, und I ask him for a bite, he sez, "Come see me in der mornin' Fritz." Der poys laff at me, und der girls laff at me, und I—I (*crying*)—don't like der brimary schkools. Mine fader say: "Fritzy, go to schkools und be a great mans; be bresident uf der United States, or mebby you pe der con-schtable."

Mine—mine—boo! hoo!—I don't vant no sums, nor no shehoggeraferry, nor shpellin' vorts; I only vants to shtay home und rock leetle Katrina in der gradle.

Last Friday I vos shtandin' in der yart uf der schkool py der bump, und a injun-rubber ball rolled under der shpout. Nick Simpson says, "Fritzy, hand me der ball,"

und ven I shtoops down he bumps der vater on me. Den ven I go in der schkool-room der teacher vips me for playin' mit der vater, boo! hoo! I haff—boo! hoo!—much troubles. I vill run out vest und fight mit der vild red mans.

I vos writin' a copy in der pook ven a Irish poy hit der teacher on der nose mit a shpit-ball from a blow-bipe. Der poy put der bipe in my shacket pocket und der—boo! hoo!—der teacher sez, "Fritz, giff me der bipe!" I says, "I don't got none." She says, "Vot does der pible say 'bout lyin'?" Den—boo! hoo!—she licks me again—boo! hoo! hoo! Oh, I vish I vos a mans—I vould leaf dot brimary schkools!

THE ROAD TO HEAVEN.—George R. Sims.

How is the boy this morning? Why do you shake your head?
An! I can see what's happened,—there's a screen drawn round the bed.
So poor little Mike is sleeping the last long sleep of all;
I'm sorry—but who could wonder, after that dreadful fall?

Let me look at him, doctor,—poor little London waif!
His frail barque's out of the tempest, and lies in God's harbor safe;
It's better he died in the ward here, better a thousand times,
Than have wandered back to the alley, with its squalor and nameless crimes.

Too young for the slum to sully, he's gone to the wonderland
To look on the thousand marvels that he scarce could understand.
Poor little baby outcast, poor little waif of sin!
He has gone, and the pitying angels have carried the cripple in.

Didn't you know his story?—Ah, you weren't here, I believe,
When they brought the poor little fellow to the hospital, Christmas Eve.
It was I who came here with him, it was I who saw him go
Over the bridge that evening into the Thames below.

'Twas a raw cold air that evening,—a biting Christmassy frost;
I was looking about for a collie,—a favorite dog I'd lost.
Some ragged boys, so they told me, had been seen with one that night
In one of the bridge recesses, so I hunted left and right.

You know the stone recesses with the long broad bench of stone,
To many a weary outcast as welcome as monarch's throne;
On the fiercest night you may see them, as crouched in the dark they lie,
Like the hunted vermin, striving to hide from the hounds in cry.

The seats that night were empty, for the morrow was Christmas day,
And even the outcast loafers seemed to have slunk away;
They had found a warmer shelter,—some casual ward, maybe;
They'd manage a morning's labor for the sake of the meat and tea.

I fancied the seats were empty, but, as I passed along,
Out of the darkness floated the words of a Christmas song,
Sung in a childish treble,—'twas a boy's voice hoarse with cold,
Quavering out the anthem of angels and harps of gold.

I stood where the shadows hid me, and peered about until
I could see two ragged urchins, blue with the icy chill,
Cuddling close together, crouched on a big stone seat,—
Two little homeless arabs, waifs of the London street.

One was singing the carol, when the other, with big round eyes—
It was Mike—looked up in wonder, and said, "Jack, when we dies
Is that the place as we goes to, that place where ye're dressed in white?
And has golding 'arps to play on, and it's warm and jolly and bright?

"Is that what they mean by 'eaven, as the misshun coves talks about,
Where the children's always happy and nobody kicks 'em out?"
Jack nodded his head assenting, and then I listened and heard
The talk of the little arabs, listened to every word.

Jack was a Sunday scholar, so I gathered from what he said,
But he sang in the road for a living, his father and mother were dead;
And he had a drunken granny, who turned him into the street—
She drank what he earned, and often he hadn't a crust to eat.

He told little Mike of heaven in his rough, untutored way,
He made it a land of glory where the children sing all day;
And Mike, he shivered and listened, and told *his* tale to his friend,
How he was starved and beaten,—'twas a tale one's heart to rend.

He'd a drunken father and mother, who sent him out to beg,
Though he'd just got over a fever, and was lame with a withered leg;
He told how he daren't crawl homeward, because he had begged in vain,
And his parents' brutal fury haunted his baby brain.

"I wish I could go to 'eaven," he cried, as he shook with fright;
"If I thought as they'd only take me, why I'd go this very night.
Which is the way to 'eaven? How d'ye get there, Jack?"—
Jack climbed on the bridge's coping, and looked at the water black.

"That there's *one* road to 'eaven," he said, as he pointed down
To where the cold Thames water surged muddy and thick and brown.
"If we was to fall in there, Mike, we'd be dead; and right through there
Is the place where it's always sunshine, and the angels has crowns to wear."

Mike rose and looked at the water; he peered in the big broad stream,
Perhaps with a childish notion he might catch the golden gleam
Of the far-off land of glory. He leaned right over and cried,
"If them are the gates of 'eaven, how I'd like to be inside!"

He'd stood but a moment looking—how it happened I cannot tell—
When he seemed to lose his balance, gave a short shrill cry, and fell,

Fell o'er the narrow coping, and I heard his poor head strike
With a thud on the stonework under; then splash in the Thames went Mike.

We brought him here that evening. For help I had managed to shout;
A boat put off from the landing, and they dragged his body out;
His forehead was cut and bleeding, but a vestige of life we found;
When they brought him here he was senseless, but slowly the child came round.

I came here on Christmas morning,—the ward was all bright and gay
With mistletoe, green, and holly, in honor of Christmas day;
And the patients had clean white garments, and a few in the room out there
Had joined in a Christmas service,—they were singing a Christmas air.

They were singing a Christmas carol when Mike from his stupor woke,
And dim on his wandering senses the strange surroundings broke.
Half dreamily he remembered the tale he had heard from Jack—
The song, and the white-robed angels, the warm bright heaven came back.

"I'm in heaven," he whispered faintly. "Yes, Jack must have told me true!"
And, as he looked about him, came the kind old surgeon through.
Mike gazed at his face a moment, put his hand to his fevered head,
Then to the kind old doctor, "Please, are you God?" he said.

Poor little Mike! 'twas heaven, this hospital ward to him—
A heaven of warmth and comfort, till the flickering lamp grew dim;
And he lay like a tired baby in a dreamless gentle rest,
And now he is safe forever where such as he are best.

This is the day of scoffers, but who shall say that night,
When Mike asked the road to heaven, that Jack didn't tell him right?
'Twas the children's Jesus pointed the way to the kingdom come
For the poor little tired arab, the waif of a London slum.

THE WEATHER IN VERSE.—Vandyke Brown.

The undersigned desires, in a modest sort of way,
To make the observation, which properly he may,
To wit: That writing verses on the several solar seasons
Is most uncertain business, and for these conclusive reasons:

In the middle of the autumn the subscriber did compose
A sonnet on November, showing how the spirit grows
Unhappy and despondent at the season of the year
When the skies are dull and leaden, and the days are chill and drear.

Perhaps you may recall to mind that, when November came,
No leaden skies nor chilly days accompanied the same;
But the weather was as balmy as in Florida you'd find,
And that sonnet on November was respectfully declined.

With laudable ambition to prepare a worthy rhyme,
The writer wrote a Christmas song three weeks ahead of time;
And there was frequent reference to the sharp and piercing air,
And likewise to the cold white snow that covered earth so fair.

I scarcely need remind you that the Christmas did not bring
The piercing air and cold white snow of which I chose to sing,
'Twas all ethereal mildness while for icicles I yearned,
And of course my frigid verses were with cordial warmth returned.

This very spring I set to work—'twas on an April day
As warm as June—I set to work and wrote an ode on May;
The inspiration may have come in part from what I owed,
But while I sang of gentle spring, why then it up and snowed!

And once when dew inspired me a pastoral to spin,
It happened, when the poem was done, a fearful drought set in;
There was no moisture in the earth, which dry and dryer grew,
And the piece on dew came back to me with six cents postage due!

And for these conclusive reasons it is obviously plain
That verses on the weather are precarious and vain;
And the undersigned would only add, so far as he can see,
The trouble is not the meter, but the meteorology.

THE SILVER CUP.

The palace of the duke was decorated for a banquet. A thousand wax lights burned in its stately rooms, making them as bright as midday. Almost priceless tapestry glowed upon the walls; and beneath the feet lay the rich fabrics of Persia. Rare vases of flowers stood on the marble stands; and their perfume went up like incense before the lifelike pictures shrined in their frames above.

In the great hall stood immense tables, covered with delicacies from all lands and climes. Upon the sideboard glittered massive plate, and the rich glass of Murano. Music, now low and soft, now high and bold, floated in through the open casement, and was answered at intervals by tones of magic sweetness.

All was ready. The noble and gifted poured into the gorgeous saloons. Silks rustled, plumes waved, and jeweled embroideries flashed from Genoa velvet. Courtly congratulations fell from every lip; for the duke had taken a new step in the path to power.

Wit sparkled, the laugh went round, and his guests pledged him in wine that many years had mellowed. Proudly the duke replied. But soon his brow darkened, and his cheek paled with passion, for his son sat motionless before his untasted cup.

"Wherefore is this?" he angrily demanded. "When did my first-born learn to insult his father?"

The graceful stripling rose from his seat, and meekly knelt before his father. His sunny curls fell back from his upturned face, and his youthful countenance was radiant with a brave and generous spirit.

"Father," said he, "I last night learned a lesson which sunk deep into my heart! Let me repeat it; and then, if you desire it, I will drain the cup. I saw a laborer standing at the door of a gay shop. The earnings of a week were in his hands. His wife and famishing little

ones clung to his garments and besought him not to enter. But his thirst was strong; he tore himself from them; and but for the care of strangers his starving family would have perished!

"Passing a splendid mansion, I saw a noble and majestic form descend the wide steps. His wife put back the curtains, and watched him eagerly and wistfully as he rode away. She was fair and lovely; but the shadow of a sad heart was fast falling on her beauty. I saw her gaze around upon the desolate splendor of her saloon, and then clasp her hands in the wild agony of despair! When I returned, her husband, with haggard looks, lay helpless on a couch, and the heart-broken wife sat weeping beside him!

"Once more I paused. A carriage stopped before a palace. It was rich with burnished gold; the armorial bearings of a duke were visible in the moonbeams. I waited for its owner to alight, but he did not move and gave no orders. Soon the servants came crowding out. Sorrowfully they lifted him in their arms; I saw that some of the jewels were torn off his mantle; his plumed cap was torn and soiled, as if by the pressure of many footsteps. They bore him into the palace, and I wondered if his duchess wept like the beautiful wife of the citizen.

"As I looked on all this my tutor told me that it was the work of the red wine! I shuddered, father, and resolved never again to taste it, lest I, too, should fall. But your word is law to me. Shall I drain the cup?"

The astonished duke, placing his hand gravely but kindly upon his son's head, answered, "No, my son, touch it not! It is truly poison. It fires the brain, darkens the intellect, and destroys the soul! Put it away, and you shall grow up wise and virtuous,—a blessing to yourself and country."

He glanced around the circle. Surprise and admiration were on every face; and, moved by the same impulse, all arose, while one of the number thus addressed the intrepid boy:

"You have indeed done nobly. The just rebuke you have so boldly given shall not soon be forgotten. We have congratulated your father upon the passing season. We now congratulate him upon that best of all possessions, a son worthy of France and of himself!"

The haughty courtiers bowed a cordial assent, and each clasped the hand of the boy. But the father took him to his heart; and even now, among the treasured relics of the family is numbered that "silver cup."

LITTLE TEE-HEE.—W. W. FINK.

From "The Century," by permission.

It was over the sea, in the land of tea,
By the beautiful river they call Yang Tse,
To which an additional name they hang
Making the river Yang Tse Kiang,
A baby was born in a Chinese town;
But a look of scorn and a terrible frown
O'er the face of the father was seen to curl,
When he learned that his baby was only a girl.

Now the father, whose name was Hang U. High,
Was the last of the race of the great I. Ligh,
The father of Chinese history.
He was very proud of his pedigree,
And even declared that his lineage ran
In a line direct to the very first man.
His greatest ambition was now to see
Another limb on his family tree,
A boy who could finally step in his place,
Down the race-course of time to continue his race.

But alas for his hopes! "Chug um whirl! Chug um whirl!"
He muttered, which means "It's a girl! It's a girl!"
And he angrily hissed; "Clack whang bog found!"
Which means in their language "It must be drowned!"
Though the mother, in words that sound imprudent,
Insipidly pleaded: "O Hang U., *I* wouldn't!"
He sternly answered: "Clack whang bo quid!"
Which means in their language "It must be did!"

So he called his servant and said: "Ar Chang,
Go drown that thing in the river Kiang."
Then turned away, with an angry glare,
To smoke his pipe in the open air.

But the good Ar Chang had a tender heart.
He saw it was hard for the mother to part
From her little girl, yet, strange to tell,
The sorrow that on his heart-strings fell
Affected the strings of his purse as well.
Still he couldn't think what in the world to do,
And he stood in agony clutching his queue
And pulling it downward until he drew
His eyes clear up to the top of his head,
Till they looked like long diagonal gashes
Stretched over his forehead and fringed with lashes;
Then, letting them down—"I have it!" he said.
But the rest that he said I will tell to thee
In the very words it was told to me
By that honest, efficient, and noble Chinee
Who charged me two prices for my "washee:"
He said: "I got girl-ee same old like this,
Got too much-ee girl-ee; my wife-ee no miss
One girl-ee. Ar Chang save-ee yo' girl-ee life,
I take-ee *yo'* girl-ee light home to my wife,
I dlown-ee *my* girl-ee in liver Kiang!
You give-ee much money to poo' Ar Chang!"
Then gratitude stole down the beautiful slants
Of the mother's long eyes, and she gave such a glance
Of approval, he cried: "I would rather be Chang,
And serve such a generous mistress, than Hang!"

He carried Tee-Hee to his own little hut,
Where the floors were of dirt and the frescoes of soot,
And he said to his wife: "I have swapped for Tee-Hee.
We must dlown-ee our girl-ee in liver Yang Tse;
And our mistless she give-ee much money to we!"
"I will go," answered she, "and wrap Minnee Ting Loo
In Tee-Hee's little mantle and bring her to you,"
And then, with a smile of approval, withdrew.

Now it chanced Mrs. Chang had the masculine art
Of "playing it low" and concealing her heart,
In short, of enacting a duplicate part.
For, expecting the time when her husband would say:—
"We are poor; we'll put Minnee Ting out of the way,"

She had built a rag baby with marvelous skill,
Placed a spring here and there for the sake of the wriggle,
Supplied its small chest with a bladder and quill,
So that touch it who would the rag baby would giggle;
Just the size of Ting Loo; she had measured and weighed it;
And now, with the skill she had learned when she made it,
She pinned on the cloak past all hope of undoing,
And, bearing it so as to start it to cooing,
Right into the arms of her husband she laid it.
Thus Chang bore it down toward the river Kiang,
But happened, in passing the vigilant Hang,
To stumble, which caused it to kick and to coo,
Till Hang cried: "Away! I'll accompany you.
I never can rest till it's safe in the water,
Lest the mother has bribed you to rescue my daughter."
Then quick in the pitiless river they threw
What to Hang was Tee-Hee and to Chang was Ting Loo.

Each day, while the notable Hang U. High
Was reading the books of the great I. Ligh,
His wife stole away to the hut of Ar Chang,
While Chang acted spy o'er the motions of Hang.
But Chang never dreamed as he watched by the wall
To give warning if Hang at his hovel should call,
That *his* dear little wife from its hiding-place drew
The only original Minnee Ting Loo,
Nor supposed, as he stretched to its limit each limb
To peep at his master, that out of the dim
Of his hovel two mothers kept watch upon *him*.
And it never occurred to Hang U. High,
As he studied the books of the great I. Ligh,
That, instead of retrenching on little Tee-Hee
By drowning the child in the river Yang Tse,
His lucre provided provisions for three.

ALL THE CHILDREN.

I suppose if all the children
  Who have lived through the ages long
Were collected and inspected,
  They would make a wondrous throng.
Oh, the babble of the Babel!
  Oh, the flutter and the fuss!

To begin with Cain and Abel,
  And to finish up with us.

Think of all the men and women
  Who are now and who have been—
Every nation since creation
  That this world of ours has seen,
And of all of them, not any
  But was once a baby small;
While of children, oh, how many
  Have not grown up at all!

Some have never laughed nor spoken,
  Never used their rosy feet;
Some have even flown to heaven
  Ere they knew that earth was sweet;
And, indeed, I wonder whether,
  If we reckon every birth,
And bring such a flock together,
  There is room for them on earth.

Who will wash their smiling faces?
  Who their saucy ears will box?
Who will dress them and caress them?
  Who will darn their little socks?
Where are arms enough to hold them?
  Hands to pat each shining head?
Who will praise them? Who will scold them?
  Who will pack them off to bed?

Little happy Christian children,
  Little savage children, too,
In all stages, of all ages
  That our planet ever knew;
Little princes and princesses,
  Little beggars wan and faint,
Some in very handsome dresses,
  Naked some, bedaubed with paint.

Only think of the confusion
  Such a motley crowd would make,
And the clatter of their chatter
  And the things that they would break!
Oh, the babble of the Babel!
  Oh, the flutter and the fuss!
To begin with Cain and Abel,
  And to finish up with us.

LIFE'S GAME OF BALL.

They tell me you're goin', Robbie, away from home and all,
Goin' out on the fields of the future to play at Life's game of ball;
They tell me you're one and twenty—you don't look as old as that;
Seems like you're young and slender to handle Life's ball and bat.
I reckon I'm kinder fogyish; don't matter much what I say;
But I'd like to advise a little 'bout the game you're goin' to play.

My score is made, I've had my strikes; all past is my fears and doubts.
I'm waiting now till the Great Umpire calls me to take my outs,
In the deepening shadows of years, the years of my young day's time,
I'll set and watch you make your base—and, boy, you've got to climb!
You've got to do your level best if you hope for a chance to win,
The "Trials of Life" is a difficult nine, and they're run by a chap named Sin.

The World will be the Umpire, boy, and you won't get favored there;
In fact, when you first begin the game, you'll hardly get what's fair.
Pick out a good sound bat, look well to what you take—
Some use the basswood bat of Luck, but it's mighty apt to break;
Don't use the Ash of Rashness, nor the heavy Oak of Doubt,
They're either light or heavy, and you'll most dead sure strike out.
Don't use the Elm of Dishonor, or the Ironwood of Crime,
For, though they sometimes do the work, they fail most every time.
So don't choose one too heavy, nor neither one too light,
But there's a bat that never fails, and that is the Willow of Right.

Old Time is a swift curve pitcher, and a tricky one besides,
But never mind how fair they look, don't go to strikin' wides;
But when the chance is right, and you get a ball that's fair,
Don't wait for a softer snap, my boy, let go at it solid and square.

Don't count too much on your strength and knock Hope's
balls too high,
The fielder Disappointment's apt to take such balls on the fly.
Don't muff golden opportunities, guard well against a pass,
Don't knock the ball of Resentment through any one's
window glass.
It ain't always best to try too hard to tally a clean home run,
For often the surest way is to make your bases one by one.

Remember that every foul you make will be took by the
Catcher Slur,
Temptation holds the first base well, Despair is the short
fielder.
One of the hardest points to make is the first base in the run,
But, if you do the thing you ought, it can, and ought to be done.
After you've made your first, watch out for swift defeat,
The very worst man in the nine, my boy, is the second base,
Self-conceit.
There'll be the third base, too, and fielders a couple more,
Who'll be on the watch to put you out and blacken your
final score;
But then you'll have a team that's strong, who'll work to
put you through,
Your backers are Conscience, and Honor, and Pluck, and
they are strong players, too.
So brace to the work before you, dismiss all doubts and fears,
And I will watch the game as I wait in the shade of the
by-gone years.

TWO CITIES.

The one is a city of life,
Of labor and love, of anger and strife,
Of weeping, and laughter, and jest;
The other a host without breath,
A city of silence and death,—
A city in peace and at rest.

Vast cities are these, are they both, as you see,—
The city of A, and the city of B;
And the reason they lie
To each other so nigh,—
The sole reason why
Is, the people of A are destined to die,
And the people of B await them hard by.

No rivals, these two, but the dearest of friends;
Yet, each with the other for numbers contends;
In spite of their efforts for keeping away,
Some scores of the transient sojourners in A
Transfer their abode into B every day.

Indeed, whosoever will follow each street,
And the lanes and the alleys, to where they all meet,
And make his survey of the city complete,
Will find that Life's avenues, crooked or straight,
At first or at last—either early or late,
All empty themselves through Death's open gate.

Quite handsome and fine is the city of A;
From suburbs to center so busy and gay,
Through half of the night and all of the day!
'Tis truly a wonderful place to behold;
Its wealth is unmeasured, its treasures untold;
It flashes with jewels and glitters with gold.

How costly is life! What countless expense
To temper the blood and comfort the sense,
And furnish the mind and chasten the breast,
And keep the heart ruled in its stormy unrest!
But death unto all is offered so cheap!
There is nothing to pay for falling asleep,
Save closing the eyes and falling asleep.

OUR DEBATING CLUB.—E. F. Turner.

Perkins sat in the chair. When I say that he sat in the chair, I don't mean that he was in the habit of sitting on the floor, but I mean that Perkins sat in *the* chair of all other chairs in the room, and presided at the meeting of the club.

Perkins was a person whom we all regarded with considerable awe and respect. In the first place, he was the oldest person in the club. It was even darkly whispered that he was twenty, and it was an undoubted fact that his upper lip was adorned with what might be called the first cousin twice removed of a moustache.

Perkins was the founder of our debating club. It was

said that for some time he and two other young gentlemen named Gosling and Grigsby were the only members, that Perkins was chairman, Gosling secretary, and Grigsby treasurer. But members had gradually enlisted, and the club had swelled to such dimensions, that we had arranged with the landlord of a respectable inn for the use of a large room once a week, and there we used to assemble.

On the particular evening from which my sketch is taken, we had a very full gathering indeed. There was, as I before observed, Perkins in the chair, and there was Gosling on his right hand and Grigsby on his left, and there were something like twenty other members present, not to mention a young gentleman of remarkably self-possessed aspect, who, by an indulgence which we granted in special cases, was introduced by one of the members as a guest for that evening, and whose name was Muggles.

For this evening the subject was to be of a domestic character, and Perkins had chosen as its title, "Home and its Influences."

At eight o'clock punctually, Perkins rose to open the debate. And when he rose to open a debate, I beg to state that he rose, if I may so say, exceedingly. He not only stood erect, but he always passed both his hands upwards through his hair before he began to speak. The effect was cockatoo-like, but majestic. There was one other feature connected with Perkins which, I am forced to admit, detracted a little from the effect of his oratory, and this was an alto voice occasionally varied by an unearthly bass, which came up at unexpected moments, and seemed to have its origin of domicile in his boots.

"Gentlemen," said Perkins, "before proceeding to the subject chosen for this evening's debate, I have to propose for your consideration a matter affecting ourselves personally, and which is, I think, worthy of your attention.

"Gentlemen, there are two reasons which make me

think it would be desirable if we were to adopt this custom. The first is that we wish to form ourselves, in all things, on the model of the House of Commons the members of which all wear their hats; and the second is [and here Perkins shuddered feelingly], that there is a very unpleasant draught between the broken window at the end of the room and the fireplace. I move, gentlemen, that the following addition be made to our rules: 'That each member shall keep his hat upon his head while a debate is in progress, except when actually addressing the meeting.' Mr. Grigsby, will you second that?"

"Oh, yeth," said Grigsby, jumping up. Grigsby lisped. He couldn't help it, and I cast no reflection upon him. "I'll thecond it, only I thuggetht the addition, after the word hat, of the wordth—'or cap, ath the cathe may be.'"

"I am much obliged to you for the correction, Mr. Grigsby; it is a distinct improvement. Gentlemen, if the proposal, as amended, meets with your approval, kindly signify the same in the usual manner."

The usual manner meant thumping vigorously on the table with both fists, for about ten minutes. Everybody signified, and it made a good deal of noise, but that didn't signify.

Immediately after the assent of the club had been made known in this manner, every member present dived down under his chair, and, in an instant, there might be seen every possible description of hat on top of every possible description of head. The visitor Muggles, who had been observed, somewhat to the surprise of the members, to thump on the table louder and longer than any one else, further scandalized our august body by placing on the left-hand side of his head, at its extreme back,—so much so, that it seemed as if it must be clinging to a few hairs,—a most rakish, not to say disreputable, species of billy-cock hat, quite out of keeping with the dignity

of the club; a proceeding which caused a flush of anger to mantle on the face of the chairman when he beheld it.

"And now, gentlemen," resumed Perkins, "I proceed to bring under your notice the subject of 'Home and its Influences.' What is home, and what are its influences? May not home be appropriately described as—as—"

At this moment, and while Perkins was flourishing his arm about, and, as it were, getting up the steam for a definition, a distressing incident occurred. A sound broke upon the air which distinctly resembled the humming of a tune,—a ribald, vulgar, offensive tune, identified with the song, "We won't go home till morning."

Perkins was transfixed with astonishment. He left off flourishing, and his eyes passed from member to member with an indignant look of interrogation.

Everybody looked at everybody else, and no one seemed to have the smallest notion where the sound came from. But it might have been observed that Mr. Muggles appeared less concerned about it than the members of the club, and that his eye, if anything, rather twinkled.

Perkins soon recovered his composure, and in a tone of withering scorn proceeded:

"Gentlemen, I was *about* to ask, when interrupted by a most offensive piece of vulgarity, the authorship of which I disdain to inquire into—I was about to ask, What is home, and what are its influences? I would describe home, when considered in its first aspect, as being a place where our earliest years are passed, and to which, in the evening of life [Perkins said this in a tone of subdued sadness, as if to imply that being twenty he was naturally well up in the subject of the evening of life] our thoughts return with infinite fondness and yearning."

Again was the flow of the discourse interrupted, and in a most curious manner. Mr. Muggles, the visitor, began to sob violently from behind his pocket-handkerchief.

This outburst being, however, a fitting tribute to the moving nature of his speech, and suggestive of Muggles having recently lost his mother, Perkins merely smiled gently on him and proceeded.

"Regarded poetically [*sob from Muggles*], is it not the place to which they took her warrior dead [*sob from Muggles*] on that interesting occasion on which she could not by any persuasion be induced to speak or utter word [*sob from Muggles*]? Is it not the place which holds all that is dear to us? No, gentlemen, not *all* that is dear to us perhaps [and here Perkins became rather pink in the face, and sighed, for reasons not altogether unconnected with a young lady, a fraction of whose hair was in a locket which he wore at the end of his watch-chain, and was seen to clutch at this juncture], but at all events some part of it. And, gentlemen, the influences of home —just think of them! [The thought of them so acutely struck one very young member who was ordered to be home at nine, and who knew that influences of a rather forcible character would follow if he failed to do so, that he made a precipitate exit on the spot.]

"Where is it that in childhood's hour we take the place to be kissed and made well? Where is it that that judicious correction is applied to us which we value so highly in after-life? [Perkins' father used to thrash him about once a week with a strap until Perkins was quite grown up, so that he had a good stock-in-trade of that kind of value in after-life.] Where is it, if not at home? Gentlemen, I could say more, but I won't; and with these brief observations I call on our friend Mr. George John Ferdinand Augustus Pumpkin to continue the discussion."

Perkins sat down amid a respectful murmur of applause, and Mr. G. J. F. A. Pumpkin rose as requested to continue the debate.

The gentleman in question was a youth with pale yellowish hair, and a general appearance of having been

under a flat-iron at some period of his life. He had no particular features to speak of, and nothing on them which could be tortured into being called an expression. And when he spoke at our debates—which he did on every possible occasion—his remarks could not be strictly described as exciting or original. He always monotoned on one note, and must have made that hard-worked note often long for a change of air.

"Gentlemen, the subject for this evening is a very beautiful one,—very beautiful indeed. I think there are few subjects more beautiful in fact than the subject for this evening. Home, wherever it may be, whether in the palace or in the humble cabin of the poor, is always home! I have heard a very beautiful little poem on the subject of home. I don't know whether any of you have ever heard it. It is called 'Home, Sweet Home,' and I will just say the first two lines:

> 'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
> Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.'

I remember when I was at school [he had left school about six weeks] how glad I always was to go home for the holidays. The boys used to call me horrid names, and put stinging nettles in my bed. But papa and mamma—at least, I mean, of course, my Governor and Mater—never did that."

The club was much scandalized at this point by Muggles asking, in a tone of general inquiry distinctly audible all over the room, "When is that feller going to dry up?"

Pumpkin heard the remark, and was so overcome that he dried up on the spot, without another word,—without the semblance of the ghost of a peroration, and sat down in a more flat-ironed condition than ever.

A breathless silence prevailed for a few moments,—if silence can be called breathless in which breathing is the only sound heard,—and in the midst of it, to the profound astonishment of all, an apparition was seen to rise in the person of Muggles. His hat was still balanced on

the extreme back of his head, and he placed his thumbs in his waistcoat in a manner which was distinctly suggestive of easy familiarity.

"I'm going to make a speech," said he, with a pleasant smile. "I don't know whether it's against the rules and regulations of the establishment, but if any member likes to go and fag up the by-laws hanging on the wall there, I daresay he'll find it *is*, and by the time he does, I shall just about have finished."

Up jumped Grigsby excitedly, "Thith ith motht iwegular—I protetht againtht it!"

"All right, old chap, protest away. Let's see now; what was I saying when the gentleman on the right of the head bottle-washer there interrupted me?—Oh, I remember, I was just going to remark in a friendly manner ——"

"*Gentlemen*," shouted Perkins, "will you sit still and hear your chairman called a *bottle-washer*? Have I come here to meet with insult and approbriation? [Perkins meant opprobrium, but he was too excited to mind about terminations.] I say, gentlemen, that this proceeding is a disgrace and scandal to our club!"

And with that Perkins sat down in his chair with such a bump that he bounced up again like an india-rubber ball, and folded his arms so intensely that they almost went all round his back and came up on the other side.

No one stirred or spoke. The fact was, that the audacity of the stranger had taken away our self-possession altogether, and he remained the master of the situation.

"All right, old chap—all right—don't take on so about nothing—I'm not going to hurt you. I was only going to say that in my opinion this debating club beats the House of Commons into fits; and as for you, old boy [this to Perkins, the revered Perkins], why, you ought to be prime minister and lord high admiral of the fleet. I was very sorry to interrupt that last gentleman's remarks, because there was a sparkling brightness about

his observations, and a soothing don't-call-me-till-eight-in-the-morning sort of flow which was very pleasant. But the fact is, he seemed to be rather in the eight-day clock line of business, and as the Lord Chancellor is waiting for me to go and have supper with him, and I wanted to say good-evening before I went away, I just cut in. I hope you'll have a very pleasant evening, and that you won't keep your anxious mothers sitting up for you, or forget to let 'em know you're out."

Muggles here nodded in the most convivial manner to the members generally, and then melted from view, first putting his handkerchief to his eye and affecting to sob, and then humming the disgraceful tune which had so scandalized the club, so as to leave beyond doubt the insincerity of the one proceeding and the authorship of the other.

Before the club broke up that night, a vote of censure was passed on the unlucky member who had introduced Muggles as a wolf into the flock, and another amendment was made to our rules, which was posted up conspicuously before the next meeting, and read as follows:

"47A. That no one, except members of the club, shall be allowed on any pretence whatever to enter the room while a debate is pending; and any member who connives at, or aids or abets in the infringement of this rule shall be expelled with ignominy."

A MOTHER'S DARING.—John F. Nicholls.

Don't you talk to me about women, as though they were timid and weak;
You've not seen so many as I have, or that's not the way you would speak.
Why, bless you, there's some of the females have twice as much pluck as we men;
You doubt it? Well, listen a moment, I'll tell you an anecdote then.

'Tis twelve months ago, mate, or nearly, since what I shall
tell you occurred.
But I've never forgotten the story—'tis true, mate; not just
what I heard.
And the subject's a female, a poor one, and not very lovely,
I own,
But as noble and plucky a woman as any that I've ever
known.

Nell Blake was an artisan's wife, mate, and she'd one little
maiden of three,
Whose manner was winning and pretty, and full of sweet
innocent glee.
And the mother was proud of her daughter (and her pride
was but natural too),
In fact she just cherished the maiden, as good mothers
usually do.

One day a menagerie came, mate, and halted quite close to
their street,
And Nell thought she'd take little Jessie, and give her a bit
of a treat.
So, dressing themselves in their neatest, they went on the
opening night,
Together with scores of the neighbors, all bent on enjoying
the sight.

They entered, and Jess was delighted, the scene was so new
to her eyes,
And now and again she would utter a word to express her
surprise;
The tricks of the monkeys amused her, and she couldn't
refrain from a laugh,
When she noticed the neck of the creature Nell told her
was called the giraffe.

Well, all of a sudden the people came rushing along in a
crowd,
With terror writ plain on their faces, while some of them
shouted aloud—
"The tiger's broke loose, he is coming!" Nell heard and was
struck with dismay,
Then she turned to clasp hands with her daughter, and
hurry her out of the way.

But Jessie had gone; she had wandered to look at some
curious thing,
Not thinking what trouble and sorrow to a fond mother's
heart it would bring.

Nell sought for her, called her in vain, mate, and her fears
and misgivings were such
That she felt her wee maiden was surely in the blood-thirsty
animal's clutch.

Then her sensitive ear was smitten by the sound of her
daughter's cry,
And frantic and breathless she darted to rescue her child
or to die.
In a moment she saw little Jessie, with staring eyes, holding
her breath,
While the tiger was crouching before her ere springing to
deal swift death.

Nell Blake never halted a moment, but straight to her child
did she go,
Rushed in between her and the tiger, forgetting the strength
of her foe;
She watched him for several seconds, then just as he sprang
at his prey,
She snatched up her child in an instant, and tried to get
out of his way.

She eluded his spring and she dodged him, but he caught
her a blow on the arm
That caused her to reel in a swoon, mate, and made Jessie
shriek with alarm;
Then quickly the mother recovered, and her joy surely no
one can tell,
When she heard the sharp crack of a rifle, and the animal
staggered and fell.

That's the anecdote; how did you like it? D'ye see you
were quite in the wrong,
And some women can beat the men, mate, although they're
not nearly as strong.
Don't you talk against women again, mate, for I think
everybody will own
That if you can't praise 'em a little, you'd far better leave
them alone.

ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL.

Don't crowd and push on the march of life,
Or tread on each other's toes,
For the world at best, in its great unrest,
Is hard enough as it goes.

Oh, why should the strong oppress the weak
  Till the latter go to the wall?
On this earth of ours, with its thorns and flowers,
  There is room enough for all.

If a lagging brother falls behind
  And drops from the toiling band
If fear and doubt put his soul to rout,
  Then lend him a helping hand.
Cheer up his heart with words of hope,
  Nor season the speech with gall:
In the great highway, on the busiest day,
There's room enough for all.

If a man with the tread of a pioneer
  Steps out on your track ahead,
Don't grudge his start with an envious heart,
  For the mightiest once were led.
But gird your loins for the coming day—
  Let nothing your heart appal;
Catch up if you can with the forward man,
  There is room enough for all.

And if, by doing your duty well,
  You should get to lead the van,
Brand not your name with a deed of shame,
  But come out an honest man.
Keep a bright look-out on every side,
  Till, heeding the master's call,
Your soul should go, from the world below,
  Where there's room enough for all.

ZENOBIA'S DEFENCE.—William Ware.

Zenobia became Queen of Palmyra A. D. 267, after the murder of her husband, Odenatus. She was a woman of great energy and assumed the title of Queen of the East. She was deprived of her dominion by Aurelian A. D. 272, and died in retirement near Rome.

I am charged with pride and ambition. The charge is true, and I glory in its truth. Who ever achieved anything great in letters, arts, or arms, who was not ambitious? Cæsar was not more ambitious than Cicero. It was but in another way. All greatness is born of ambition. Let the ambition be a noble one, and who shall

blame it? I confess I did once aspire to be queen, not only of Palmyra, but of the East. That I am. I now aspire to remain so. Is it not an honorable ambition? Does it not become a descendant of the Ptolemies and of Cleopatra? I am applauded by you all for what I have already done. You would not it should have been less.

But why pause here? Is *so* much ambition praiseworthy, and *more* criminal? Is it fixed in nature that the limits of this empire should be Egypt on the one hand, the Hellespont and the Euxine on the other? Were not Suez and Armenia more natural limits? Or hath empire no natural limit, but is broad as the genius that can devise, and the power that can win? Rome has the West. Let Palmyra possess the East. Not that nature prescribes this and no more. The gods prospering, I mean that the Mediterranean shall not hem me in upon the west, or Persia on the east. Longinus is right,—I would that the world were mine. I feel, within, the will and the power to bless it, were it so.

Are not my people happy? I look upon the past and the present, upon my nearer and remoter subjects, and ask, nor fear the answer, Whom have I wronged? What province have I oppressed, what city pillaged, what region drained with taxes? Whose life have I unjustly taken, or whose estates have I coveted or robbed? Whose honor have I wantonly assailed? Whose rights, though of the weakest and poorest, have I violated? I dwell, where I would ever dwell, in the hearts of my people. It is written in your faces, that I reign not more over you than within you. The foundation of my throne is not more power than love.

Suppose, now, my ambition should add another province to our realm. Would that be an evil? The kingdoms already bound to us by the joint acts of ourselves and the late royal Odenatus, we found discordant and at war. They are now united and at peace. One harmonious whole has grown out of hostile and sundered

parts. At my hands they receive a common justice and equal benefits. The channels of their commerce have I opened, and dug them deep and sure. Prosperity and plenty are in all their borders. The streets of our capital bear testimony to the distant and various industry which here seeks its market.

This is no vain boasting: receive it not so, good friends. It is but the truth. He who traduces himself sins in the same way as he who traduces another. He who is unjust to himself, or less than just, breaks a law, as well as he who hurts his neighbor. I tell you what I am, and what I have done, that your trust for the future may not rest upon ignorant grounds. If I am more than just to myself, rebuke me. If I have overstepped the modesty that became me, I am open to your censure, and I will bear it.

But I have spoken that you may know your queen, not only by her acts, but by her admitted principles. I tell you, then, that I am ambitious, that I crave dominion, and while I live will reign. Sprung from a line of kings, a throne is my natural seat. I love it. But I strive, too—you can bear me witness that I do—that it shall be, while I sit upon it, an honored, unpolluted seat. If I can, I will hang a yet brighter glory around it.

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER.—Lewis Carroll.

The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done—
"It's very rude of him," she said,
"To come and spoil the fun!"

The sea was wet as wet could be,
  The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
  No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead—
  There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
  Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
  Such quantities of sand:
"If this were only cleared away,"
  They said, "it *would* be grand!"

"If seven maids, with seven mops
  Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
  "That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
  And shed a bitter tear.

"O Oysters, come and walk with us!"
  The Walrus did beseech.
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
  Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
  To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
  But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
  And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
  To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
  All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
  Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
  They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
  And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
  And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
  And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
"Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!"
"No hurry!" said the Carpenter:
They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need;
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed—
Now, if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine," the Walrus said.
"Do you admire the view?

"It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"Cut us another slice;
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said,
"I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

THE ISLAND OF HOME.—Rev. Ira J. Bailey.

I dwell on a beautiful island,
Afloat on the storm-shaken sea,
And the wild waves dashing around it
Can never bring terror to me.

And the island is free from invaders
As it lists to the sea's restless moan,
For it has only room enough in it
For one other heart and my own.

I found it one day when the twilight
Was shrouding the sea with its gloom,
And I gave it the name that I loved best,—
"The beautiful Island of Home."

Through its flowers I stroll at the noonday,
And a hand I hold close to my heart;
Through its shadows I steal in the love-light,
And bid all my sorrows depart.

And oft on its dim western shore
We wander and gaze o'er the sea,
To the beautiful home that's eternal,
Prepared for my darling and me.

And when the pale boatman shall beckon,
And with him we ride through the foam,
We'll reach at the end of our journey
A lovelier Island of Home.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

When fades the last faint ray
Of the rosy-tinted day,
There gently steals a solemn thrill
Through the evening air so still,
As from each hearthstone, far or near,
Rise the voices of the children clear,
As in their perfect trust they say,
While from their noisy sports they stray,
And twinkling stars in wonder peep,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Not alone for childhood fair
Is meant this simple prayer,
But, even to manly strength and prime
Shall come at last a needful time,
When mid life's battle'ssudden gloom,
He hears the nearest step of doom.
And, though strong with Samson's power
He knows the coming of that hour,
And repeats in tones more deep,
"I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

When the form that is now so proud
Shall with age be lowly bowed;
When the hair, now black as night,
Shall with the winter snow be white;
When the head slow time is keeping
To the eyes with sorrow weeping,
And vainly tries to call the past,
Slipping from its grasp at last,
Then faintly from the lips shall break
"If I should die before I wake—"

Not for a little childish dream
Should be told this simple theme.
Not alone for quiet and calm,
But the bivouac and fierce alarm;
When dangers round about us swell,
As when peace and plenty dwell,
From age and youth, and manhood's prime,
At life's closing evening time,
In accents soft and low should break
"I pray the Lord my soul to take."

GABE'S CHRISTMAS EVE.—Robert C. V. Meyers.

Written expressly for this collection.

Ise on'y a pore ole nigger, an' long 'go parst my prime,
But I wants to tell you, honies, 'bout one good Chris'mas time,
While we's gathered round de fire whar de pine-cones briles out scent,
An' de frost outside am white like bread o' de blessed Sacrament.

I wasn't much to brag on; I stripped de chicken-roost,
I drunk like marster debbil, an swore like him, an' loosed
De wials o' my wrath on Chlo an' six-year-ole Carmine,—
Dat was de spryest pickaninny dis side o' de Line;
Her name we'd tuk from de bottle o' doctor's stuff dat read
"Carminative Balsam" on de label, an' I ups an' said,
"Dat's de name for de baby," an' so her mammy thort;
An' dat's de way she got her name; "Carmine," dat's for short.
Well, she'd been chipper an' sassy dat day,—'twas Chris'mas eve,—
Kase I'd tetched de bottle dat Missy's French maid leave
For Chlo to make a mince-pie. "Yer bad as bad ken be;
Yer steals, an' lies, an' drinks," dat pickaninny says to me.
I didn't t'ink so much o' it while de day was hyar,
But when de night was sittlin' it stood out purty cl'ar.
"I steals, an' lies, an' drinks, does I?" I says, an' got a switch;
"Now Ise gwine home; Carminative, yer gwine for to itch."
When I sighted de cabin de winders was all dark.
I crep' up. "Chlo!" I hollers, "open de doh!" A spark
Swung in my eyes; de doh was shet, but Chlo she stood outside,
A candle in her hand. "O Gabe!" she says, an busts an' cries.
"What ails yer?" growls I; "jes' shet up! An' whar am dat Carmine?
I'll lick her into please," says I; "yer fotch her up too fine."
"Yer gwine to lick her wid dat club?" says Chlo. Says I, "I'll show
Her who it am dat steals, an' lies, an' drinks." Den skeery Chlo
She grabs my arm. "Come on!" she says, an' opens wide de doh.
"Gabe, set down!" she says. I says, "I never sets befo'
My work am done. Whar's Carmine?" "Gabe," says Chlo agin,
"Listen, man!" "Whar's she?" I says. Yer could a-heerd a pin

Drap right down. Den Chlo she kivers up her head an' face
Wid her apern. "Honey," says she, "Carmine's done got grace!
Dis mornin' when yer lef' de child she 'membered Chris'-mas day,
An' she was dat sorry what she'd said she flopped right down to pray.
She's ben a-cryin' all day long, a-sayin', 'Saviour dear,
Make daddy better dan he is, show him de good way clear!' "
"What not!" says I. "Whar am she? I'll be much better when
Ise showed how cl'ar my way is wid dis switch." Den—when
Chlo started up, "Ise weak," says she, "Ise rassled; I can't go
An' see ve lick her. She's in bed." She opened de doh, so, an' rusned out wid de candle. An' I was dar alone.
"Now," says I, spittin' on my hands, "dat ar' bone o' my bone
Ain't got my marrer. Hyar goes for de chile dat's our one flesh!
Miss Carminative Balsam, ye're a heap too peart an fresh."
Wid dat I opened de sleepin'-room; 'twas dark as Egypt while
De plagues was dar. However, I could find my way an' spile
De feather bed or Carmine. I crep' up, quiet like,
An' raised my arm way far back to git stren'th for de strike.
An' den I heerd a leetle woice,—"To-morrer's Chris'mas day,
O Saviour, won't yer please come down to daddy on de way
To ragin' torments?—won't yer show my daddy what yer is?
It's hard for brack folks sometimes in a scroudgin' worl' like dis."
"No 'taint," says I, an' let my arm jes' hev a bigger swing,
An' den dar happened de awrfullest, cur'osest, queerest t'ing,
For I couldn't git my arm down, an' all de room was bright.
Don't tell me dat I dreamp' it; I see what I see dat night.
De switch drapped from my hand; an' I was jes' like turned to stone;
I couldn't move to save me; I couldn't screech nor groan.
"Show pore daddy what yer is," I heerd dat woice agin.
An' den de room was like a flower, pink an' white, an' in
De heart jes' sech a purty scent; a garden at sun-up
Was mos' like it, or when yer puts two rosies in a cup.
De bed was gone; whar it hed stood a shinin' cave I see,
A woman dar, an' two, three men—a baby on her knee—
An' hosses, steers, an' sech like, a-lookin' cross 'em all,
An' sech a music all aroun'. I tried an' tried to call

For Chlo, but I was dumb. An' den I see dat chile Carmine;
She come atwixt de men an' dat pore woman; wid a sign
She says, "Oh, show my daddy what yer is," an' den
Dat baby held him arms to me! "Peace on de arth to men,"
De music sung, an' den I fell. I don't know what I done,
Nor yit how long I laid dar a-sufferin' all alone.
"Yer love me, Lawd, a nigger?—an' ken it, ken it be
Yer heeds a pickaninny's prayer for a daddy bad as me?"
A hand was on my shoulder; 'twas Chlo. "Why, Gabe," she cries,
"What yer doin in de dark? Whar's Carmine?" Den she spies
By de light o' her dip candle de tears dat wet my face;
"Oh, heavenly Marster!" cries she, "my Gabe, he's done foun' grace!"
An' dar de bed was settin', an' dar dat Carmine lay,
As ef she'd done been born dar an' never went away.
"Glory!" I cried, a-huggin' Chlo, an' shouted so—I jes'
Woke Carmine up. She smilin' says, "Daddy, Ise had de best
Dream Ise ever dreamp',—'bout de Saviour." "Yes, I knows,"
Says I, an' hugged her too; an' Chlo—Chlo she ups an' goes
A-hollerin'—"Gabe, oh hear dem bells a-ringin' fur away!
De Lawd am come to all de arth,—it's done come Chris'mas day!"

THEN AND NOW.

"My dear," said Mrs. Popperman to her husband one evening, "I was looking over a bundle of old letters to-day, and I found this one which you wrote to me before we were married, when you were young and sentimental."

"What does it say?"

"I'll read it: 'Sweet idol of my lonely heart: If thou wilt place thy hand in mine and say, Dear love, I'll be thy bride, we'll fly away to some far realm—we'll fly to sunny Italy, and 'neath soft, cerulean skies we'll bask and sing and dream of naught but love. Rich and costly paintings by old masters shall adorn the walls of the castle I'll give thee. Thy bath shall be of milk. A box at the opera shall be at thy command, and royalty shall be thy daily visitor. Sweet strains of music shall lull thee at eventide, and warbling birds shall wake thee

from thy morning slumber. Dost thou accept? Say yes, and fly with me.' And I flew. But if I had been as fly as I am now, I wouldn't have flown."

"Why not, dear?"

"Why not? Have you done as you promised in that letter? When we were married, did we 'fly to sunny Italy and bask 'neath soft, cerulean skies,' or did we go to Hoboken and spend two weeks fishing for eels on the edge of the wharf?"

"Well, yes."

"And how about the pictures? You know very well that every rich and costly painting in this house is a chromo from the tea store."

"Well."

"'Thy bath shall be of milk.' Do I bathe in milk, or isn't it like pulling teeth every morning to get ten cents out of you to buy milk for the baby?"

"Kinder."

"'Royalty shall be thy daily visitor.' The only daily visitors I have are the book agents and clam peddlers."

"'Tain't my fault."

"'Sweet strains of music shall lull thee at eventide.' The only chance I have to listen to sweet strains of music is when you and I go out walking at night and follow a monkey and hand-organ around the block."

"Oh, I am so sleepy."

"I don't care if you are. Where are the warbling birds you promised me? I hear Mrs. Maginnis' crowing roosters next door every morning. Perhaps they are what you meant."

"Well, never mind."

"But I will mind. I was to have a box at the opera. Where is it? The only time I go to the opera is when you get a bill-poster's tickets to a dime museum."

"It's too bad."

"It is really too bad. And then you said we'd talk and dream of naught but love. Since I married you we've talked and dreamt of naught but rent."

BE TRUE.

Young friends, to whom life's early days
  Are bright with promise all,
And to whose view the glowing rays
  Of hope unclouded fall;
To counsel each to choose the good,
Throughout the coming years, I would
  A precept give to you:
Observe, if you success would win,
The wealth of worth embodied in
  Two little words: Be true.

Be true to right: let justice still
  Her even balance claim;
Unawed, unbribed, through good or ill,
  Make rectitude your aim.
Unswayed by prejudice, thy mind
Each day submitted claims will find
  To champion or deny;
Then cast, according to thy light,
Thy influence on the side of right,
  Though all the world goes by.

Be true to truth: the proudest name
  That sterling worth may win
Is soiled and tarnished past reclaim
  Where falsehood enters in.
No gem that arduous toil may find,
In learning's fields, adorns the mind
  Like truth's pure, shining ray.
And from her presence error's crowds
Of worshippers disperse like clouds
  Before the rising day.

Be true to reason: let her light
  Be ever glorified,
And make through life her beacon bright
  A fixed, enduring guide.
False views of life young faith may blind,
False creeds allure the youthful mind
  And its adherence win;
But reason's steady light to thee
An oracle of truth shall be,—
  A monitor within.

Be true to self-respect: the world
May judge thy motives wrong,
And slander's poisoned shafts be hurled
Where virtue moves along;
Keep thou the upright ways that find
The approval of thy own good mind—
"To thine own self be true;"
So shalt thou proudly walk erect,
And conscious of thy own respect
Make others' honor due.

These are the virtues, these the ways,
That bring their own reward;
And to observe them all thy days
Keep constant watch and guard.
He who from these his guidance takes
Gives to the race the hope that makes
The march of man sublime;
And each good deed, each wrong withstood,
Lives in its influence for the good,
Throughout all coming time!

A VALENTINE.—GEORGE R. SIMS.

I stood at Rimmel's window, and I saw that there were signs
That the festival approaching was the bold St. Valentine's;
There were lots of little Cupids in a cloud of dainty lace,
They were podgy in the stomach, they were chubby in the face!
And a dicky-bird I noticed, in its beak a little ring,
Just the bird to drop the present in a lady's hand and sing.
Then I suddenly remembered that the worthy Mrs. D.,
Last year had very kindly sent a valentine to me,
So I stepped up to the counter, and a smiling maiden brought
All the best of the collection, thinking one of them I sought.
"For a sweetheart," said she, coyly, "here's a beautiful design;"
'Twas a fan with painted roses, and the legend, "I am thine."
"No, it isn't for a sweetheart, but my wife," I shyly said.
Back that damsel put the boxes, and she tossed her little head,
Crying, "Oh, I beg your pardon!" while she smiled at the mistake;
"*That's* the sort of thing you want, sir—*it's the cheapest one we make.*"

THE THREE CHERRY-STONES.

Three young gentlemen, who had finished the most substantial part of their repast, were lingering over their fruit and wine at a tavern in London, when a man of middle age, and middle stature, entered the public room where they were sitting, seated himself at one end of a small unoccupied table, and calling the waiter, ordered a simple mutton chop and a glass of ale. His appearance, at first view, was not likely to arrest the attention of any one. His hair was beginning to be thin and gray; the expression of his countenance was sedate, with a slight touch perhaps of melancholy; and he wore a gray surtout with a standing collar, which manifestly had seen service, if the wearer had not,—just such a thing as an officer would bestow upon his serving-man. He might be taken, plausibly enough, for a country magistrate, or an attorney of limited practice, or a schoolmaster.

He continued to masticate his chop and sip his ale in silence, without lifting his eyes from the table, until a cherry-stone, sportively snapped from the thumb and finger of one of the gentlemen at the opposite table, struck him upon his right ear. His eye was instantly upon the aggressor, and his ready intelligence gathered from the ill-suppressed merriment of the party that this petty impertinence was intentional.

The stranger stooped, and picked up the cherry-stone, and a scarcely perceptible smile passed over his features as he carefully wrapped it up in a piece of paper, and placed it in his pocket. This singular procedure, with their preconceived impressions of their customer, somewhat elevated as the young gentlemen were by the wine they had partaken of, capsized their gravity entirely, and a burst of irresistible laughter proceeded from the group.

Unmoved by this rudeness, the stranger continued to

finish his frugal repast in quiet, until another cherry-stone, from the same hand, struck him upon the right elbow. This also, to the infinite amusement of the other party, he picked from the floor, and carefully deposited with the first.

Amidst shouts of laughter, a third cherry-stone was soon after discharged, which hit him upon the left breast. This also he very deliberately took from the floor, and deposited with the other two.

As he rose, and was engaged in paying for his repast, the gaiety of these sporting gentlemen became slightly subdued. It was not easy to account for this. Lavater would not have been able to detect the slightest evidence of irritation or resentment upon the features of the stranger. He seemed a little taller, to be sure, and the carriage of his head might have appeared to them rather more erect. He walked to the table at which they were sitting, and with that air of dignified calmness which is a thousand times more terrible than wrath, drew a card from his pocket, and presented it with perfect civility to the offender, who could do no less than offer his own in return. While the stranger unclosed his surtout, to take the card from his pocket, they had a glance at the undress coat of a military man. The card disclosed his rank, and a brief inquiry at the bar was sufficient for the rest. He was a captain whom ill-health and long service had entitled to half-pay. In earlier life he had been engaged in several affairs of honor, and, in the dialect of the fancy, was a dead shot.

The next morning a note arrived at the aggressor's residence, containing a challenge, in form, and one of the cherry-stones. The truth then flashed before the challenged party,—it was the challenger's intention to make three bites at this cherry, three separate affairs out of this unwarrantable frolic! The challenge was accepted, and the challenged party, in deference to the challenger's reputed skill with the pistol, had half de-

cided upon the small sword; but his friends, who were on the alert, soon discovered that the captain, who had risen by his merit, had, in the earlier days of his necessity, gained his bread as an accomplished instructor in the use of that weapon.

They met, and fired alternately, by lot; the young man had selected this mode, thinking he might win the first fire. He did—fired, and missed his opponent. The captain leveled his pistol and fired—the ball passed through the flap of the right ear, and grazed the bone; and, as the wounded man involuntarily put his hand to the place, he remembered that it was on the right ear of his antagonist that the cherry-stone had fallen. Here ended the first lesson. A month had passed. His friends cherished the hope that he would hear nothing more from the captain, when another note—a challenge of course—and another of those ominous cherry-stones arrived, with the captain's apology, on the score of ill-health, for not sending it before.

Again they met—fired simultaneously, and the captain, who was unhurt, shattered the right elbow of his antagonist,—the very point upon which he had been struck with the cherry-stone; and here ended the second lesson. There was something awfully impressive in the *modus operandi*, and exquisite skill of his antagonist. The third cherry-stone was still in his possession, and the aggressor had not forgotten that it had struck the unoffending gentleman upon the left breast. A month had passed—another—and another, of terrible suspense; but nothing was heard from the captain. Intelligence had been received that he was confined to his lodging by illness.

At length the gentleman who had been his second in the former duels once more presented himself, and tendered another note, which, as the recipient perceived on taking it, contained the last of the cherry-stones. The note was superscribed in the captain's well-known hand,

but it was the writing evidently of one who wrote feebly. There was an unusual solemnity also in the manner of him who delivered it. The seal was broken, and there was the cherry-stone in a blank envelope.

"And what, sir, am I to understand by this?" inquired the aggressor.

"You will understand, sir, that my friend forgives you —he is dead!"

WHO RULES THE HOUSEHOLD?

John Dobbins was so captivated,
By Mary Truman's fortune, face, and cap—
With near two thousand pounds the hook was baited—
That in he popped to matrimony's trap.

One small ingredient towards happiness
It seems ne'er occupied a single thought;
For his accomplished bride,
Appearing well supplied
With the three charms of riches, beauty, dress,
He did not, as he ought,
Think of aught else; so no inquiry made he
As to the temper of the lady.

And here was certainly a great omission;
None should accept of Hymen's gentle fetter,
"For worse or better,"
Whatever be their prospect or condition,
Without acquaintance with each other's nature;
For many a mild and quiet creature
Of charming disposition,
Alas! by thoughtless marriage has destroyed it.
So take advice: let girls dress e'er so tastily,
Don't enter into wedlock hastily,
Unless you can't avoid it.

Week followed week, and it must be confest
The bridegroom and the bride had both been blest.
Month after month had languidly transpired—
Both parties became tired;
Year after year rolled on—
Their happiness was gone.

Ah! foolish pair!
"Bear and forbear"
Should be the rule for married folks to take;
For peace and happiness are both at stake.

At length the husband said, "This will not do.
Mary, I never will be ruled by you.
So wife, d'ye see,
To live together as we can't agree,
Suppose we part."
With woman's pride
Mary replied,
"With all my heart."
John Dobbins then to Mary's father goes,
And gives the list of his imagined woes.

"Dear son-in-law," the father said, "I see
All is quite true you have been telling me;
Yet there in marriage is such strange fatality,
That when as much of life
You will have seen
As it has been
My lot to see, I think you'll own your wife
As good or better than the generality.

'An interest in your case I really take,
And therefore this agreement make:
A hundred eggs do in this basket lie,
With which your luck, to-morrow, you shall try;
Also my five best horses, with my cart;
And from the farm at dawn you shall depart—
All around the country go,
And be particular, I beg,
Where husbands rule, a horse bestow,
But where the wives, an egg;
And if the horses go before the eggs,
I'll ease you of your wife, I trow."

Away the married man departed,
Brisk and light-hearted;
Not doubting that, of course,
The first five houses each would take a horse.
At the first house he knocked,
He felt a little shocked
To hear a female voice, with angry roar,
Scream out, "Hullo!
Who's there below?

Why, husband, are you deaf? Go to the door:
See who it is, I beg."
Our poor friend John
Trudged quickly on,
But first placed at the door an egg.

I will not, all his journey through,
The discontented traveler pursue;
Suffice it here to say,
That when his first day's task was nearly done,
He'd seen a hundred husbands, minus one,
And eggs just ninety-nine had given away.
"Ha! there's the house where he I seek must dwell;
And now," cried John, "I'll go and ring the bell."

The servant came; John asked him, "Pray,
Friend, is your master in the way?"
"No," said the man, with smiling phiz,
"My master isn't, but my mis'ess is;
Walk in that parlor, sir: my lady's in it;
Master himself will be there in a minute."
The lady said her husband then was dressing,
And if his business was not very pressing,
She would prefer that he should wait until
His toilet was completed;
Adding, "Pray, sir, be seated."
"Madam, I will,"
Said John, with great politeness; "but I own
That you alone
Can tell me all I wish to know;
Will you do so?
Pardon my rudeness
And just have the goodness
To tell me—do—
Who governs in this house, your spouse or you?"

"Sir," said the lady, with a doubting nod,
"Your question's very odd;
But as I think none ought to be
Ashamed to own fidelity,
On that account I scruple not to say
It always is my pleasure to obey.
But here's my husband (always sad without me);
Take not my word, but ask him, if you doubt me."

"Sir," said the husband, "'Tis most true;
I promise you,

A more obedient, kind and gentle woman
Does not exist."
"Give us your fist,"
Said John, "and as the case is something more than common,
Allow me to present you with a beast
Worth fifty guineas at the very least.

"There's Similis, sir, a beauty, you must own;
There's Prince, that handsome black;
Ball, the gray mare, and Saladin, the roan,
Besides old Dun;
Come, sir, choose one,
But take advice from me,
Let Prince be he;
Why, sir, you'll look the hero on his back."

"I'll take the black, and thank you, too!"
"Nay, husband, that will never do;
You know you've heard me say
How much I long to have a gray;
And this one will exactly do for me."
"No, no!" said he;
"Friend, take the four others back,
And only leave the black."
"Nay, husband, I declare
I must have the gray mare—"
Adding (with gentle force),
"The gray mare is, I'm sure, the better horse."

"Well, if it must be so, good sir,
The gray horse we prefer;
So we accept your gift." John made a feg;
"Allow me to present you with an egg;
'Tis my last egg remaining,
The cause of my regaining,
I trust, the fond affection of my wife,
Whom I will love the better all my life."

SCANDAL.—Mary E. C. Johnson.

A woman to the holy father went;
Confession of her sin was her intent;
And so her misdemeanors, great and small,
She faithfully rehearsed them one and all;

And, chiefest in her catalogue of sin,
She owned that she a tale-bearer had been,
And bore a bit of scandal up and down
To all the long-tongued gossips in the town.
The holy father, for her other sin,
Granted the absolution asked of him;
But while for all the rest he pardon gave,
He told her this offence was very grave.
And that to do fit penance she must go
Out by the wayside where the thistles grow,
And gathering the largest, ripest one,
Scatter its seeds, and that when this was done,
She must come back again another day
To tell him his commands she did obey.
The woman, thinking this was penance light,
Hastened to do his will that very night,
Feeling right glad she had escaped so well.
Next day but one she went the priest to tell;
The priest sat still and heard her story through,
Then said, "There's something still for you to do;
Those little thistle-seeds which you have sown,
I bid you go re-gather every one."
The woman said: "But, father, 'twould be vain
To try to gather up those seeds again;
The winds have scattered them both far and wide,
Over the meadowed vale and mountain-side."
The father answered, "Now I hope from this
The lesson I have taught you will not miss;
You cannot gather back the scattered seeds,
Which far and wide will grow to noxious weeds,
Nor can the mischief once by scandal sown
By any penance be again undone."

THE REASON WHY.

A Boston master said, one day:
"Boys, tell me if you can, I pray,
Why Washington's birthday should shine
In to-day's history, more than mine?"

At once such stillness in the hall
You might have heard a feather fall;
Exclaims a boy not three feet high,
"Because *he* never told a lie!"

ELSIE'S CHILD.*—Julia C. R. Dorr.

A LEGEND OF SWITZERLAND.

I.

"Come and sit beside me, Elsie—put your little wheel away—
Have you quite forgotten, darling wife, this is our wedding day?"

Elsie turned her bright face towards him, fairer now than when a bride;
But she did not cease her spinning while to Ulric she replied:

"No, I have not quite forgotten; all day long my happy brain
Has been living o'er the moments of that blessed day again.

"I will come and sit beside you when the twilight shadows fall;
You shall sing me some old love-song, while the darkness covers all.

"But while the golden sunbeams linger in the vale and on the hill,
Ask me not to bid the music of my merry wheel be still."

"If its humdrum notes are sweeter than thy husband's voice to thee,
Mind thy spinning, Madam Elsie;—do not come to sit with me!"

"Don't be angry with me, Ulric; see the sun is almost down,
And its last red rays are gilding the far steeples of the town.

"I will come to you directly, and will kiss that frown away;
You must not be angry, Ulric, for this is our wedding day."

"If it were not, I should care not that you will not come to me;
But this evening, prithee, Elsie, let that tiresome spinning be!"

"Why, to-morrow is the fair-day, do you not remember, dear?
I must spin a little longer; 'tis the last skein I have here.

"On the wall are others hanging, very fine and soft are they,
And for them old Father Maurice will his money gladly pay."

"You can buy a silken bodice, and a ribbon for your hair,
Or a hooded crimson mantle, they will make you very fair!

*By permission of Harper & Brothers.

"Or a necklace sparkling grandly, or a kerchief bright and gay;—
Yonder Henri drives the cows home, I will join him on the way."

"Oh, no, Ulric, do not leave me!" cried she, springing to his side,
"I have done my weary spinning, and the last knot I have tied.

"Come with me within the cottage, where our Hugo lies asleep,
Never saw you rest so placid as his slumber soft and deep.

"How the flaxen ringlets cluster round his forehead broad and white!
Saw you ever, dearest Ulric, half so beautiful a sight?

"Now if you will smile upon me, just as you were wont to do,
While we sit here in the moonlight, I'll a secret tell to you.

"I shall buy no silken bodice, and no necklace grand and gay;
I'm a wife and mother, darling, and I've put such things away.

"But a coat for little Hugo,—of bright scarlet it shall be,
Trimmed with braid, and shining buttons, and the richest broidery.

"Lady Alice, at the castle, soon will give her birthday fête,
And last night I chanced to meet her as I passed the western gate.

"She was walking with her maidens, but she bent her stately head,
Kissed our little Hugo's forehead, as she sweetly smiled, and said:

"'Bring him to the castle, Elsie, lovelier boy was never seen;
Bring him with you, on my fête-day, to the dance upon the green.'

"So to-morrow, dearest Ulric, you must surely go with me,
And I'll buy, for little Hugo, just the prettiest coat I see!"

II.

"There, my Hugo, you are ready; run out now before the door,
And I'll come to join my little one, in just five minutes more.

"How the scarlet coat becomes him! Ulric, do but see him now,
As he shakes his head, and tosses back the light curls from his brow."

"What a vain young mother, Elsie! from the window come away,
You'll have time enough to glory in your pretty pet to-day.

"Bind up now your own bright tresses; here are roses sweet and rare,
With the dew still lingering on them; you must put them in your hair.

"You must wear the scarf I gave you, and the bracelets; and I ween
That my Elsie'll be the fairest one that dances on the green."

"Which is now the vainest, Ulric; tell me, is it you or I?
I'll be ready in a minute; look if you can Hugo spy.

"It may be that he will wander where the purple berries grow;
For the world I would not have him, they will stain his new coat so."

"Elsie! Elsie!" In a moment rose and scarf were dashed aside,
And she stood within the doorway. "Where is Hugo?" then she cried.

"I have traced his little footsteps where the purple berries shine,
But I can see nothing of him; do not tremble, Elsie mine.

"Very likely he has wandered toward the castle; for he knew—
Little wise one!—we were going, and that he was going, too.

"We will find him very quickly,—he cannot have strayed away;
It is not five minutes, darling, since you bade him go and play."

All day long they sought for Hugo, sought him utterly in vain,—
Sought him midst the rocks and glaciers, and beneath them on the plain.

From the castle Lady Alice sent her servants far and wide,
Mirth was lost in bitter mourning, and the voice of music died.

Through the day the air resounded with the little lost one's name,
And at night, with myriad torches, hills and woods were all aflame.

But they found not pretty Hugo; where the purple berries grew,
They could see his tiny footsteps, but they nothing further knew.

III.

"Henri! Henri! don't be gazing at the eagle's nest all day;
Long ago you should have started forth, to drive the cows away."

"But come here one moment, mother, just one moment; can you see
Naught that flutters like a banner when the wind is blowing free?"

"Oh, my eyes are dim and aged," was the withered crone's reply;
"You must look yourself, good Henri, for I nothing can espy."

"Then do you come here, Enrica; does my sight deceive me so?
You can see it I am certain, when the wind begins to blow."

But Enrica's cheek grew pallid, and she turned her eyes away,
Crying, "Elsie, my poor Elsie!" It was all that she could say.

For within that lofty eyrie, on the mountain's craggy height,
Hung the coat of little Hugo, gleaming in the morning light,

With its hue of brilliant scarlet, just as bright as bright could be,
With its gayly shining buttons, and its rich embroidery!

Months and years rolled slowly onward; Elsie's sunny hair turned gray,
And the eagles left the eyrie to its desolate decay.

But, alas! whene'er the sun shone, and the wind was blowing free,
Something fluttered like a banner, which no eye could bear to see!

AN IRISHMAN'S PERPLEXITY.

Pat Murphy had been on a fishing excursion, and after returning to land, met one of his friends, who inquired of him what luck he had.

"Oh," he replied, "we had a most illigant time."

"Who were of your party?" asked his friend.

"There wur five of us," was his answer. "There was mesilf, one; two Scrogginses, two; Terry Toole, three; Jim Kasin, four.

"But there wur five of us, anyhow. Let—me—see. There wur Jim Kasin, one; an' Terry Toole, two; an' mesilf, three; an' the two Scrogginses, four.

"Faith! an' it's strange that I can't remember the fifth man! Now then—there's mesilf, that's one; Jim Kasin, that's two; an' the two Scrogginses, that's three; an' Terry Toole, do ye see, that's four; an'—an' may St. Patrick fly away with me if I can find the fifth man at all, at all!"

DAN'S WIFE.—KATE T. WOODS.

Up in early morning light,
Sweeping, dusting, "setting aright,"
Oiling all the household springs,
Sewing buttons, tying strings,
Telling Bridget what to do,
Mending rips in Johnny's shoe,
Running up and down the stair,
Tying baby in her chair,
Cutting meat, and spreading bread,
Dishing out so much per head,
Eating as she can, by chance,
Giving husband kindly glance,
Toiling, working, busy life,—
"Smart woman,
Dan's wife."

Dan comes home at fall of night,
Home so cheerful, neat and bright,

Children meet him at the door,
Pull him in and look him o'er,
Wife asks how the work has gone,
"Busy times with us at home!"
Supper done—Dan reads with ease;
Happy Dan, but one to please.
Children must be put to bed—
All the little prayers are said,
Little shoes are placed in rows,
Bedclothes tucked o'er little toes,
Busy, noisy, wearing life,—
Tired woman,
Dan's wife.

Dan reads on and falls asleep—
See the woman softly creep;
Baby rests at last, poor dear,
Not a word her heart to cheer;
Mending basket full to top,
Stockings, shirt, and little frock;
Tired eyes, and weary brain,
Side with darting, ugly pain;
"Never mind, 'twill pass away,"
She must work, but never play;
Closed piano, unused books,
Done the walks to cosy nooks;
Brightness faded out of life,—
Saddened woman,
Dan's wife.

Upstairs, tossing to and fro,
Fever holds the woman low;
Children wander, free to play
When and where they will to-day;
Bridget loiters—dinner's cold,
Dan looks anxious, cross, and old;
Household screws are out of place,
Lacking one dear, patient face;
Steady hands, so weak, but true,
Hands that knew just what to do.
Never knowing rest or play,
Folded now and laid away;
Work of six in one short life,—
Shattered woman,
Dan's wife.

A LAST LOOK.—GEORGE R. SIMS.

I heard him, Joe, I heard him,—
  I heard the doctor say
My sight was growing weaker,
  And failing day by day.
"She's going blind," he whispered;
  Yes, darling, it is true;
These eyes will soon have taken
  Their last long look at you.

The room is dull and misty,
  And as I try to gaze
There seems to fall between us
  A thick and cruel haze.
I'm going blind, my darling;
  Ah! soon the day must be
When these poor eyes will open,
  And vainly try to see.

Oh, take my hand, my husband,
  To lead me to the light,
And let your dear face linger
  The last thing in my sight,
So that I may remember,
  When darkness covers all,
'Twas there I last saw, softly,
  God's blessed sunshine fall.

Cheer up, my dear old sweetheart,
  And brush away your tears,
The look I see to-day, love,
  Will linger through the years.
For when the veil has fallen,
  To hide you evermore,
I want your smile to light me
  Along the gloomy shore.

I yet can see you, darling—
  Some light there lingers still;
The sun is setting slowly
  Behind the distant hill;
Odd fancies crowd about me
  Now God has let me know
My eyes must close forever
  On all things here below.

Though twenty years have vanished,
It seems but yestere'en
Since first you wooed and won me
Among the meadows green;
Here from our cottage window
I once could see the spot
Where grew the yellow cowslip
And blue forget-me-not.

But now a strange mist hovers,
And though I strain my eyes,
Beyond my yearning glances
The dear old meadow lies.
I want to see it, darling,
The meadow by the stream,
Where first your loving whisper
Fulfilled my girlhood's dream.

So take my hand and guide me,
And lead me to the air;
I want to see the world, love,
That God has made so fair.
I want to see the sunset.
And look upon the sky,
And bid the sweet, green country
A loving, last good-bye!

How swift the sun is setting!
It's almost twilight now;
I hear, but cannot see, dear,
The birds upon the bough.
Is this our little garden?
I cannot pierce the gloom,
But I can smell the roses,
They're coming into bloom.

Stoop down and pluck a rosebud—
You know my favorite tree;
My husband's hand will give me
The last one I shall see.
Ah! Joe, do you remember
The dear old happy days,—
Our love among the roses
In summer's golden blaze?

I take the rose you give me,
Its petals damp with dew;

I scent its fragrant odor,
  But scarce can see its hue.
In memory of to-night, Joe,
  When dead I'll keep it still;
The rose may fade and wither—
  Our love, dear, never will.

Quick! quick! my footsteps falter;
  Oh, take me in again;
I cannot bear the air, Joe,
  My poor eyes feel the strain.
Home, home, and bring my children,
  And place them at my knee,
And let me look upon them
  While yet I've time to see.

Then take them gently from me,
  And let us be alone:
My last fond look, dear husband,
  Must be for you alone.
You've been my dear old sweetheart
  Since we were lass and lad:
I've laughed when you were merry,
  And wept when you were sad.

I want to see you wearing
  Your old sweet smile to-night.
I want to take it with me
  To make my darkness light.
God bless you, Joe, for trying—
  Yes, that's the dear old look!
I'll think of that sweet story
  When God has closed the book.

Joe, fetch me down the picture
  That hangs beside our bed.
Ah, love, do you remember
  The day that he lay dead,—
Our first-born bonny baby?
  And how we sat and cried,
And thought our hearts were broken
  When our sweet darling died?

I'd like to see the picture
  Once more, dear, while I may,
Though in my heart it lingers
  As though 'twere yesterday.

Ah! many bairns came after,
But none were like to him.
Come closer to me, darling,
The light is growing dim.

Come closer—so; and hold me,
And press your face to mine.
I'm in a land of shadows,
Where ne'er a light can shine.
But with your arm around me,
What danger need I fear?
I'll never need my eyes, Joe,
While your strong arm is near.

Now, be a brave old darling,
And promise not to fret;
I saw your face the last, dear,
And now I've no regret.
I saw your face the last, dear—
God's hand has dealt the blow;
My sight went out at sunset
A short half-hour ago.

Now you must be my eyesight,
Through all the sunless land,
And down life's hill we'll wander,
Like lovers, hand in hand.
Till God shall lift the curtain,
Beyond these realms of pain;
And there, where blind eyes open,
I'll see your face again.

AN HOUR OF HORROR.

It was close upon the hour of midnight.

A man sat alone in an upper room in a tumble-down tenement,—a man whose face showed by its furrowed brow, glaring eyes and pallid lips the effects of a terrible mental struggle going on within him.

Before him were several pages of manuscript, and his nervous hand convulsively clutching a pen, was rapidly adding to them.

Close to his right hand and frequently touched by it

as he plied his pen was a gleaming, glittering object of ivory, silver, and steel,—a loaded revolver.

The window beside him was open, and through it the cool breeze entered and fanned his fevered brow. The night without was calm and placid. Nature was lovely, bathed in the light of the summer moon; but the man was oblivious to the beauties of the night. He glanced at the clock now and then, and observing the long hand climbing up the incline toward the figure twelve, he redoubled his labor at his manuscript.

Anon he glanced at the revolver on the desk beside him. He touched its ivory handle as if faltering in his resolution; and then went on with his writing.

Hark!

What sound is that that is borne upon the breeze of the summer night? A long, low wail, like the cry of a woman in mortal anguish.

The man started like a guilty soul, dashed the dews of perspiration from his clammy brow, and uttered an incoherent exclamation.

Again! again, that moaning, uncanny cry!

The man heard it and groaned aloud. He dashed aside the last page of his manuscript, and glanced again at the clock. The hands marked the hour of midnight. He grasped the revolver with a resolute air and exclaimed through his clenched teeth:

"It must be done!"

And going to the window he fired twice. * * * There was a scattering sound in the back-yard, and the next day a gray cat was found dead close to the woodshed. The story and the deed were done.

THE QUARREL.—CHARLES MACKAY.

"Hush, Joanna! 'tis quite certain
That the coffee was not strong.
Own your error—I'll forgive you!
Why so stubborn in the wrong?"

"You'll forgive me? Sir, I hate you!
You have used me like a churl:
Have my senses ceased to guide me?
Do you think I am a girl?"

"Oh, no! you're a girl no longer,
But a woman, formed to please;
And it's time you should abandon
Childish follies such as these."

"Oh, I hate you! but why vex me?
If I'm old, you're older still:
I'll no longer be your victim,
And the creature of your will!"

"But, Joanna, why this pother?
It might happen I was wrong;
But, if common sense inspire me,
Still, that coffee was not strong."

"Common sense! you never had it!
Oh, that ever I was born
To be wedded to a monster
Who repays my love with scorn!"

"Well, Joanna, we'll not quarrel:
What's the use of bitter strife?
But I'm sorry I am married—
I was mad to take a wife!"

"Mad, indeed! I'm glad you know it;
But if law can break the chain,
I'll be tied to you no longer,
In this misery and pain!"

"Hush, Joanna! shall the servants
Hear you argue ever wrong?
Can you not have done with folly?
Own the coffee was not strong."

"Oh! you goad me past endurance,
Trifling with my woman's heart;
But I loathe you and detest you!
Villain! monster! let us part!"

Long this foolish quarrel lasted;
Till Joanna, half afraid
That her empire was in peril,
Summoned never-failing aid,—

Summoned tears in copious torrents,
Tears and sobs, and piteous sighs:
Well she knew the potent practice,—
The artillery of the eyes.

And it chanced as she imagined—
Beautiful in grief was she,
Beautiful to best advantage,
And a tender heart had he.

Kneeling at her side he soothed her:
"Dear Joanna, I was wrong!
Never more I'll contradict you—
But, oh, make my coffee strong!"

AGNES THE MARTYR.—Ellen Murray.

Young Agnes stood before her judge;
"Speak! What is this I hear?
Thine ancient name is flung to shame,
Thy goods are scattered here and there;
Speak, if thy life is dear."

She lifted up untroubled eyes
The sweet face smiled serene,
White lily leaf, untouched by grief
Has never worn a fairer sheen
Blooming the thorns between.

She said, "I bear a new, strange name,
That none on earth may know,
My cups of ore, my golden store
Have fed my sisters, poor and old,
And love is more than gold."

They linked her small hands one to one,
In iron fetters fast;
In girlish glee, right playfully
Her hands from out the links she passed
And down the fetters cast.

The judge looked on, "Renounce this faith,
I know there waiteth thee
In royal grace, a bridegroom's face;
Thy form is fair, thy spirit free,
As Roman girl's should be."

She turned to the unclouded east
With face as free from cloud,
"The Bridegroom waits, by pearl-built gates,"
The rest she did not speak aloud,
Yet hushed to awe the crowd.

Beckoned the judge. The steel blue sword
Flashed in a man's strong hand:
As one content, her head she bent,
And kneeling gently on the sand
Smiled on the brand.

From small round throat, she drew aside
Each clustering golden curl,
Spoke but one word,—"My Christ, my Lord."
The sword gleamed down; there lay the girl,
Earth's fairest, purest pearl.

Oh, girls, who wear St. Agnes' face,
As fair, as pure as she;
Keep faith unstrained, keep soul unstained
And live your lives as perfectly
That yours, her heaven may be.

—*Popular Educator.*

LIFE.—SAMUEL K. COWAN.

A little basket cradle-bed:
A little shining curly head:
A little workman, spade in hand:
A little footprint on the sand.

A tremulous star: a wavering flute:
Two souls that speak, tho' lips are mute:
Two touching faces, fixed above:
Two kindred spirits, one through love.

A little cloudlet in the sky:
A mother's pang: an infant's cry:
An autumn leaflet, crisped and scar:
A thoughtful brow: a pensive tear.

A moonlit cypress, zephyr-stirred:
Two moving shadows, silver-haired:
Two mounds of grass upon the lea:
A gleam of light beyond the sea.

ME AN' JONES.—Robert C. V. Meyers.*

Written expressly for this collection.

Me an' Jones was down the mine. I'd never liked him much;
  Shoutin' Jones, the hypocrite, we called him, for, you see,
He went to Bethel regular, sung hymns, an' psalms, an' such;
  Hated dog-fights, hated "mills," an' never went on a spree;
Liked to be where sick folks was; always first of all
  Whenever there'd be an accident; held medicine—while we
With pick and shovel dug to find the boys down where the fall
  Had prisoned 'em. Oh, yes, that Jones, he was a Methody.

An' so we laughed an' swore he was most silly, like a child;
  Play ed jokes on him an' tried to make him mad, an' never did;
Done all we could to tempt him; but, in short, to draw it mild,
  Jones as soft as he could be, never once "back-slid."
An' now he was to be my mate; I grumbled when I heard
  That the psalm-singin', prayin' lad was tacked to a man like me
That was the head o' all the fun, that everlastin' stirred
  The boys to do their devil-deeds. Bah! the Methody!

But the boss was boss. So we went down, me scowlin', Jones jest mild
  As milk, an' sort o' smilin' like all them other cranks
That go in for their books an' songs an' thinkin'. My blood biled
  When Jones he took to hummin' "On Jordan's Stormy Banks—"
The work that day was dangerous. There was to be a blast,
  An' me an' Jones must set the match. I own I kinder felt
A little skeery, for each minute might turn out our last,
  An' there was Jones a-hummin', as soft as if he'd melt.

I says, "Jones, cuss your singin'! Go light the match there, while
  I give the windlass notice. Go—hurry; let us get

*Author of "Jamie," "Brother Ben," "The Strange Harvest," and other popular readings found in previous numbers of this Series. Mr. Meyers is also well and favorably known as having contributed some very amusing Comedies and Farces to the Dramatic Supplements, which have been appended to many of the earlier issues of "One Hundred Choice Selections."

Above as fast as we can get." Jones, he give a smile
An' touched the match, a-singin', "We'll get to glory yet."
"We will," says I, "if you don't try to be a little quick!"
We both jumped in the basket. Now Jones, the shoutin' fool,
Had made the match too long; I grabbed the thing an' snuffed the wick;
"I'll make it shorter," swore I; "here, give me the clippin' tool!"
"Be careful, Jimmy," says he, jest like the man,—the flat!
I grabbed two stones, a round one an' a sharp one, an' with them
I cut the match. O Lord! I'd gone an' cut *too* short, an' that
Concussion of the stones had laid a spark upon the stem.

"Pull, Jones!" I screeched, "pull, pull the rope! give signal of dispatch!"
He pulled with all his might an' main—both of us was too much,
An' the basket scarcely moved, an' there—there was that burnin' match;
'Twas flamin', growin' shorter, out of reach! I give a clutch
On the basket. "Pull!" I yelled. He pulled. An' then he said, quite slow,
"Tain't no use; we can't go fast if both are on the wheel.
Hush! don't ye screech so, Jimmy; your voice stays here below."
At that he took the basket in his hands. "Now don't feel bad
Nor grieve for me, friend Jimmy," says he, a-smilin' on;
"You can't afford to die; I can." He dropped 'way in the mine.
I looked—a flash!—a deafenin' roar!—the rocks in chunks fell down;
An' the basket, only me in, run like lightnin' up the line.

Well, there I was, all safe an' sound. I think I was 'most dazed.
The boys was round me, held their flasks; the boss looked white, you know.
"The body must come up," says he. "I'll go!" says I. They raised
A shout for me—they didn't know the *brave* one was below.

I don't quite know all that was said; I know I took the shaft,
An' there was a flutterin' in me, a feelin' jest as though
I'd joked my last, drunk my last drink, and even laughed
My last laugh—Jones, the Methody, had died for me below!

An' then I was a-goin' down; great masses of black rock
Was piled up everywhere, throwed out; no sound but what the rope
Made a-lowerin' the basket. An' then there comes a knock
At my heart,—suppose I couldn't find the body! All my hope
Was jest to get his lifeless form. I wild and wilder grew;
I reached the lower platform,—a mound of piled up stones;
I tore 'em with my hands that bled—I'd go for the body through
A mile o' earth; the Methodies should have an' bury Jones.

An' then I think my blood froze,—there inside the pile
Of heaviest chunks there was a sound I never can forget,
A faint, queer voice a-singin' in a way that made me smile
Often before this dismal day, "We'll get to glory yet!"
"You're there already!" hollers I. The voice stopped singin' then.
"Jimmy," it said, "be careful! the rocks'll fall on you!
An' glory while it's not too near is not so far from men
That stretch a willin' hand to reach an' lead poor mortals through."

Well, he come out, sore wounded, all scorched; not dyin, though.
"Jimmy," he says, "God bless you!" "He done that," says I, "when
You jumped to save me that had always hated you, you know;
You done Christ's way," and then I stopped, for even the hardest men
Sometimes get choky in the throat when things seem kinder good.
"We'll get to glory—Air!" he gasped, then fainted on the stones.
The basket! quick! it's life for life!—it seems I understood
The glory then. "Pull up!" shouts I, "pull, boys! it's me and Jones!"

ALL ABOUT THE WEATHER.

"Pretty warm," the man with the thin clothes said to the man in the corner seat as the car was coming down the street.

"What's pretty warm?" growled the man in the corner.

"Why, the weather."

"What weather?" more gruffly than ever.

"Why," the man with thin clothes said, looking as though he wished he hadn't begun it, "this weather."

"Well," said the man in the corner, "how's this weather different from any other?"

The man with the thin clothes looked nervously at the dun mule and said, "It was warmer."

"How do you know it is?" asked the man in the corner.

The other man began to wish he was well out of it, and said he supposed it was; he hadn't heard how the ——

"Isn't the weather the same everywhere?" savagely demanded the man in the corner.

"Why, no," the man with the thin clothes replied, wishing to goodness he had a newspaper to hide behind, "no; it's warmer some places, and some places it's colder."

"What makes it warmer in some places than it's colder in others?" remorselessly pursued the man in the corner.

"Why," the man with thin clothes said piteously, "the sun; the effect of the sun's heat."

"Makes it colder in some places than it's warmer in others?" roared the man in the corner indignantly. "Never heard of such a thing."

"No," the man with thin clothes hastened to explain; "I didn't mean that. The sun makes it warmer."

"Then what makes it colder?" pursued the remorseless man in the corner.

The man in thin clothes wiped the beaded perspiration from his pallid brow, and said slowly, he guessed it was the ice.

"What ice?" demanded the inquisitor.

"Why," the victim said, with every symptom of approaching dissolution apparent in his tremulous voice, "the ice that was—frozen—frozen—by the frost."

"Did you ever see any ice that wasn't frozen?" howled the man in the corner, in a fine burst of derision.

The man in thin clothes huskily whispered that he wished he was dead, and said, "No; that is, I believe I didn't."

"Then," thundered the man in the corner, "what are you talking about?"

The man in thin clothes made an effort to brace up, and spicily replied that he was trying to talk about the weather.

"And what do you know about it?" triumphantly roared the man in the corner, "what do you know about the weather?"

The man in thin clothes lost his grip again, and feebly said that he didn't know very much about it, that was a fact. And then he tried to be cheerful, and work in a little joke about nobody being able to know much about this weather, but the man in the corner sat down on him with a tremendous outburst.

"No, sir! I should say you didn't! You come into this car and force yourself on the attention of a stranger and begin to talk to me about the weather, just as though you owned it, and I find you don't know a solitary thing about the matter you yourself selected for a topic of conversation; you don't know one thing about meteorological conditions, principles, or phenomena; you can't tell me why it is warm in August and cold in December; you don't know why icicles form faster in the sunlight than they do in the shade; you don't know why the earth grows colder as it comes nearer the sun; you can't tell why a man can be sun-struck in the shade; you can't tell me how a cyclone is formed nor how the trade winds blow; you couldn't find the calm-centre of a storm if

your life depended on it; you don't know what a sirocco is nor where the southwest monsoon blows; you don't know the average rainfall in the United States for the past and current year; you don't understand the formation of fog, and you can't explain why the dew falls at night and dries up in the day; you don't know why a wind dries the ground more quickly than a hot sun; you don't know one solitary thing about the weather, and you are just like a thousand and one other people, who always begin talking about the weather because they don't know anything else, when by the caves of Boreas, sir, they know less about the weather than they do about anything else in the world!"

And the man in the corner glared up and down at the timid passenger, but no man durst answer him. And as for the man with thin clothes, he didn't know for the life of him whether he had a sun-stroke or an ague chill. He only knew that it seemed about twenty-seven miles to the next street crossing.

A BILLET-DOUX.

She was a winsome country lass;
So William, on a brief vacation,
More pleasantly the time to pass
Essayed flirtation;
And as they strolled in twilight dim
While near the time for parting drew.
Asked if she'd like to have from him
A billet-doux.

Of French this simple maid knew naught.
But, doubting not 'twas something nice,
Upon its meaning quickly thought.
Then in a trice
Upward she turned her pretty head;
Her rosy lips together drew
For purpose plain, and coyly said:
"Yes, Billy, do!"

Sequel.—And William did.

THE WASHERWOMAN'S FRIEND.—Eugene F. Ware.

In a very humble cot,
In a rather quiet spot,
In the suds and in the soap,
Worked a woman full of hope,
Working, singing, all alone,
In a sort of undertone—
"With a Saviour for a friend,
He will keep me to the end."

Sometimes happening along,
I had heard the semi-song,
And I often used to smile
More in sympathy than guile;
But I never said a word
In regard to what I heard,
As she sang about her friend
Who would keep her to the end.

Not in sorrow nor in glee,
Working all day long was she,
As her children, three or four,
Played around her on the floor;
But in monotones the song
She was humming all day long.
"With a Saviour for a friend,
He will keep me to the end."

Just a trifle lonesome she,
Just as poor as poor could be;
But her spirits always rose,
Like the bubbles in the clothes,
And, though widowed and alone,
Cheered her with the monotone
Of a Saviour and a friend
Who would keep her to the end.

I have seen her rub and scrub
On the washboard in the tub,
While the baby, sopped in suds,
Rolled and tumbled in the duds;
Or was paddling in the pools
With old scissors stuck in spools—
She still humming of her friend
Who would keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds
Have their root in human needs;
And I would not wish to strip
From that washerwoman's lip
Any song that she can sing,
Any hope that songs can bring;
For the woman has a friend
Who will keep her to the end.

THE ARRAIGNMENT OF RUM.—Bishop Foster.

Moderation is counseled. Moderation! Who counsels moderation? Have we not tried temporizing policies with this wild beast of nameless possession long enough? Have we not sought to tame him with moral suasion, to melt him with the tears of broken-hearted womanhood and childhood, by appeals to any latent humanity that might yet be in him, by the homes he has desolated, and the victims, by millions, he has immolated? Have we not resorted to measures of mild repression only to see how futile they are? Have we not bound him with the withes of low license and high license, and hampered him with local option and obstructive legislation? Have we not worn ourselves out with crusades and petitions and remonstrances? Have we not, despairing of any success with the beast himself, exhausted all possible methods of rescuing his victims, only to find him, at the end of a hundred years of unsuccessful effort, still entrenched and defiant? It is seventy years since the great Beecher stirred Boston and the nation with his startling appeal. For half a century the impassioned Gough went up and down the land, creating, by his appeals that would move a heart of stone, moral sentiment. Thousands of others have pleaded and wept and prayed. For twenty years women have knelt on curb-stones and entreated. The state still pampers the beast and turns him loose to raven and destroy. Where he had hovels, he has built palaces. The low

groggery has flowered out into the gilded saloon. The scurvy miscreant, once despised but patronized, has become the acknowledged gentleman of fashion. He has moved from his obscure quarters into the streets where decent citizens live, and is toasted and fêted by well-bred men and women. He has formed an ostentatious league, and banks millions to defend his disreputable profession. He calls conventions, and sits, with parade, in deliberation of his rights and immunities, and the public press busies itself with reports of his proceedings and speaks of him with respect. Moderation? No! Who talks of moderation in the coils of a boa-constrictor? We have temporized too long. It is time we talk and act like men. A murderer, cold, heartless, cruel, is among us. Not the assassin of one or of a family. His victims count by millions. His butcheries are progressing daily and nightly within sight of our dwellings. The screams of his victims, if we would but listen, would chase away sleep from our eyes. He knows the fact; we know it. His sole and only business for which he lives, and by which he lives, is first to debauch youth and innocence, and then to hurry the dishonored hulk away into a drunkard's grave, and pamper himself and his family upon the price of his villainies. The *teocalli* of the Aztec war-god, upon which the quivering hearts of thousands were laid, is a shrine of beauty compared with the horrors of this modern demon of destruction,—the rum-hole. We men stand by and see it and raise no hand; nay, worse yet, vote the right, and take the assassin of virtue and life by the hand and treat him as our equal. The annals of human history furnish no parallel of stupidity and monstrosity. Moderation? No, no! There is but one way; it is plain and simple. Treat the criminal as he deserves; let criminal law do its function; put him in the culprit's dock, which is the only place to which he is entitled; carry him from the dock, by sentence of law, to the felon's cell or to the

gang of striped convicts, who are his only fit associates. Let the process be the most summary possible; let the law take hold of the factor on simple evidence of his business; let the evidence of criminal intent be the presence of the article; put it under ban of right of search when its presence is suspected. Deal with it precisely as we deal with theft, murder, abduction, and classes of crime which grade with it, but are far below it in atrocity. In a nation whose legislation is controlled by universal suffrage and direct vote, if half the voters have not sunk below the level of men, it cannot be long until we are delivered from this insufferable shame.

WHEN GREEK MET GREEK.

Stranger here? Yes, come from Varmount,
Rutland county. You've hern tell
Mebbe of the town of Granville?
You born there? No! sho! Well, well!
You was born at Granville, was you?
Then you know Elisha Brown,
Him as runs the old meat market
At the lower end of town!
Well! well! well! Born down in Granville!
And out here, so far away!
Stranger, I'm homesick already,
Though it's but a week to-day
Since I left my good wife standin'
Out there at the kitchen door,
Sayin' she'd ask God to keep me;
And her eyes were runnin' o'er!
You must know ole Albert Withers,
Henry Bell and Ambrose Cole?
Know them all? And born in Granville!
Well! well! well! Why, bless my soul!
Sho! You're not old Isaac's nephew!
Isaac Green, down on the flat!
Isaac's oldest nephew,—Henry?
Well, I'd never thought of that!
Have I got a hundred dollars
I could loan you for a minute,

Till you buy a horse at Marcy's?
There's my wallet! Just that in it!
Hold on though! You have ten, mebbe,
You could let me keep; you see
I might chance to need a little
Betwixt now and half past three!
Ten. That's it; you'll owe me ninety;
Bring it round to the hotel.
So you're old friend Isaac's nephew?
Born in Granville! Sho! Well, well!

What! policeman, did you call me?
That a rascal going there?
Well, sir; do you know I thought so,
And I played him pretty fair;
Hundred-dollar bill I gave him—
Counterfeit—and got this ten!
Ten ahead. No! you don't tell me!
This bad, too? Sho! Sold again!

THE PESSIMISTIC PHILOSOPHER.

In building up natur' he thought the Creator
Had blundered unspeakably queer,
And he said he and Darwin and Billy McVarren
Could prove the whole thing out of gear.
He said the whole pattern from Neptune to Saturn
Was cut by a bungling design,
And that no particular was plumb perpendicular,
And exact every time to the line.

He said that no critic, with brain analytic,
Could tolerate things that he saw.
He said he would suffer if any old duffer
Couldn't pick out a blemish or flaw.
Any man with a cranium as big's a geranium
Could see the whole thing was a botch,
See where natur' had blundered in points by the hundred
In the space of five ticks of his watch.

And so day and night he advised the Almighty
With advice he believed of great worth,
And his wife took in sewing to keep life a-going
While he superintended the earth.

ABIGAIL BECKER.*—AMANDA T. JONES.

OFF LONG POINT ISLAND, CANADA, NOVEMBER 24, 1854.

The noble heroism of Abigail Becker is in nowise exaggerated, and justly entitles her to rank with Grace Darling and Ida Lewis. In fact, the men saved were accustomed to say that "no one could possibly tell the story as big as it really was."

The wind, the wind where Erie plunged,
Blew, blew nor'-east from land to land;
The wandering schooner dipped and lunged,—
Long Point was close at hand.

Long Point,—a swampy island-slant,
Where, busy in their grassy homes,
Woodcock and snipe the hollows haunt,
And musk-rats build their domes;

Where gulls and eagles rest at need,
Where either side, by lake or sound,
Kingfishers, cranes, and divers feed,
And mallard ducks abound.

The lowering night shut out the sight:
Careened the vessel, pitched and veered,—
Raved, raved the wind with main and might;
The sunken reef she neared.

She pounded over, lurched and sank:
Between two sand-bars settling fast,
Her leaky hull the waters drank,
And she had sailed her last.

Into the rigging, quick as thought,
Captain and mate and sailors sprung,
Clambered for life, some vantage caught,
And there all night they swung.

And it was cold—oh, it was cold!
The pinching cold was like a vise:
Spoondrift flew freezing,—fold on fold
It coated them with ice.

Now when the dawn began to break,
Light up the sand-path drenched and brown,
To fill her bucket from the lake,
Came Mother Becker down.

*From "The Century," by permission.

From where her cabin crowned the bank
Came Abigail Becker tall and strong;
She dipped, and lo! a broken plank
Came rocking close along!

She poised her glass with anxious ken:
The schooner's top she spied from far,
And there she counted seven men
That clung to mast and spar.

And oh, the gale! the rout and roar!
The blinding drift, the mounting wave;
A good half-mile from wreck to shore,
With seven men to save!

Sped Mother Becker: "Children! wake!
A ship's gone down! they're needing me!
Your father's off on shore; the lake
Is just a raging sea!

"Get wood, cook fish, make ready all."
She snatched her stores, she fled with haste,
In cotton gown and tattered shawl,
Barefoot across the waste,

Through sinking sands, through quaggy lands,
And nearer, nearer, full in view,
Went shouting through her hollowed hands:
"Courage! we'll get you through!"

Ran to and fro, made cheery signs,
Her bonfire lighted, steeped her tea,
Brought driftwood, watched Canadian lines
Her husband's boat to see.

Cold, cold it was—oh, it was cold!
The bitter cold made watching vain:
With ice the channel laboring rolled,—
No skiff could stand the strain.

On all that isle, from outer swell
To strait between the landings shut,
Was never place where man might dwell,
Save trapper Becker's hut.

And it was twelve and one and two,
And it was three o'clock and more.
She called: "Come on! there's nought to do,
But leap and swim ashore!"

Blew, blew the gale; they did not hear:
  She waded in the shallow sea;
She waved her hands, made signals clear,
  "Swim! swim, and trust to me!"

"My men," the captain cried, "I'll try:
  The woman's judgment may be right;
For, swim or sink, seven men must die
  If here we swing to-night."

Far out he marked the gathering surge;
  Across the bar he watched it pour,
Let go, and on its topmost verge
  Came riding in to shore.

It struck the breaker's foamy track,—
  Majestic wave on wave up-hurled,
Went grandly toppling, tumbling back,
  As loath to flood the world.

There blindly whirling, shorn of strength,
  The captain drifted, sure to drown;
Dragged seaward half a cable's length,
  Like sinking lead went down.

Ah, well for him that on the strand
  Had Mother Becker waited long!
And well for him her grasping hand
  And grappling arm were strong!

And well for him that wind and sun,
  And daily toil for scanty gains,
Had made such daring blood to run
  Within such generous veins!

For what to do but plunge and swim?
  Out on the sinking billow cast,
She toiled, she dived, she groped for him,
  She found and clutched him fast.

She climbed the reef, she brought him up,
  She laid him gasping on the sands;
Built high the fire and filled the cup,—
  Stood up and waved her hands!

Oh, life is dear! The mate leaped in.
  "I know," the captain said, "right well,
Not twice can any woman win
  A soul from yonder hell.

"I'll start and meet him in the wave."
"Keep back!" she bade: "what strength have you?
And I shall have you both to save,—
Must work to pull you through!"

But out he went. Up shallow sweeps
Raced the long white-caps, comb on comb:
The wind, the wind that lashed the deeps,
Far, far it blew the foam.

The frozen foam went scudding by,—
Before the wind, a seething throng,
The waves, the waves came towering high,
They flung the mate along.

The waves came towering high and white,
They burst in clouds of flying spray:
There mate and captain sank from sight,
And, clinching, rolled away.

Oh, Mother Becker, seas are dread,
Their treacherous paths are deep and blind!
But widows twain shall mourn their dead
If thou art slow to find!

She sought them near, she sought them far,
Three fathoms down she gripped them tight;
With both together up the bar
She staggered into sight.

Beside the fire her burdens fell:
She paused the cheering draught to pour:
Then waved her hands: "All's well! all's well!
Come on! swim! swim ashore!"

Sure, life is dear, and men are brave:
They came,—they dropped from mast and spar;
And who but she could breast the wave,
And dive beyond the bar?

Dark grew the sky from east to west,
And darker, darker grew the world:
Each man from off the breaker's crest
To gloomier deeps was hurled.

And still the gale went shrieking on,
And still the wrecking fury grew;
And still the woman, worn and wan,
Those gates of death went through,—

As Christ were walking on the waves,
And heavenly radiance shone about,—
All fearless trod that gulf of graves,
And bore the sailors out.

Down came the night, but far and bright,
Despite the wind and flying foam,
The bonfire flamed to give them light
To trapper Becker's home.

Oh, safety after wreck is sweet!
And sweet is rest in hut or hall:
One story life and death repeat,—
God's mercy over all.

Next day men heard, put out from shore,
Crossed channel-ice, burst in to find
Seven gallant fellows sick and sore,
A tender nurse and kind;

Shook hands, wept, laughed, were crazy-glad;
Cried: "Never yet, on land or sea,
Poor dying, drowning sailors had
A better friend than she.

"Billows may tumble, winds may roar,
Strong hands the wrecked from death may snatch:
But never, never, nevermore
This deed shall mortal match!"

Dear Mother Becker dropped her head,
She blushed as girls when lovers woo:
"I have not done a thing," she said,
"More than I ought to do."

TASTE IT NOT.

A word with you, dear children, all,
I am here to give you a warning;
This life "a day's journey" is often called,
And this is your early morning.
There'll be dangerous places along the way,
There'll be scenes of brightness and beauty;
In the light and the dark there is one sure guide
To show you the path of duty.

Have you sometimes seen, as you walked the street,
A pitiful, loathsome creature
In the form of a man, but with strange, ill looks,
Dim-eyed and swollen feature?
Did he lift in anger a threatening hand,
And deep, mad curses mutter;
Or did he stagger from side to side,
And fall at last in the gutter?

Now take good heed, and whenever you see
A youth, no matter how charming,
Who takes his wine and his stronger drinks,
And says, "It is nothing alarming,"
Remember that fallen creature once
As gaily such word could utter;
Remember that wine and the stronger drinks
Bring the bravest young men to the gutter.

You will see the flush of the fragrant wine,
And how merry they grow who are drinking;
But be sure, however they laugh and sing,
Yet down toward the gutter they're sinking.
Trust not in mirth that is born of wine,
It endeth in sorrow and madness;
Taste it not, trust your guide, and your life may be
Full of beauty, and goodness, and gladness.

A WESTERN ARTIST'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

"Do you—ahem!—do you ever print any art items in your paper?" asked a rather seedy looking man with long hair, a slouch hat, and paint on his fingers, softly edging into the inner sanctum the other day.

The managing editor glanced savagely up from his noonday sandwich, and after evidently repressing the desire to add the long-haired party to his viands, replied in the affirmative.

"Because," continued the young man, scowling critically at a cheap chromo on the wall, "because I thought if you cared to record the progress of real esthetic art culture on this coast, you might send your art critic around to my studio to take some notes."

"Might, eh?" said the editor between chews.

"Yes, sir. For instance there's a mammoth winter storm landscape I've just finished for Mr. Mudd, the bonanza king. It's called 'A Hail-storm in the Adirondacks,' and a visitor who sat down near it the other day caught a sore throat in less than fifteen minutes. The illusion is so perfect, you understand. Why, I had to put in the finishing touch with my ulster and Arctic overshoes on!"

"Don't say?"

"Fact, sir; and then there's a little animal gem I did for Governor Clerkings the other day,—portrait of his Scotch terrier Snap. The morning it was done a cat got in the studio, and the minute it saw that picture it went through the window sash like a ten-inch shell."

"Did, eh?"

"Yes, and the oddest thing about it was that when I next looked at the canvas the dog's hair was standing up all along his back like a porcupine. Now, how do you account for that?"

"Dunno."

"It just beats me. When the governor examined the work he insisted on my painting in a post with the dog chained to it. Said he didn't know what might happen."

"Good scheme," growled the president maker.

"I don't do much in the animal line, though," continued the artist thoughtfully; "that is, since last summer I painted a setter dog for an English tourist, and shipped it to him at Liverpool. But it seems the fleas got into the box and bit so many holes in the canvas, that he threw it back on my hands."

"Too bad."

"Wasn't it, though? My best hold, however, is water views. You know George Bromley, and how abstracted he is sometimes? Well, George dropped in one morning and brought up before an eight by twelve view of the San Joaquin river with a boat on the bank in the

foreground. I'm blessed if George didn't absent-mindedly take off his coat and step clear through the canvas trying to jump into that boat,—thought he'd go out rowing, you know. Speaking about the picture reminds me of a mean trick that was played on me by Dobber, whose studio is right next to mine. He was so envious of my large orders that the night before that painting was delivered he climbed over the transom and smeared out the rope that anchored the boat I spoke of, to the shore. The next morning the skiff was gone,—floated off down the stream, you see."

"I do—do I?"

"It took me four days to paint it in again,—dead loss, you see; although I believe the purchaser did agree to pay me twenty-five dollars extra in case it came back on the next tide. Pretty square of him, now, wasn't it?"

"Have they carried out that journeyman with the smallpox?" said the editor winking at the foreman who had come in just then to swear for copy.

"Smallpox? That reminds me of a realistic historical subject I'm engaged on now, entitled 'The Plague in Egypt.' I had only completed four of the principal figures when last Thursday the janitor, who sleeps in the next room, was taken out to the hospital with the most pronounced case of leprosy you ever saw, and this morning the boy who mixes the paints began to scale off like a slate roof. I don't really know whether to keep on with the work or not. How does it strike you?"

"It strikes me that you had better slide," said the unesthetic molder of public opinion, gruffly.

"Don't care to send a reporter around, then?"

"No, sir."

"Wouldn't like to give an order for a life size 'Guttenburg discovering the printing-press,' eh?"

"Nary order."

"Don't want a seven by nine group of the staff done in oil or crayon?"

"No," said the editor, as he again lowered himself into the depths of a leader on the Roumanian Imbroglio, "but if you care to touch up two window frames, some desk legs, and the fighting editor's black eye for four bits and a lot of comic exchanges, you can sail in."

"It's a whack!" promptly ejaculated the disciple of esthetic culture; and borrowing a cigarette from the dramatic critic on account, he drifted off after his brushes.

THE NOBLE STRANGER.

FANNY'S LETTER.

I saw him, Lucy, only once;
'Twas down the lighted hall;
He moved to music gracefully,
A stranger to us all,—
A stranger with a pale, white brow,
And dark and meaning eye,
Which flashed like lightning on my own
Whene'er I passed him by.

Those soul-lit eyes, they haunt me still;
So passionately deep!
Like those which sometimes beam on us
In visions of our sleep.
So sad, as if some shadowy grief
Had o'er his spirit gone,
Yet brightening whene'er it caught
The answer of my own.

I knew him not, and yet whene'er
I turned me from the dance
I saw those dark eyes follow me—
It could not be by chance.
I knew him not, and yet his tones
Were breathed upon my ear
So sweetly low and musical,
I could not choose but hear.

He spoke of disappointed hopes;
Of dreams which faded soon;
The dew-drops of life's joyous morn,
Which vanished ere its noon.

And then, dear Lucy, how he sighed!
My eyes grew strangely dim!
It pained my heart to hear him sigh;
I could have wept for him.

He spoke of sunny Italy;
Of Venice and her isles;
Of dark-mustachioed cavaliers
And fair signoras' smiles;
Of music melting on the ear;
Of moonlight upon bowers;
And fair hands wreathing silken curls,
With gay and fragrant flowers.

He said his father's castle
Frowned upon a distant shore,
(A castle, Lucy, think of that—
He is a count, or more!)
That solitude was in its walls,
Drear, prison-like and lone;
Ungladdened by the smile of love,
Or woman's kindly tone.

We parted at my father's door,
The moonlight sweetly shone;
And I was standing at his side,
My arm upon his own.
He pressed my hand at parting;
And to-night he will be here,
While pa is at his game of chess,
And ma is nowhere near.

Excuse me, dearest Lucy,
But, indeed, I cannot write.
To-morrow I will tell you more;
He will be here to-night.

(An interval of twenty-four hours has elapsed.)

Oh, dearest Lucy, pity me!
I really think I'm dying!
My heart is like a heart of lead;
My eyes are red with crying!
For yesterday the bank was robbed,
And of a large amount!
My father caught the robber,
And—oh, dear, it was my Count!

THE COBBLER OF LYNN.—George M. Vickers.*

Written expressly for this collection.

The lights burn dim. A sea fog drifts in dank
And chill; the tavern doors are closed; and, save
The blinking, drowsy watchman on his rounds,
The town of Lynn lies fast asleep.

Loud, deep,
Barks out a near-by mastiff. Shrill and faint
He's answered far away; now echoes come
From curs all o'er the town: the din grows less;
Now all is still. The lights are blurred and dim;
The sea fog still drifts in, and still the town
Of Lynn lies fast asleep.

One, two, clangs from
The belfry overhead with lazy stroke
And creak. The clapper jangling with the bell's
Vibration seems the hour's dying gasp.
The watchman yawns and trudges down the street;
And still the town lies fast asleep.

An old
And toppling house, whose low, slant roof upholds
A field of moss, squats on a thoroughfare.
A rusty sign swings from the door, on which,
By day, is seen a yellow boot; beneath,
Upon the low stone step, wrapped in a shawl,
An infant slumbers sweet; within the house
An honest cobbler snores; and on yon dark
And sobbing tide a dead young mother floats,
The cold waves kissing oft the marble brow
That human lips refused to press.

The years
That lie between that night and this bright morn
Are full a score. The sweetest face in Lynn
Is Marion's; the grandest eyes are hers;
A queenly form and grace: and yet she dwells
Not in a mansion, neither has she maids.
The cobbler more than once with joy and pride
Has thanked Saint Crispin for his generous gift
Of twenty years ago.—And who would not?

*By the same author: "The Thief on the Cross," "Tribulations of Biddy Malone," etc., in No. 24, of this Series. Also, the excellent Temperance Melodrama, "Two Lives," in Dramatic Supplement to No 8.

Beside his bench she stands this summer morn
And gayly chats; repeats the latest talk,
And fondly smooths his silver locks, while he,
With dark and horny hand takes up his awl
And plies his waxen thread.

Though every day
Was once to-day, and every day will be
To-day, yet only this is our to-day; its peace,
Its opportunities, its dearest hopes
May with it go, to come no more.

The blush
Has faded from New England's sky, and old
Nahant lies dark against the afterglow.
The cobbler's bench is vacant; on the wall
His apron hangs; for he has gone to meet
A stranger from Manhattan, at the inn.
But Marion is home. Step soft this way.
A spacious room with floor of well-worn oak;
An open door and window looking south;
A wide tile hearth; a simmering pot of tea;
A table snowy white, all set for three.
Within this room, that serves for banquet hall,
For parlor, kitchen, each in this and this
For each, with anxious face sits Marion.

'Tis late. The meal is still untouched, and tears
Are slowly trickling down the maiden's face.
Before the hearth, their shadows thrown across
The room, stand two determined men,—the old
And faithful cobbler, and a stranger tall,
Of proud, commanding mien. "Well, then," said he,
"If this young lady deems your ancient shop
And stinted means of greater value than
Her father's vast estate and revenue,
My duty is fulfilled." The cobbler speaks
No word, but looks upon the floor. "Or if
She feels indebted for your generous care
And loathes to leave you all alone, her purse
Can recompense you well, quite well, and place
You far above the need of toil. I wait
Your answer." Keen the stranger's dark eyes search
The cobbler's troubled face. "Ask Marion;"
The old man's voice is tremulous and low;
"Her welfare is the only recompense

I ask." Now in a firmer tone, "But this
I say, she shall not go, nor stay, against
Her will." The stranger starts. "How say you, miss?"
The maiden rises to her feet; her face
Is pale, her hazel eyes are wet. "O sir,"
Her voice is sweet and clear, "there are some debts
Which money cannot pay; and such a debt
I owe that aged man. You say you know
I am the one you seek, can prove it by
This locket and the name it bears; I grant
You that. Your story of my mother's life,
Her illness, her insanity, her flight
And unknown fate, until you learned it here;
My father's grief, his search of years, his last
Request, his death, may all be true; and though
Within my heart a something whispers that
It is but partly true, I also grant
You that; and once again refuse to leave
One who has more than father been to me;
And could my spirit mother speak, I know
She'd bless her child for being true. While life
Is mine, dear guardian, these hands are yours."
The cobbler clasps her in his arms. "God bless
You, Marion," he sobs. The stranger bows;
His dark eyes gleam, and with the single word,
"Enough!" he passes from their sight.

The fierce,
Wild tempest passing o'er may rend the waves
To foamy shreds, but having past, leave not
A trace upon the tranquil sea; so clouds
Of grim adversity are followed oft
By sunny days of prosperous bliss. Once more
Within the cobbler's home the calm
Routine of peaceful life holds sway. The old
Affection, though, seems stronger grown; for she,
Sweet Marion, still closer clings to him,
Her aged guardian, and in the shop
Oft sits and sews, or talks the time away
Till candle-light.

But with the autumn comes
A change. The maid has lost her sprightly air;
She mopes about, or stands and gazes far
Beyond her vision's range; again, she starts
And calls to forms unseen; she seldom smiles.

The cobbler sometimes leaves his bench with stealth
And watches her, as silently she plucks
The dead sprays from her marigolds, or wreathes
A garland bright of dahlias, in their strip
Of garden. Now, in weird soliloquy
He hears her speak: "O mother, were you mad?
Am I insane? What! money buy my love?
I cannot help but think the stranger was
My own—No, no!—Ah, Guardy! there you are!
I see you peeping there!" And so the days
Now come and go within their home.

'Tis morn.
The town of Lynn is all astir. The pale
And horror-stricken people stand in groups.
The history of twenty years ago
Repeats itself. The dripping form, still fair
In death, of Marion is borne along
The street. Found drowned; and that is all they know.

The cobbler could not live in gloom; his bright,
Warm sunshine gone, he drooped away and died.

Sigh not, weep not for Marion. What you
Have heard was acted years and years ago,
And all the actors long have slept. Weep not
For Marion, but rather give your tears
And charity to those who live and lack
A mother's love; the erring desolate,
Who perish for a kindly word.

THE POETRY OF SCIENCE.—Herbert Spencer.

Science is necessary not only for the most successful production, but also for the full appreciation of the fine arts. In what consists the greater ability of a man than of a child to perceive the beauties of a picture, unless it is in his more extended knowledge of those truths in nature or life which the picture renders? How happens the cultivated gentleman to enjoy a fine poem so much more than a boor does, if it is not because his wider acquaintance with objects and actions enables him to see in the poem much that the boor cannot see?

Not only does science underlie sculpture, painting, music, poetry, but science is itself poetic. The current opinion that science and poetry are opposed is a delusion. On the contrary science opens up realms of poetry where to the unscientific all is a blank. Those engaged in scientific researches constantly show us that they realize not less vividly, but more vividly, than others, the poetry of their subjects.

Whoever will dip into Hugh Miller's works on geology, or read Mr. Lewes' "Seaside Studies," will perceive that science excites poetry rather than extinguishes it. And whoever will contemplate the life of Goethe will see that the poet and the man of science can co-exist in equal activity. Is it not, indeed, an absurd and almost a sacrilegious belief that the more a man studies nature the less he reveres it? Think you that a drop of water, which to the vulgar eye is but a drop of water, loses anything in the eye of the physicist who knows that its elements are held together by a force which, if suddenly liberated, would produce a flash of lightning? Think you that what is carelessly looked upon by the uninitiated as a mere snow-flake, does not suggest higher associations to one who has seen through a microscope the wondrously varied and elegant forms of snow-crystals? Think you that the rounded rock marked with parallel scratches calls up as much poetry in an ignorant mind as in the mind of a geologist, who knows that over this rock a glacier slid a million years ago? The truth is, that those who have never entered upon scientific pursuits know not a tithe of the poetry by which they are surrounded. Whoever has not in youth collected plants and insects, knows not half the halo of interest which lanes and hedge-rows can assume. Whoever has not sought for fossils, has little idea of the poetical associations that surround the places where imbedded treasures were found. Whoever at the seaside has not had a microscope and an aquarium, has yet to learn what the highest

pleasures of the seaside are. Sad, indeed, is it to see how men occupy themselves with trivialities, and are indifferent to the grandest phenomena—care not to understand the architecture of the heavens, but are deeply interested in some contemptible controversy about the intrigues of Mary Queen of Scots!—are learnedly critical over a Greek ode, and pass by without a glance that grand epic written by the finger of God upon the strata of the earth!

LARRIE O'DEE.—W. W. FINK.

Now the widow McGee,
And Larrie O'Dee,
Had two little cottages out on the green,
With just room enough for two pig-pens between.
The widow was young and the widow was fair,
With the brightest of eyes and the brownest of hair;
And it frequently chanced, when she came in the morn
With the swill for her pig, Larrie came with the corn.
And some of the ears that he tossed from his hand,
In the pen of the widow were certain to land.

One morning said he:
"Och! Misthress McGee,
It's a waste of good lumber, this runnin' two rigs,
Wid a fancy purtition betwane our two pigs!"
"Indade sur, it is!" answered Widow McGee,
With the sweetest of smiles upon Larrie O'Dee.
"And thin, it looks kind o' hard-hearted and mane,
Kapin' two friendly pigs so exsaidenly near
That whiniver one grunts the other can hear,
And yit kape a cruel purtition betwane."

"Shwate Widow McGee,"
Answered Larrie O'Dee,
"If ye fale in your heart we are mane to the pigs,
Ain't we mane to ourselves to be runnin' two rigs?
Och! it made me heart ache whin I paped through the cracks
Of me shanty, lasht March, at yez shwingin' yer axe;
An' a bobbin' yer head an' a shtompin' yer fate,
Wid yer purty white hands jisht as red as a bate,

A-sphlittin' yer kindlin'-wood out in the shtorm,
When one little shtove it would kape us both warm!"

"Now, piggy," said she;
"Larrie's courtin' o' me,
Wid his dilicate tinder allusions to you;
So now yez must tell me jisht what I must do:
For, if I'm to say yes, shtir the swill wid yer snout;
But if I'm to say no, ye must kape your nose out.
Now Larrie, for shame! to be bribin' a pig
By a-tossin' a handful of corn in its shwig!"
"Me darlint, the piggy says yes," answered he.
And that was the courtship of Larrie O'Dee.

—*The Independent.*

A BAD COLD.—H. Elliott McBride.

Written expressly for this collection.

I cannot speak (*coughs*), I've got a cough,
I've got the sneezes, too. (*Sneezes.*)
I feel *so* bad (*coughs*), I've got a cough,
Now what am I to do? (*Coughs.*)

It isn't right to make me speak (*coughs*),
I've got an awful cough;
Why didn't they consider this? (*Coughs.*)
They should have let me off.

But as I'm here—there comes a sneeze—(*Sneezes.*)
I guess I'll go ahead. (*Coughs.*)
Oh, what a cold! Another sneeze! (*Sneezes.*)
Is not my nose quite red?

I came out here to make a speech— (*Coughs.*)
Oh, no; I came to sneeze (*sneezes*),
But if I hadn't come, my friends (*coughs*),
There would have been a breeze. (*Sneezes.*)

How can I speak with such a cough? (*Coughs.*)
I've got an awful cold;
I cannot speak—I'll sneeze my piece—
Just see me now—behold!—(*Sneezes very loud.*)

Yes, that's the way,—I'll sneeze my piece;
And can't I do it well? (*Sneezes.*)
I feel—oh! oh!—(*Sneezes.*) I guess I'll go—
And have a sneezing spell. (*Sneezes loudly as he bows.*)

THE VIGILANTS.—I. Edgar Jones.

Deep down within a mountain vale, where guardian peaks arise
In glittering snow-tipped spears which pierce the azure of the skies,
Just as the pioneers began their pleasures of the night,
And sunset glorified the hills with crimson-tinted light,
The moon, full-orbed, its magic spread o'er landscapes grand and bold,
And wove its threads of silver light mid sunset's bars of gold,—
A type of that which lured these men from firesides far away
To beat at Nature's treasure vaults undaunted day by day;
Strange groups were there, unkempt and rude, wild-eyed, steel-hearted men,
When, loudly calling as he rode, there galloped through the glen,
Gray-haired, gray-eyed, cool, stern and grim, their leader, Broncho Ben.

"Quick! to your saddles, Vigilants! They're running off our stock!"
And echoes caught and tossed the stern commands from rock to rock;
"Those Indian demons once again have found our herds at grass,
We'll ride straight through the lower park, and meet them at the pass!"
Swift words, swift deeds. They dashed away, led on by Captain Ben,
And vanished down the vale toward the entrance of the glen.
A short half hour and they had neared the green vale's rocky gate—
The Indian bandits rushing on in headlong race with fate;
The miners sighting every gun through eyes aflame with hate.

Out flash the rifle's notes of death, in emphasis of fire,
Out rang the shouts and answering yells, in tones of deadly ire,
While many a warrior kissed the earth as border rifles flashed,
And many a steed, its rider gone, in wild abandon dashed.
"Quick, men! There go the leader and his son!" cried Captain Ben;
"Shoot down the dogs! By heaven, they're gone! You've missed them once again!

Give me that Winchester, McCook, I'll bring them down to dust
Before they reach yon bowlder piles and heaped up lava crust!
There! Those shots dropped them! What! Not gone? The youngster not yet dead?
Bring water here from yonder brook to bathe his face and head,
Tear off that hunting-shirt and find the wound from which he bled."

"Well, who'd have thought it? Here's a go! Just see that rippling hair.
Poor child! That face, without the paint, is beautiful and fair.
That greaser devil after all was mated with a dove—
By Jove! What won't these women do, and dare it all for love?
Some mother's sunbeam, father's pet, lured off to share a life
Of hardship, plunder, blood-stained crime, of peril, gore and strife.
I'd give this hand to change that shot! If I had only known
That I was shooting at a girl, that man had died alone.
What's that you say? 'A white man, too?' Wash off that Spanish brown.
Ah! now I know that handsome face. It's gambler Sam McKown,
Who knifed those fellows from the States, last year and skipped the town.

"Who knows the girl? Light up some brush, we'll save her if we can
To live repentant of the past and cheer some better man."
Up flashed the fire. With weird effect it lit the curious scene—
The group of roughly costumed men, the wounded girl between—
And as its ruddy glow revealed the maiden's youthful grace,
Reflected in those dark eyes fixed upon the leader's face,
There stole o'er his a veil of gray, a dread and awesome change,
The stern eyes melting into love, emotions deep and strange.
With one deep groan he sank to earth, and, kneeling at her side,
His tears were mingled with her blood, her life's low ebbing tide.
She kissed him, murmured some low word, smiled softly once, and died.

They buried her there where the pines and towering mountain height
Look down upon the lonely grave, as many a moonlit night
A gray-haired man with silent mien rides down the pass alone
And kneels beside the rough-hewn shaft of gray, unlettered stone.
They questioned him at first, but he in accents hoarse and strained
Asked but their silence, turned aside, and never once explained.
So life flows on its turbid course in camp at Diggers' Glen,
And still the vigilants are led by stern-eyed Broncho Ben.
"Who was the maiden?" One man knows, but seals it in his breast.
These incidents are solemn truths,—God only knows the rest,—
Another romance, scarlet-stamped, upon the border West,
Traced out in blood, in strange events, in consecrated tears,
In heart-throbs timing with life-beats the marching of the years,
These trails of freedom by our bold and hardy pioneers.

TEN POUND TEN.—George W. Bungay.

"Ten pound ten" is the interpretation of the changes rung upon the anvil by the blacksmith's hammers.

He's a blacksmith, proud of his lot,
He strikes hard when the iron is hot;
The red sparks glow like fireflies winging.
Ten pound ten can never be got
Unless he keeps the anvil ringing.
Strike again,
Ten pound ten!

When working well with iron will,
He's ready to foot the grocer's bill,
Good luck from every blow upspringing,
That is the way the pockets fill,
Money clinks to the anvil's ringing.
Strike again,
Ten pound ten!

He strikes for wages, and he gets
Money enough to pay his debts,

And more, for he keeps his hammer swinging;
Pride and indolence spread their nets
In vain, for he keeps his anvil ringing.
Strike again,
Ten pound ten!

His anvil solo every day
Awakes the sleepers over the way,
And they hear him merrily singing,
"There's time to work and time to play,
Now is the time for anvil ringing."
Strike again,
Ten pound ten!

Amid a shower of sparks he stands,
With a bronzed face and horny hands,
Where the wasp of want will not come stinging.
The house he built is not on sands,
It is firm as the anvil ringing.
Strike again,
Ten pound ten!

When he grows old and bent and gray,
And long before, he may rest and play,
The golden age sweet pleasure bringing;
He may hear his happy children say,
"There's music in the anvil's ringing."
Strike again,
Ten pound ten!

THE COMPOSITION.—Lulu C. Hillyer.

Written expressly for this collection.

Ellen seated in a chair on stage idly toying with scratch-paper and pencil. Enter Mary, also with scratch-book and pencil.

Mary. O Ellen, do pray tell me,—what did Miss Brown say about our writing compositions? You know I was not at school, and Susan White says we are to have them ready by Monday—and I was going to a picnic, too; I think it's real mean. But what subject did she give?

Ellen. Well, for my part, I was in the room when

Miss Brown explained the subject, but I guess you know about as much as I do. She said we were to write about "Famous Apples."

Mary. "Famous Apples!" Why who ever heard of such a thing!

Ellen. Oh, don't you know? First of all, she told us there was the apple Eve ate, and I think that would cover the whole subject, for, heigh! ho! if it had not been for that apple, perhaps there would be no such evil as writing compositions.

Mary (*beginning to scratch with her pencil*). Come on, let's write and get through. Wait a moment. (*Writes rapidly on her scratch-book.*) See how this sounds: (*Reads.*) "Since the morning stars first sang together in their nightly watch over Eden, where our first parents, beguiled by the serpent, ate of that forbidden fruit which brought death and all our woe into the world, apples have ever taken a prominent part in the history, mythology, and literature of the world." Now let me see (*biting her pencil and looking thoughtfully*), what other apples are there?

Ellen. Well, there was the Apple of Discord. Miss Brown said one time a man gave a party and invited everybody but Discord, and this made her very angry, so she threw an apple in the crowd. They all fussed over it ever so long, because Julia and Melvina and—and—what was the other girl's name? I have heard that name before somewhere. Oh, now I have it,—it was Venus. Oh, yes! Charley Fisher said I had a profile like Venus, that's how I came to remember the name. Any way, they all three claimed the apple, till at last they agreed that they would go to France and ask a lady who lived in Paris, and whose name was Ida, to settle the question for them. Ida gave it to Venus, and somehow or other, I don't know how, but it brought on a big war.

Mary (*writing*). Let me dot down some of those points

before I forget. (*Stops writing.*) Did Miss Brown tell you any more—oh, I know! There was the apple William Tell shot from his son's head.

Ellen. Yes, but we must not put that in yet. Miss Brown said we must tell about the apples a girl named Atlanta had. It was a very pretty story, but I began to wonder if the girl was named after Atlanta, and then I saw some June apples in a garden near by, and I wanted some so bad. And then she told us about some apples of Gomorrah—no, that is not right, but it sounded like some name in the Bible. Then there were some sort of golden apples that it was very hard to get, and there was the apple George Washington found in a dumpling.

Mary (*rising from her seat, and Ellen rising at the same time, both stand*). Well, Ellen, I must thank you for telling me so much. You know if I have a talent for anything, it is for writing compositions; and with the outline you have given, I think I can make a very respectable essay. If you wish any help in arranging yours, it will give me pleasure to assist you. (*Turns as if about to leave.*)

Ellen. O Mary, stop, wait! we must not put in exactly the same things, for then Miss Brown will think we helped each other, and I want that about Discord and William Tell for mine.

Mary (*angrily*). No, indeed! I thought of William Tell myself, and I mean to put him in my essay, too.

Ellen. Then you are just too mean and sneaking to associate with—after all my trouble in helping you, too. I hope you will never speak to me again!

Mary. Indeed, miss, I am very happy in ending our acquaintance, for I am sure there can be neither pleasure nor profit in it. Wishing you may receive a hundred on your brilliant production, I bid you good-evening. (*Bows very low.*)

Ellen. And the same to you. (*Both continue to bow until they reach the ends of stage.*)

FRA FONTI.—Robert C. V. Meyers.*

Written expressly for this collection.

A noted criminal was to die,—to hang,
And the town-heart throbbed pleasurably fast.
"We'll take our grapes and eat them on the way;
We'll see the sight—the first shall not be last."

Fra Fonti came to me that day. "Signor,
You deem it odd a priest should go to see
A very thief and murderer die, and yet
Be drawn at most by curiosity?
Listen!—I hurry; confessions claim my time
Till Angelus. Listen! and condemn me then!
I and a brother were the only sons
Of well-born parents—rest their souls! and when
We were grown men our love an adage made;
Together we on all occasions—e'en
When he was ill, why I was ill; when joy
Was mine his joy was like yon jasmine, keen,
Perfumed with health. One day I loved. Just then
My brother left me,—the day I knew I loved.
I missed him less now that my fond love
For him had merged in fonder.

Tanta moved
My soul beyond its duty, strength, and will;
I was her slave, she'd have it so that not
A thought of mine should stray beyond herself—
All but herself and my great love forgot.
Then all too soon across my blissful sky
Dark shadows passed,—I feared her heart estranged;
And yet she laughed and clung to me, and called
Me jealous without cause. My love had changed.

Oh, well! the story's long; of women's wiles
And fickleness, the signor knows. This one,
The epitome of all, dragged me, drove me, killed
Me, then complained I was so soon undone.
Then my love died, as all had died from me
For her sake,—brother, friends, e'en God, it seemed;
But when I knew she'd married the unknown,
The hated one, the one who sudden gleamed
A wily snake across my path, there sprang
From out my soul a deadlier thing to doom

*See Note on page 100.

The snake—red vengeance that should slake not till
Before my foe death swung the scythe of gloom.

To shorten still the story, let me say
To keep my two hands white, I sought the aid
Of mother-church—hatred drove me here
To pray for pardon for my hatred. Laid
Aside were all the nonsense and the thrall
Of love for woman—I never thought of her!
But fight I daily did the devil, who
With one thought of my wrong my soul could stir.
For years 'twas thus—for twenty years, no less.
I rarely left the cloister, would not hear
A word of him or her; their lives I dared not
Think of, the devil and his wiles were much too near
To trust the smallest firebrand.

The enemy
I thought that I had conquered. But this spring
There was a murder; an angered man had wrung
The lifeblood from his wife as one would wring
The dew from out a kerchief. You guess they were
The man and wife I knew. Yes! Then there came
A vast joy to me,—the devil I long had put
To rout I could in safety name, and laughing name
The death I coveted for the hated man.
And so the law, that is no murderer,
Could do more than I dared, could kill the man
Who'd killed my love, yet bid me not to stir
To avenge my slaughtered self—could prove that I
Was nothing to myself, while that wife, who
Was nothing to the law, when she was dead
And nothing was the most alive, and through
Her wordless lips cried out for law's revenge.
I think I laughed when he was sentenced. Now
I had my vengeance—for the man was proud,
And your gibbet is a leveler. You'll allow
The man is in the priest when I say to you
I had permission just to go this morn
And—hush!—offer consolation unto him
Who'd ended little Tanta, she whose scorn
I had not thought of while my much of thought
Went out to him who'd bred it in her breast.
Signor, I go—'tis late, the culprit waits
My office. To heaven I send him. Aye, 'tis like a jest!"

Fra Fonti left my room, a saint like smile
Upon his lips, his cowl drawn so you could
Not catch the glitter of his eye nor see
The moisture on his cheeks.
In gloomy mood
How long I sat there frowning o'er his tale,
I know not. Sudden smiting through the gloom
Of jasmine-boughs that made the casement dark,
I saw a face,—Fra Fonti in the room.
No more the smile lay on his ashen lips,
No more the hell-light made his eyes like coal;
The man was quenched, pallid, and more than weak—
As though he stood there just a naked soul
That ne'er had fleshed before, just out of birth
And feeble as a babe whose one instinct
Is cries for that it needs, by instinct led
To find the font of life. His hands were linked
Together. "Signor," in a hollow voice
He whispered, "would you care to hear the rest
Of the strange tale I told you? Well!—he is dead
I hated! Henceforth my prayers are for him!—Best
To tell you all—I faint—support me!—See,
I cannot stand!—Air! air!—more air!—I smother!
The man—I hated—who married her I loved,
Who murdered her—and hanged!— He was my brother!"

THE QUARREL OF THE WHEELS.—T. D. English.

I sat within my wagon on a heated summer day,
And watched my horse's flinging feet devour the dusty way,
When suddenly a voice below shrieked out, it seemed to me:
"You're bigger, but you cannot go one-half so fast as we!"

I looked around, but no one there my straining vision caught;
We were alone upon the road; I must have dreamed, I thought;
Then almost at my feet I heard, distinct, a voice's sound:
"You'll never overtake us, though you twice go o'er the ground!"

It puzzled me at first; but soon the fact upon me broke,
The fore-wheels of the wagon had thus to the hind-wheels spoke.
I listened for the answer, and it came in accents low:
"You're no further now before us than you were an hour ago!"

I waited the rejoinder, but no further answer came;
The fore-wheels were too busy, and the hind-wheels were the same;
And though I strained my hearing much, depressing well my head,
By fore-wheels or by hind-wheels, not another word was said.

The matter set me thinking how in life one often knows
Of bitter controversies with the words absurd as those;
How many claim as merit what is after all but fate,
With success that others make for them exultingly elate.

Your wise and mighty statesman just before his fellow set,
Strives, as fore-wheel in the wagon, further from the hind to get;
Rolls along in his complacence, as he thinks, to name and fame,
To find, the journey ended, his position just the same.

The patient toiler struggles, but no inch beyond is gained;
And he grumbles that, despite him, one position is maintained,
Not reflecting that the Owner, who can everything control,
Bade him ever as the hindmost for a fitting purpose roll.

Still speeds along the wagon o'er the steady roadway drawn,
Till ends the weary journey, and the light of day has gone;
And all the rivalries of men, the quiet thinker feels,
Are idle as the quarrels of the fore and hinder wheels.

A WORD FOR CRANKS.

Cranks, my son? The world is full of them. What would we do were it not for the cranks? How slowly the tired old world would move, did not the cranks keep it rushing along! Columbus was a crank on the subject of American discovery and circumnavigation, and at last he met the fate of most cranks,—was thrown into prison, and died in poverty and disgrace. Greatly venerated now? Oh, yes, Telemachus, we usually esteem a crank most profoundly after we starve him to death. Harvey was a crank on the subject of the circulation of the blood; Galileo was an astronomical crank; Fulton was a crank on the subject of steam navigation; Morse was

a telegraph crank; all the old Abolitionists were cranks; John Bunyan was a crank; any man who doesn't think as you do, my son, is a crank.

And by-and-by the crank you despise will have his name in every man's mouth, and a half-completed monument to his memory crumbling down in a dozen cities, while nobody outside of your native village will know that you ever lived. Deal gently with the crank, my boy. Of course, some cranks are crankier than others, but do you be very slow to sneer at a man because he knows only one thing and you can't understand him. A crank, Telemachus, is a thing that turns something, it makes the wheels go round, it ensures progress. True, it turns the same wheel all the time, and it can't do anything else, but that's what keeps the ship going ahead.

The thing that goes in for variety, versatility, that changes its position a hundred times a day, that is no crank; that is the weather-vane, my son. What? You nevertheless thank Heaven you are not a crank? Don't do that, my son. Maybe you couldn't be a crank if you would. Heaven is not very particular when it wants a weather-vane; almost any man will do for that. But when it wants a crank, my boy, it looks about very carefully for the best man in the community. Before you thank Heaven that you are not a crank, examine yourself carefully, and see what is the great deficiency that debars you from such an election.

—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

AWKWARD.—J. CHEEVER GOODWIN.

From "Scribner's Monthly," by permission.

And so she's engaged to be married
To one of our class! I'm afraid
That if very much longer she tarried
Her degree would be O. M.—Old Maid.
"I know her?" Oh, yes, or I thought so;
But I'm more than inclined to believe

I was wrong. I'm the fellow she sought so,
But couldn't deceive.

"You're surprised?" I imagined you would be;
It's a thing I say little about;
'Twas as open a case as well could be—
"Did she love me?" There wasn't a doubt.
Why, she just threw herself at my head, Bill!
But I knew she'd no heart and less brains;
And though money will settle a bread bill,
It won't wash off stains.

"You're astonished at this?" My dear fellow,
What the deuce did I care for her age!
I like women like apples,—when mellow.
But the fact was, I knew every page
Of her history. "Flirted?" You'd think so.
There was Harry McKeown, sixty-three;
It was she that drove him to the drink so;
"Am I sure?" As can be.

She's a scheming coquette, and I know it;
She hasn't the least bit of soul
Or an atom of truth. "Doesn't show it?"
No; her feelings are under control.
Then it's nonsense to say she has beauty,
I pity the fellow she's caught.
It must be a matter of duty
With him, or he's bought.

Who the deuce can it be? There's Fred Baker,
You remember him?—scored for the Nine;
But there isn't much fear that he'd take her;
He wants blue blood, and not a gold mine.
"Chicken" Jones? No, he's married. 'Twas funny,
How he ran a tie race with Jim Prout,
For the "class cradle," wasn't it? Money
He's got, and the gout.

"Tub" Abbott was sweet on her. Sandy
McGillum!—he must be the one,
By Jove, it's old "Sandy, the dandy!"
It's not he? I give up then. I'm done.
Is it one of our class, are you sure,
That the vixen has seized for her prey?
Who's the fellow? let's have it! What! *you are?*
The dickens you say!

A PAUPER'S REVENGE.—John F. Nicholls.

One moment, oh, stay one moment, and give me a coin for bread,
You're the first I've ever asked, sir, for begging's a thing I dread;
But I only left the workhouse a few short hours ago,
And I haven't a friend to help me—for God's sake, don't say No.

I know that I'm presuming, but I'm suffering want and pain,
And I'll never ask the Guardians to take me back again—
The same old story? Nay, sir; my story is fresh and true,
Will you linger just a moment while I tell my tale to you?

Five long, long years ago, sir, I was happy and well-to-do,
Not a thin and wasted creature, but as tall and strong as you;
With a wife as fair as sunlight, and a home like heaven below;
While, better than these, my name, sir, was pure as the glistening snow.

I'd worked my business well, sir, then, thinking 'twould be for the best,
I took in a working partner, intending to take some rest;
And I did, till I found the money was melting fast away,
When I searched the books and found, sir, that the business had gone astray.

That partner of mine soon vanished with all the available cash;
He had ruined the firm in bills, sir, and naught could avert a smash:
'Twas a blow that simply crushed me; my ruin was so complete,
That within a month from then, sir, we had scarcely food to eat.

Ah! many a time I've cursed him, the villain who spoiled my life,
I prayed for vengeance once, sir, as I stood by my poor dead wife,
For he, and he only, caused me the whole of my awful woe,
And I prayed that God's wrath would follow wherever the wretch should go.

Alone in the world, I glided down, down in the social scale;
Unable to find employment, my courage began to fail,

And weary of life and its burden, impelled by the hand of Fate,
I flew to my only shelter inside of the workhouse gate.

Why did I leave it? I'll tell you. The reason is strange though true.
I hope you'll not think I am trying to hatch up a story for you,
And pray do not think for a moment, I'm wanting to brag of my acts,
I'll tell you the tale quite simply, confining it strictly to facts.

'Twas only to-day it happened, though it seems a month ago,
I was just outside of the gate, sir, a-sweeping away the snow,
When a tattered, shivering stranger, with an air of fallen pride,
Came up and asked me softly, was there room for him inside.

I started, and eyed the speaker, for I thought that voice I knew,
And he seemed to quail before me as I looked him through and through;
'Twas a mutual recognition, and there for a minute's space
We two old city partners, stood silently face to face.

My blood grew hot, and I shouted, as I clutched and held him fast:
"You villain! till now you've 'scaped me, but my time has come at last;
I've a few old scores to settle before I can let you go!"
And with that I raised my fist, sir, to strike him a crushing blow.

But just as the blow was falling, I fancied that I could trace
A mute appeal for mercy in his thin and careworn face,
And my blow went wide and harmless, for, bad as he once had been,
I couldn't resist his glances, whatever the man might mean.

With an effort, I curbed my temper, and instantly let him go,
When he fell right down before me, on his knees, in the pure-white snow,
And he sobbed: "I crave forgiveness, the way has been sharp and rough;
For God's sake spare your anger, my punishment's hard enough!"

'Twas a struggle, but I forgave him, and showed him the way inside,
Though I knew he couldn't stay there, however much he tried.
The wards were full, they told him, there wasn't a vacant place,
And it went to my heart, that look, sir, on his pale and shrunken face.

Then straight from the spot I darted, right into the master's room,
Took my discharge and went, sir, away from the place of gloom,
Into a gloomier, maybe. You say, 'twas a foolish whim!
Nay, sir, I left that workhouse to give up my place to him.

That's all the revenge I've had, sir, a poor one you think, no doubt;
But I hope I shall never regret, sir, the morning that I came out.
Even now, I am proudly conscious that I did what I thought was right—
I thank you, kind sir, God bless you! A happy new year! Good night!

HE GIVETH HIS LOVED ONES SLEEP.

He sees when their footsteps falter, when their hearts grow weak and faint;
He marks when their strength is failing, and listens to each complaint;
He bids them rest for a season, for the pathway has grown too steep;
And, folded in fair, green pastures,
He giveth his loved ones sleep.

Like weary and worn out children, that sigh for the daylight's close,
He knows that they oft are longing for home and its sweet repose;
So he calls them in from their labors, ere the shadows round them creep,
And silently watching o'er them,
He giveth his loved ones sleep.

He giveth it, oh, so gently! as a mother will hush to rest
The babe that she softly pillows so tenderly on her breast.

Forgotten are now the trials and sorrows that made them weep,
For with many a soothing promise
He giveth his loved ones sleep.

He giveth it! Friends the dearest can never this boon bestow;
But he touches the drooping eyelids, and placid the features grow!
Their foes may gather about them, and storms may round them sweep,
But, guarding them safe from danger,
He giveth his loved ones sleep.

All dread of the distant future, all fears that oppress to-day,
Like mists that oppose the sunlight, have noiselessly passed away.
No call nor clamor can rouse them from slumbers so pure and deep,
For only his voice can reach them,
Who giveth his loved ones sleep.

Weep not that their toils are over; weep not that their race is run;
God grant we may rest as calmly when our work, like theirs, is done!
Till then we would yield with gladness our treasures to him to keep,
And rejoice in the sweet assurance—
He giveth his loved ones sleep.

THE END OF KING DAVID.

A LEGEND OF THE TALMUD.

"Lord, let me know mine end, and of my days
The number, that I may be certified
How long I have to live!" So prayed, in heat,
The monarch after God's own heart, whose son
Was wiser than himself. The Voice Divine
Made answer: "I have set behind a veil
From man the knowledge of his time of death.
That he must die, he knows, and knows enough."
But David wrestled with the Lord in prayer:
"Let me but know the measure of my days!"
And God said: "Of the measure of his days

May no man know." Yet David urged again
The Lord: "I do beseech Thee, let me know
When I shall cease to be?" "Thy time," said God,
"Shall come upon a Sabbath; ask no more."
"Nay; not upon thy Sabbath-day, O Lord,"
Cried David, "let thy servant meet his end;
Upon the morrow following let me die!"
And God once more made answer: "I have said!
The reigns of kings are preordained, nor may
By so much as the breadth of one thin hair
Be lengthened or diminished. Solomon,
Thy son, upon the Sabbath mounts thy throne;
I may not take from him to add to thee—"
"Nay, then," said David, "let me die, O Lord,
The day before; for in thy courts, one day
Is better than a thousand spent elsewhere!"
And God made final answer: "Nor from thee
To add to him. But know thou this, one day
Spent by thee in the study of my law,
Shall find more favor in my sight than steam
And savor of burnt offerings thousand-fold
That Solomon, thy son, shall sacrifice."
And the Lord ceased; and David held his peace.
But ever after, when the Sabbath dawned,
Till sunset followed sunrise, sate the king—
The volume of the Book upon his knees—
Absorbed in meditation and in prayer.
So to be found what time his hour shall come,
And many a week the Sabbath came and went.

About the rearward of the palace grew
An orchard trimly planted,—to the sense
Pleasant with sight and smell and grateful shade
In summer noons,—and, beyond this again,
Such lodging as the king should give the steeds
That draw his royal chariot, and the hounds
That, for his pastime, in the forest rouse
The lion from his lair. And lo! it chanced
One Sabbath morn, the slave whose office 'twas
To tend King David's kennels, in his task
Had made default, and left the unfed hounds
Howling for hunger. So their cry disturbed
The king, who knew it not. And David rose
And put aside the volume, and, in haste,
Passed through the postern to the orchard plot,

Seeking the uproar's cause. And as his foot
O'erstepped the threshold, there he fell down—dead!

Then straightway in hot haste the news was brought
To Solomon, who all the Rabbis called
To sudden council. "Tell me," said the king,
"Ye sages of the law; my father lies
Dead in his orchard, and the Sabbath yet
Lacks many hours of ending; were it well
To raise and bear the body now at once
To the corpse chamber, or to let it lie
There until set of sun? And lo! his hounds
Howl for the food; may I cut meat for them
Upon the Sabbath day?" And, with one voice,
The Rabbis answered: "Let the Sabbath close
Ere thou lift up the king, thy father's corpse;
But thou mayst carve their portion for the hounds."

So till the sunset in the orchard lay
The king untended; but the hounds were fed,
And Solomon said only, "Yea! a dog
Alive is worthier than a lion dead!"

PADDY'S COURTING.—W. A. Eaton.

Biddy Machree was a gentlewoman,—at least, as gentle a woman as could be found anywhere. Biddy was young, and decidedly good-looking. Biddy had a neat little cottage, with a good-sized potato patch, and some fine pigs in the sty. No wonder then that all the young sparks in the neighborhood fell in love with and fell out about her.

Amongst the young fellows who stood a good chance of winning the love and potato patch of Biddy, was young Patrick O'Conner.

He was a smart, handsome young fellow, with bright roving eyes, and a saucy expression about the mouth that won the good will of everybody. His patch of land joined Biddy's; his pigs grunted in chorus to Biddy's; the smoke of his chimney always went in the direction of

Biddy's—when the wind blew that way; and so he began to think he had a right to Biddy.

As to Biddy herself, she often looked in the direction of Paddy's plot, and sighed to think of the waste of ground on which the low stone wall stood.

One night she was sitting all alone, knitting stockings, when all of a sudden the latch was lifted and Paddy O'Conner entered.

"Och! murther," exclaimed the frightened damsel, "wher did ye spring from?"

"From jest nowhere, me darlint!" replied Pat, who was glad to find his charmer alone,—"from jest nowhere. I come to spake till ye on vary partic'lar bizness."

"The ould ooman's fast asleep, so ye may jest spake what ye plaze!"

"Och, thin Biddy," said Paddy, drawing his stool close to hers, and putting his arm round her waist, "It's yerself as I've come to spake about, an' nothin' else at all, at all."

"Ye can't say much about me, for sure."

"Whew, Biddy darlint! I drame of ye!"

"Och, Pat, you wouldn't be afther tellin' me your drames, would ye?"

"What if I did, me jewel? Drames come true sometimes. An' don't I wish *my* drame would come true."

"Do yer?" said Biddy, drawing her three-legged stool nearer to his. "Tell me what it was about, honey."

"Oh, it was jest about yerself, me darlint. I dreamt I was going to church—"

"Yes, Pat."

"Yes, I dreamt I was going to church to be—"

"Christened, Pat?"

"Nivir a bit was it christened; no, no, I was going to church to be—"

"Buried?"

"Buried! I' faith; not buried at all, at all. I dreamt I was going to church to be married."

"Married? O Patrick! it was only a drame, wasn't it?"

"Bad luck to it, yes; it was only a drame."

"O Paddy! will it ever come true?"

"Sure, and I'm draming it will."

"An' who was the misthress, Pat?"

"Who? Be all that's wonderful, can't yer guess?"

"Norah McCarty?"

"Why, she squints!"

"Madge Mulligan?"

"The timper of a she-wolf! Me jewel, it was *yerself!*"

"O Pat!" exclaimed the damsel, hiding her face in her apron. "O Pat, I'm surprised at yer drame, for sure; it was a strange drame."

They sat in silence for some moments, and Paddy, after waiting for her to uncover her face, ventured to pull down one corner of her apron and take a peep. The roguish twinkle in her eye encouraged him, so summoning up all his fortitude, he said:

"Will the drame come true, darlint?"

The maiden's cheek flushed a deeper crimson, and, laying her hand on his arm, she replied:

"Wheniver ye plaze, Pat."

UNSPOKEN.

Sad are the words that men have spoken,
  But in the speaking they find relief.
Dear to the heart that is rent and broken
  Is the passionate tale of its wasting grief.

But sadder yet is the silent sorrow
  That grows in the stillness from day to day,
And waits and yearns for the great to-morrow,
  Yet dreads the thought of the far away.

Ah! ye are happy whose tears are flowing;
  Your grief, like a ship on the outward tide,
Has spread its sails and the winds are blowing
  Its canvas on to the ocean wide.

But he is saddest whose grief is lying
  Deep down in the chambers of his breast;
Away from the kingdom of tears and sighing,
  Alone and still in its hushed unrest.

PRAYING FOR SHOES.—Paul Hamilton Hayne.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

On a dark November morning,
A lady walked slowly down
The thronged, tumultuous thoroughfare
Of an ancient seaport town.

Of a winning and gracious beauty,
The peace of her pure young face
Was soft as the gleam of an angel's dream
In the calms of a heavenly place.

Her eyes were fountains of pity,
And the sensitive mouth expressed
A longing to set the kind thoughts free
In music that filled her breast.

She met, by a bright shop window,
An urchin timid and thin,
Who, with limbs that shook and a yearning look,
Was mistily glancing in

At the rows and varied clusters
Of slippers and shoes outspread,
Some shimmering keen, but of sombre sheen,
Some purple and green and red.

His pale lips moved and murmured;
But of what, she could not hear,
And oft on his folded hands would fall
The round of a bitter tear.

"What troubles you, child?" she asked him,
In a voice like the May-wind sweet.
He turned, and while pointing dolefully
To his naked and bleeding feet,

"I was praying for shoes," he answered;
"Just look at the splendid show!
I was praying to God for a single pair,
The sharp stones hurt me so!"

She led him, in museful silence,
At once through the open door,
And his hope grew bright, like a fairy light,
That flickered and danced before!

And there he was washed and tended
And his small, brown feet were shod;
And he pondered there on his childish prayer,
And the marvelous answer of God.

Above them his keen gaze wandered,
How strangely from shop to shelf,
Till it almost seemed that he fondly dreamed
Of looking on God Himself.

The lady bent over, and whispered,
"Are you happier now, my lad?"
He started, and all his soul flashed forth
In a gratitude swift and glad.

"Happy?—Oh, yes!—I am happy!"
Then (wonder with reverence rife,
His eyes aglow, and his voice sunk low),
"Please tell me! Are you God's wife?"

—*Independent.*

SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?—Geo. D. Prentice.

The fiat of death is inexorable. There is no appeal for relief from that great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flowers that bloom, wither and fade in a day, have no frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men will appear and disappear as the grass, and the multitude that throng the world to-day will disappear as footsteps on the shore. Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their own pathway, hiding from their eyes the faces of a loved one whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the antagonist of life, and the thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although the dark passage may lead to paradise: we do not want to go down into damp graves, even with princes for bed-fellows. In the beautiful drama of Ion the hope of immortality, so elo-

quently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his life a sacrifice to fate, his Clemanthe asks if they should meet again; to which he responds: "I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal; of the clear streams that flow forever; of stars among whose fields of azure my raised spirits have walked in glory. All are dumb. But as I gaze upon thy living face, I feel that there is something in the love that mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemanthe."

THE DOCTOR AND THE LAMPREYS.—HORACE SMITH.

When the eccentric Rabelais was physician
To Cardinal Lorraine, he sat at dinner
Beside that gormandizing sinner;
Not like the medical magician
Who whisked from Sancho Panza's fauces
The evanescent meat and sauces,
But to protect his sacred master
Against such diet as obstructs
The action of the epigastre,
O'erloads the biliary ducts,
The peristaltic motion crosses,
And puzzles the digestive process.

The Cardinal, one hungry day,
First having with his eyes consumed
Some lampreys that before him fumed,
Had plunged his fork into the prey,
When Rabelais gravely shook his head,
Tapped on his plate three times and said:
"Pah!—hard digestion! hard digestion!"
And his bile-dreading eminence,
Though sorely tempted, had the sense
To send it off without a question.

"Hip! hallo! bring the lampreys here!"
Cried Rabelais, as the dish he snatched;
And gobbling up the dainty cheer,
The whole was instantly dispatched.

Reddened with vain attempts at stifling
At once his wrath and appetite,
His patron cried, "Your conduct's rude,
This is no subject, sir, for trifling;
How dare you designate this food
As indigestible and crude,
Then swallow it before my sight?"

Quoth Rabelais: "It may be shown
That I don't merit this rebuff:
I tapped *the plate*, and that, you'll own,
Is indigestible enough;
But as to this unlucky fish,
With you so strangely out of favor,
Not only 'tis a wholesome dish,
But one of most delicious flavor!"

SUNRISE AMONG THE HILLS.—Dinah Mulock Craik.

"His mercies are new every morning, and His compassions fail not."

His mercies are new every morning,
Heavy and long is the night,
The sea moans in blackness of darkness—
There may be a wreck ere the light.
Lo! sudden—a gleam on the mountains!
The shadows are fleeing away;
God touches the clouds with sun-fingers
And opens the gates of the day.

His mercies are new every morning,
And oh, his compassions ne'er fail,
To the timid sheep, cropping the herbage,
The mariner breasting the gale;
The child, born to love and to laughter,
The sinner, whom tears cannot shrive,
The mourner, left "sleeping for sorrow,"
The sick man who wakes up alive!

"His mercies are new every morning!"
In the joy of our youth-time we sung;
"His mercies are new every morning!"
We sing yet with faltering tongue,
And we'll sing it till bursts the grand music
That all earth's faint anthems stills,
And we see the day-star arising
Above the eternal hills.

NOTTMAN.—Alexander Anderson.

That was Nottman waving at me,
But the steam fell down, so you could not see;
He is out to-day with the fast express,
And running a mile in the minute, I guess.

Danger? None in the least, for the way
Is good, though the curves are sharp as you say,
But bless you, when trains are a little behind,
They thunder around them,—a match for the wind.

Nottman himself is a demon to drive,
But cool and steady, and ever alive
To whatever danger is looming in front,
When a train has run hard to gain time for a shunt.

But he once got a fright, though, that shook him with pain,
Like sleepers beneath the weight of a train.
I remember the story well, for, you see,
His stoker, Jack Martin, told it to me.

Nottman had sent down the wife for a change
To the old folks living at Riverly Grange,
A quiet sleepy sort of a town,
Save when the engines went up and down.

For close behind it the railway ran
In a mile of a straight if a single span;
Three bridges were over the straight, and between
Two the distant signal was seen.

She had with her her boy,—a nice little chit
Full of romp and mischief, and childish wit;
And whenever Nottman thundered by,
Both watched from the door with eager eye.

"Well, one day," said Jack, "on our journey down,
Coming round on the straight at the back of the town,
I saw right ahead, in front of our track,
In the haze on the rail something dim-like and black.

"I looked over at Nottman, but ere I could speak,
He shut off the steam, and with one wild shriek,
A whistle took to the air with a bound;
But the object ahead never stirred at the sound.

"In a moment he flung himself down on his knee,
Leant over the side of the engine to see,

Took one look, then sprung up, crying, breathless and pale,
'Brake, Jack, it is some one asleep on the rail?'

"The rear brakes were whistled on in a trice
While I screwed on the tender-brake firm as a vise,
But still we tore on with this terrible thought
Sending fear to our hearts—'Can we stop her or not?'

"I took one look again, then sung out to my mate,
'We can never draw up, we have seen it too late.'
When, sudden and swift, like the change in a dream,
Nottman drew back the lever and flung on the steam.

"The great wheels staggered and spun with the strain,
While the spray from the steam fell around us like rain,
But we slackened our speed, till we saw with a wild
Throb at the heart, right before us—a child!

"It was lying asleep on the rail, with no fear
Of the terrible death that was looming so near:
The sweat on us both broke as cold as the dew
Of death as we questioned—'What can we do?'

"It was done—swift as acts that take place in a dream;
Nottman rushed to the front and knelt down on the beam,
Put one foot in the couplings; the other he kept
Right in front of the wheel for the child that still slept.

"'Saved!' I burst forth, my heart leaping with pride,
For one touch of the foot sent the child to the side,
But Nottman looked up, his lips white as with foam,
'My God, Jack,' he cried, 'It's my own little Tom!'

"He shrunk, would have slipped, but one grasp of my hand
Held him firm till the engine was brought to a stand,
Then I heard from behind a shriek take to the air,
And I knew that the voice of a mother was there.

"The boy was all right, had got off with a scratch:
He had crept through the fence in his frolic to watch
For his father; but, wearied with mischief and play,
Had fallen asleep on the rail where he lay.

"For days after that on our journey down,
Ere we came to the straight at the back of the town,
As if the signal were up with its gleam
Of red, Nottman always shut off the steam."

WILLIE CLARK.*—Thomas E. Garrett.

Mother, move a little nearer—I'm so lonely in the dark;
Tell me over, please, that story of poor little Willie Clark.
How I cried when I first heard it, yet it drove away the pain;
Doctor says my fever's better—mother, make me cry again.

There—I hold thy hand, my darling—I remember it quite well;
If 'twill smooth thy painful pillow I will Willie's story tell.
Willie's name is in the court-books, blotted with a fearful crime;
All is true as Bible-reading, though I tell it thee in rhyme.

THE STORY.

Willie's mother was a widow, all alone but for her boy;
She had neither friend nor fortune,—Willie was her only joy.
In an old abandoned shanty, built by workmen long before,
She had lived by thread and needle; no one ever passed her door.

Willie's home was near the railway, where his cries and cradle-strains
Mingled with the engine's shrieking and the rumble of the trains.
All went whirling, roaring round him, and his mind received a scare
That confined it to the cradle, and his mother watched it there.

Fifteen springs had nursed and reared him, and his form grew tall and strong,
While in thought he crawled an infant,—groping, creeping, slow along;
In his home he shone a sunbeam, innocent of earth's alloy,
And a mother's double-darling was her feeble-minded boy.

Still she went on singing to him all her string of baby strains,
'Mid the shrieking of the engines and the roaring of the trains;
Striving with a great heart-yearning in her every look and tone,
To arouse the sleeping sense and teach the mind to stand alone.

*From "The Masque of the Muses," by permission.

All in vain; he would not waken when 'twas time to go to school.
Playmates, when he spoiled their playing, called him simpleton and fool.
Willie never minded mocking, though it grieved his mother sore,
And for all the jeers and joking mother loved him more and more;

Talked to him of hope and fortune, as a mother only can;
Pictured him a happy future—when he grew to be a man;
Worked for him with busy fingers; at his baby prattle smiled;
She had many a mother's wish—her son would always be a child.

Willie's life was not all barren, Nature is not so unkind,
For she gave him heart, to fill the stinted measure of his mind.
Being's currents stayed and rippled round the fount of motherhood:
Mother loved him, he loved her, and these two things he understood.

Though he never wandered from her very far in way of harm,
Wonder drew him to the railway, where the danger seemed to charm:
Wonder what the rails were laid for; wonder what the travel meant;
Wonder where the railway started; wonder where the railway went;

Wonder why grown up men play with engines on a bridge's span;
Wonder if he'd have such playthings when he grew to be a man.
Once a horror came while he was looking on in wondering vein;
'Twas the dashing of an engine, and the crashing of a train.

Willie, frightened, hurried homeward,—in his terror looking back,
For there was a railroad horror and a ruin,—off the track.
He was caught and put in prison. Why? The boy could never tell;
Jailers and detectives only saw him crouching in his cell.

Prison—at a railroad station, in an old-time country town,
With its lock-up in the basement, for the house was tumbling down.

There he fed on sickening vapors, and his life was wasted far
When they brought him up for trial and arraigned him at the bar.

Lawyers pleaded in the court-room, turning over their big books,
All the while the pallid prisoner gazed around with wondering looks.
Judge and jury sat to try him in the law's unerring light;
There was death in that disaster, and the court was clothed with might.

Engine driver said that cordwood on the rails had been the snare.
Chief detective said the culprit had confessed he put it there;
Said the boy was playing idiot, feigning weakness in the brain.
Verdict: "Guilty"—killing, wounding men and women on the train.

Verdict, guilty! Mother heard it; she had been a witness too;
Tried with simple truth to shield him, but her story would not do.
Agonized, she sprang to greet him with a woeful, pleading wail,
Then she got the court's permission to be with him in the jail.

Oh! the shadows of a dungeon,—underground and dark and chill.
How that mother watched beside her darling, stricken deathly ill!
Hoping vainly for a pardon, she beguiled the dark to-day,
Telling him: "To-morrow, Willie, maybe you can go and play."

Pitying angels came to try him in the highest court of all,
Of that Judge who keeps a record of the smallest sparrow's fall;
Weeks and months the angels pleaded, and the mother pressed her right,
And the little convict wondered why the time was always night.

"What's the matter, dearest mother, is it never, never day?
I am tired, so tired of resting; when may I go out to play?
Hark! it thunders up above us; there, I hear the rumbling, plain."
"Yes, dear; 'tis the rushing engine, and the roaring of a train."

"Oh, I thought it was the anger of our Father in the skies."
"No, child; He is Love and Mercy, and our every good supplies.
Wait! to-morrow, if you're better—who knows? you may go and play."
"Mother, here is no to-morrow—never comes another day."

On his face a glow of reason, like the flush of dawn appears;
Mother marks the stunted mind grow to the stature of its years.
"Tell me, Willie, that's a darling, tell me all, keep nothing hid;
Did you, never meaning mischief, do the thing they said you did?"

Willie rises on his pillow: "Mother, some man came to me,
Saying: 'If you'll say you did it, I have come to set you free.
Willie, want to see your mother?' 'Oh! dear, yes, indeed I do;
Take me to her, and there's nothing that I will not do for you.'

"'Say you did it, that's a good boy;' and he opened wide that door;
'Say you didn't, and you'll never see the sunshine any more.'
I said 'yes;'" and Willie's face beamed bright as morn, and saintly fair;
"Mother, he told me to say so—but I never put it there."

Innocent! She knew it always. Now his mind has come to light.
Son and mother cleave together through the long hours of the night.
Morning comes; a troop of angels find a new and shining joy,
While the mother in that darkness clasps the form of her dead boy.

FRENCH BY LIGHTNING.—Charles Barnard.

Written expressly for this collection.

Why Sammy Burdock should leave the farm and go to the academy, was more than any one in the village could understand. As soon as the onion crop was sold, Sammy took the profits of his year's work, and leaving the old farm in the care of his mother, started off, gripsack in hand, for the Classical and Literary Academy. This was a boarding-school for both sexes, terms liberal,

French and music extra. Sammy didn't know when he started exactly what he should study. He found out the very morning he reached the academy.

Now the proprietor and principal of the Classical Academy had one free pupil,—a charity scholar who was paying her way through school by helping about the house, waiting on the door, and so on. Susan Hallet was in the fourth class in French, but a rather forgetful girl about some things, and having one day forgotten some trifling matter, the principal compelled her to speak nothing but French for one hundred hours. When Sammy Burdock rang the bell the required penance in French was just one hour old. Susan opened the door. Sammy had never seen such a vision of loveliness.

"Be you the school-marm?"

"Non, Monsuer."

"How? Hope I see you well. You're lookin' as bloomin' as a high-top sweetin' in June."

"Merci! Monsuer, merci!"

"Mercy? What you askin' for mercy for? I ain't goin' to hurt ye. I'm as innercent as a last year's almanac."

Susan looked upon him in a bewitching way and motioned him to come in and take a seat.

"Parley vous francais?"

Sammy was puzzled and hadn't a word to say, and Susan, rattling off a dozen words in boarding-school French, disappeared.

"I thought she looked kinder Frenchified. Tallest kind of a gal I ever seen. Julia Spillkins, up to hum, couldn't touch her with a ten-foot pole. I've heard the Kanucks parley vou, but it was like the squawkin' of crows 'side of her. Guess I will tell the Perfesser I'll take French."

One morning about four days after this, Sammy appeared ready to attack his new studies.

"Got a lesson book,—French by lightning: Have you the sugar of the uncle, or the cream of the aunt? Avez vous lee sucker dee l'onkle ou la creeme dee la tante? Pesky curus language any way. Are the coals on

the bench? No; they are in the butter of the brother. Lees charbong sont iles sur lee bank? Non; iles sont dans lee beurre du frère. It gets foolisher and foolisher as it goes on. If I wasn't in love with the gal jam up to the handle—Jehosophat! here she comes, and lookin' as smilin' as a bunch of hollyhocks!"

Susan had been struck. Sammy's beaming smile had instantly won her heart. Knowing he did not understand French, she boldly said to him:

"Bon jour, mon cher ami."

Sammy caught the last part and turned to the vocabulary at the end of his book.

"Moncheramy. I'll look and see what it means. Amy amy—oh! friend. Cher—c-h-e-r—dear—dear friend."

Shutting up the book he boldly launched into French. "Moncheramy. Glad to see you."

"Merci, merci."

"Mercy again! Why I ain't going to hit you. Studying French, I am, so as to talk to you. I like to hear you talk French; sounds like a bobolink a-hollerin' in a laylock bush."

"Bob-o-link—lay-lock bush!"

"Yes. Bird—singing—laylock bush—smell sweet—flower. Understand?"

Susan nodded and smiled in a charming way. "Oui, oui monsuer."

"We, we. She says 'we.' She's kinder sosherble already. I shall like her bang up. See—book—French. Have you the butter of the uncle? No; I put the good butter of the uncle in the shoes of the carpenter. Avez vous lee ——"

"Charmant, charmant," cried Susan, "mon cher ami."

"Moncheramy again. I understand that firstrate. I say, miss, don't you speak English?"

"Oh, oh, oui—some—little. Give to me the book; I shall teach you la belle Francaise, mon cher Samivel. See; you conjugate the verbs. Say to me: J'aime, tu aimes, il aime, nous aimons, vous aimez, ils aiment."

Sammy innocently repeated the words after her: "Jam, too aimes, illams, nousamons, vousamy."

"Très horrible. Non, non. Again: J'aime."

"Jam."

"Ver goot. Again."

"Jam. What does it mean?"

"N'importe. Again: J'aime, tu aimes, il aime, nous aimons."

"Jam, jam. I wonder what it means. Let me take the book, please."

Susan gave him the book with a sly twinkle in her eyes. "Charmant, so great progress you make. Oh, mon cher ami, if it were true."

"If what were true?"

"N'importe. Again: J'aime ——"

"Jam. Oh, I see! I guess I catch on. Jam mamsellee, Jam."

"Oh, la belle language! So meaningless—so full—so expresseeve."

"Moncheramy. I understand that firstrate. Jam moncheramy."

Just at this instant the clock struck and Susan cried out in excellent English: "Time's up! How do you like French, Mr. Burdock?"

"Jehosophat! Can you speak English?"

"I can't speak anything else."

"Then you're just foolin' a feller—jam up to the handle!"

Susan nodded mysteriously and tried to run away, but Sammy was too quick for her and held her fast.

"Susan, jam mon cher amy. English is a heap sight better language than French when it comes down to hard pan. Jam! as sure as Scripture. French is a kinder holler language any way.

"Oui, monsuer."

"We—again. Shall we make it *we* the rest of the way?"

"O Samuel! I ask no more! *J'aime mon cher ami* with all my heart."

THE LETTER *H*.—Catherine Fanshawe.

'Twas in heaven pronounced, and 'twas muttered in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed.
'Twill be found in the sphere when 'tis riven asunder,
Be seen in the lightning and heard in the thunder.
'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,
Attends him at birth, and awaits him in death,
Presides o'er his happiness, honor, and health,
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.
In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost on his prodigal heir.
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
With the husbandman toils, and with monarchs is crowned.
Without it the soldier, the seaman, may roam;
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home!
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion be drowned.
'Twill not soften the heart; but, though deaf be the ear,
It will make it acutely and instantly hear.
Yet in shade let it rest, like a delicate flower,
Ah! breathe on it softly—it dies in an hour.

SCENE FROM "RICHELIEU."—E. Bulwer Lytton.

Richelieu, Joseph, Julie, Clermont, Baradas.

Present: Richelieu and Joseph.

Richelieu. Joseph! did you hear the King?
Joseph. I did—there's danger! Had you been less haughty ——
Rich. And suffered slaves to chuckle: "See the Cardinal,
How meek his Eminence is to-day"—I tell thee
This is a strife in which the loftiest look
Is the most subtle armor ——
Joseph. But ——
Rich. No time
For *ifs* and *buts*. I will accuse these traitors!
François shall witness that De Baradas
Gave him the secret missive for De Bouillon,

And told him life and death were in the scroll.
I will—I will!
Joseph. Tush! François is your creature;
So they will say, and laugh at you! *Your witness*
Must be that same Despatch.
Rich. Away to Marion!
Joseph. I have been there—she is seized—removed—imprisoned—
By the Count's orders.
Rich. Goddess of bright dreams,
My country, shalt thou lose me now, when most
Thou need'st thy worshipers? My native land!
Let me but ward this dagger from thy heart,
And die, but on thy bosom!

Enter Julie.

Julie. Heaven, I thank thee!
It cannot be, or this all-powerful man
Would not stand idly thus.
Rich. What dost *thou* here?
Home!
Julie. Home! Is *Adrien there?* You're dumb, yet strive
For words; I see them trembling on your lip,
But choked by pity. It *was* truth—all truth!
Seized—the Bastile—and in your presence, too!
Cardinal, where is Adrien? Think! he saved
Your life: your name is infamy, if wrong
Should come to his!
Rich. Be soothed, child.
Julie. Child no more;
I love, and I am woman!
Where is Adrien?
Let thine eyes meet mine:
Answer me but one word—I am a wife—
I ask thee for my *home*—my FATE—my ALL!
Where is my *husband?*
Rich. You are Richelieu's ward,
A soldier's bride: they who insist on truth
Must outface fear;—you ask me for your husband?
There—where the clouds of heaven look darkest o'er
The domes of the Bastile!
Julie. Oh, mercy! mercy!
Save him, restore him, father! Art thou not
The Cardinal-King?—the Lord of life and death—
Art thou not Richelieu?

Rich. Yesterday I was!—
To-day, a very weak old man!—to-morrow,
I know not what!
Julie (*to Joseph*). Do you conceive his meaning?
Alas! I cannot.
Joseph. The King is chafed
Against his servant. Lady, while we speak,
The lackey of the ante-room is not
More powerless than the Minister of France.

Enter Clermont.

Clermont. Madame de Mauprat!
Pardon, your Eminence—even now I seek
This lady's home—commanded by the King
To pray her presence.
Julie (*clinging to Richelieu*). Think of my dead father!—
And take me to your breast.
Rich. (*to Clermont.*) To those who sent you!
And say you found the virtue they would slay
Here—couched upon this heart, as at an altar,
And sheltered by the wings of sacred Rome!
Begone!
Cler. My Lord, I am your friend and servant!
Misjudge me not; but never yet was Louis
So roused against you:—shall I take this answer?—
It were to be your foe.
Rich. All time my foe,
If I, a priest, could cast this holy Sorrow
Forth from her last asylum!
Cler He is lost! [*Exit Clermont.*
Rich. God help thee, child! she hears not! Look upon her!
The storm that rends the oak, uproots the flower.
Her father loved me so! and in that age
When friends are brothers! She has been to me
Soother, nurse, plaything, daughter. Are these tears?
Oh! shame, shame!—dotage! [*Places her in the arms of Joseph.*
Joseph. Tears are not for eyes
That rather need the lightning which can pierce
Through barred gates and triple walls, to smite
Crime when it cowers in secret. The Despatch!
Set every spy to work; the morrow's sun
Must see that written treason in your hands,
Or rise upon your ruin.

Rich. Ay—and close
Upon my corpse! I am not made to live—
Friends, glory, France, all reft from me; my star
Like some vain holiday mimicry of fire,
Piercing imperial heaven, and falling down
Rayless and blackened, to the dust,—a thing
For all men's feet to trample! Yea! to-morrow
Triumph or death! Look up, child!— Lead us, Joseph.

Enter Baradas and De Beringhen.

Baradas. My Lord, the King cannot believe your Eminence
So far forgets your duty, and his greatness,
As to resist his mandate! Pray you, Madame,
Obey the King!—no cause for fear!
Julie. My father!
Rich. She shall not stir!
Bar. You are not of her kindred—
An orphan ——
Rich. And her country is her mother!
Bar. The country is the King.
Rich. Ay, is it so?—
Then wakes the power which in the age of iron
Burst forth to curb the great, and raise the low.
Mark where she stands!—around her form I draw
The awful circle of our solemn Church!
Set but a foot within that holy ground,
And on thy head—yea, though it wore a crown—
I launch the curse of Rome!
Bar. I dare not brave you!
I do but speak the orders of my King;
The Church, your rank, power, very word, my Lord,
Suffice you for resistance:—blame yourself,
If it should cost you power!
Rich. That *my* stake.—Ah!
Dark gamester! *what is thine?* Look to it well!
Lose not a trick.—By this same hour to-morrow
Thou shalt have France, or I thy head!
Bar. (*aside to De Beringhen.*) He cannot
Have the Despatch?
Joseph (*aside to Richelieu*). Patience is your game:
Reflect; you have not the Despatch!
Rich. O monk!
Leave patience to the saints—for *I* am human!
Did not thy father die for France, poor orphan?

And now they say thou hast no father! Fie!
Art thou not pure and good? If so, thou art
A part of that—the Beautiful, the Sacred—
Which, in all climes, men that have hearts adore,
By the great title of their mother country!
Bar. (*aside.*) He wanders!
Rich. So cling close unto my breast,
Here where thou droop'st lies France! I am very feeble—
Of little use it seems to either now.
Well, well—we will go home.
Bar. In sooth, my Lord,
You do need rest—the burthens of the State
O'ertask your health!
Rich. (*pauses; aside to Joseph.*) I'm patient, see!
Bar. (*aside.*) His mind
And life are breaking fast!
Rich. (*overhearing him.*) Irreverent ribald!
If so, beware the falling ruins! Hark!
I tell thee, scorner of these whitening hairs,
When this snow melteth there shall come a flood!
Avaunt! my name is Richelieu—I defy thee!
Walk blindfold on; behind thee stalks the headsman.
Ha! ha!—how pale he is! Heaven save my country!
[*Falls back in Joseph's arms.*

THE RAILWAY CHASE.—David Macrae.

Archibald Campbell, the engine-driver, was a decent, honest, well-meaning man; but he had one fault,—a fault that has been the ruin of tens of thousands of good men before him; he was too fond of his glass. So many misfortunes had his drinking habits brought upon him, and so many heart-rending scenes had they caused in his family, that his poor wife had often besought him with tears to take the pledge. So had his daughter Jenny; so had Blacklock, Jenny's betrothed, who was the stoker of Campbell's engine; but all with no effect.

There was a little party one evening in the servants' hall at the Castle. Campbell and Blacklock were both there; and judge of Jenny's surprise and delight when, tea being over, Campbell turned and said:

"Weel, Jenny, my lass, I have news for you the nicht. I'm ginna jine the teetotal."

"Aa, div ye mean it, fayther?" cried Jenny, her pretty face suddenly irradiated with delight.

"Ay, that I div. My name'll be doon afore the month's oot."

Jenny threw her arms round his neck and kissed him.

She turned her bright eyes to Blacklock. "Wis it you that got him to promise, Willy?"

Blacklock shook his head negatively.

"But you'll join, too, when he does? Say you will, Willy!"

"If I div," said Blacklock, with merriment twinkling in his eye, "will you gie me what you gied your fayther the noo?"

Jenny blushed, laughed, and nodded.

"Then I will, Jenny!" cried Blacklock. "Come, there's my hand on't."

"But, fayther," said Jenny, "you hevna tell't us who got you to promise. Was it Mr. Mitchell, the missionary?"

"Ay, you're richt noo," said Campbell. "It was Mr. Mitchell done it."

In answer to further questions, Campbell told them how his decision had been brought about.

"I was goin' hame the ither nicht," he said, "a wee the warse o' liquor, when wha should meet me but Mr. Mitchell. Weel, he took me hame, and never says a hard word to me. But next day up he comes, and says he, 'Mr. Campbell,' says he, 'I wish I could get you to give up drinking.' Weel, Jenny, I seed your mither lookin' that airnest at me, wi' something like tears in her een. 'I daresay' sez I, 'it disna dae me much guid.' 'Then,' sez he, 'why don't you give it up?' 'I suppose,' sez I, 'for the same reason that my betters dinna gie it up for; and that is, that I like it.' Mr. Mitchell, he thocht awee, and then sez he, 'Mr. Campbell, I like a glass very well myself at a time.' 'Then I'm sorry,' sez

I, 'that I hevna ony in the house; for nae man would be mair welcome to it.' 'That's not what I mean,' sez he. 'Mr. Campbell,' sez he, 'I'll make a bargain with you. I am not an abstainer myself yet; but soon as my ordination is over next week, I'll get up a society in connection with our church, and *I'll* join it if you will.' Weel, what could I do? Here was a reverend gentleman that likit his glass as weel maybe as I likit mine, willin' to gie it up for my sake. I took and grippit the hand he offered me, and so the thing wis settled. And your mither, Jenny!—she looks as gled and happy aboot it as if we wis ginna get a fortune!"

So far, so well. But, unfortunately, before this good step was to be taken, there had to come the ordination dinner, at which there was toast-drinking.

Campbell was there, but at dinner drank nothing stronger than water. When, however, the toast-drinking was about to commence, the croupier, looking to see that the glasses at his end of the table were being charged, said:

"Mr. Campbell, I don't see anything in your glass."

"Thank you, sir," stammered Campbell, who had hoped to escape observation, "I'd rayther no tak ony."

"What?" The croupier looked at him. Dr. Flex, who sat opposite, cocked his little eye and looked at him. Everybody who was near looked at him.

"You're not a teetotaller, are you, Mr. Campbell?" said Dr. Flex, with something like a sneer in his tone.

Ah! well for Campbell if he could have said that he was!

"No, sir; not exac'ly," he said hesitatingly.

"Then you can't object to drink your minister's health. Oh, come; don't be foolish!" and Dr. Flex passed the decanter.

Campbell filled his glass, and no eye but God's saw that Death was there.

It is unnecessary to describe with what enthusiasm the toast of the evening was drunk,—the whole company rising to their feet, and crying, "Hip, hip, hurrah!" and

"Once more,—hip, hip, hurrah!" and how the twenty or thirty bumpers were swept down the twenty or thirty throats with alcoholic fervor.

It may be mentioned that the Rev. Mr. Mitchell did not seem, while this ceremony was going on, to be nearly so happy as he ought to have been. Possibly he may have thought that some more appropriate way might have been devised of introducing a Christian minister to his work of reclaiming the lost.

After a few more toasts, Campbell, sober enough as yet, but with that old and dangerous appetite stirring again within him, had to slip away to attend to his duties.

He had to run a damaged engine to Stirling that afternoon, and bring back another for the night Parliamentary train to Edinburgh. Blacklock, as usual, was with him as stoker. On reaching Stirling, Campbell went to the refreshment-room, and came back after a time with such a smell of drink upon him that Blacklock challenged him about it; but Campbell passed it off with a growl. They were soon bowling along on the way back to Perth.

"So, Jenny's comin' wi' us the nicht," said Blacklock.

"Ay."

"Goin' to be wi' her auntie noo till the wedding, she wis tellin' me."

"Ay."

Campbell, usually cheerful and vivacious, was turning sullen under the influence of the liquor he had taken.

They got back to Perth soon after nightfall, and prepared to start with the night Parliamentary to Edinburgh.

A few minutes before the hour of starting, Jenny made her appearance on the platform, with several of her special friends.

It was close on the time for starting, and Jenny took her seat.

Was there nothing ominous that night in the murky sky? Were there no strange sounds in the outer air? Was there nothing portentous in the thrum of that

monster engine, looking out with its fiery eyes into the dark and stormy night?

All was bustle and stir along the platform; people running up and down, and taking their seats; while here and there, others were bidding good-by to friends in the train.

"Now, then, seats! seats!" cried the guard, as he passed along, slamming the open doors.

All right! The bell was rung, the signal given, and the monster engine, drawing after it that long train of crowded carriages, moved away with quickening speed into the darkness.

In the bright red glare of the furnace-fire stood Campbell and Blacklock. Blacklock shoveled in a quantity of coals, and slammed the iron door.

"It's like we'll hae a scoury night," he said, as he looked up into the dark, portentous sky.

Campbell made no reply. The drink he had taken was beginning to stupefy him. He sat on the sliding seat under the storm-board, and seemed more inclined to sleep than talk. They stopped first at Dunning, where three or four people, muffled well up to protect themselves from the night air, were waiting for the train. They stopped again at Auchterarder, where they had to shunt on to the down-line, a little beyond the station, till the night mail for the west should pass.

The mail came up about five minutes after, sharp upon its time, stopped for a minute to take in the bags, and then, with an impatient snort, passed on into the darkness. Campbell and Blacklock thereupon prepared to re-shunt to their proper line. They put on the steam and reversed the engine; but there was a slight incline at the spot, the train was heavy, and they could not get it to move. After one or two attempts, anxious to get off that line as quickly as possible, in case any train should be coming from the south, Blacklock went back for assistance to another engine they had passed on the

siding near the platform, while Campbell sluggishly continued his attempts to give his train a start. When Blacklock got to the other engine, Sinclair, the engineer, who was reading a crumpled newspaper by the light of an oil-lamp, suggested that he should get a crowbar and apply it to the wheel. He had no crowbar himself, but thought there was one in the shed. As he said so, he looked carelessly round towards the train which Blacklock had just left, and saw in the dim light from the platform, that it had got a start already, but was moving in the wrong direction. He continued watching it for a few seconds, expecting to see it stop and come back; but still it kept moving away and away.

"Hollo! what does the fellow mean?" he cried, rising to his feet. "He's going off on the down-line!"

Blacklock looked and turned white as death. The awful truth flashed upon him. Campbell was drunk: he was moving off on the wrong line, and did not know what he was about! Blacklock ran swiftly along the line in pursuit, but a full head of steam was on, and the train was quickening its pace every moment. The heads that had been popping out from some of the carriage-windows to ascertain the cause of detention were drawn in and the windows pulled up again, under the impression, no doubt, that the train was again upon its way. The guard in the break evidently knew by this time that something was wrong, and began to make his way hurriedly from carriage to carriage towards the engine, but missed his footing and fell to the ground.

The other guard had been standing on the platform with the station-master, waiting till the train should come back alongside. The moment they saw that it was moving away on the wrong track they cried to the pointsman, and the guard sprang out upon the line.

The pointsman shouted, waved the red lamp, ran and turned on the distance danger-signal, which faced north, so that Campbell could see it. No attention was paid to

these signals; and away the long train went, thundering into the darkness.

Blacklock was still running along the line, in the desperate hope that he might overtake the train; and, in his agony, crying to God to stop it. But its red lights were growing smaller and smaller, and hope was gone. Blacklock stood for a moment like one bereft of his senses; when suddenly bethinking himself of the other engine, he ran back.

"Is he off?" cried Sinclair.

"Yes, yes! let us dash on, for God's sake, after him, and get him stopped!"

Sinclair plucked out his watch, and, bending down, looked at it in the light of his lamp. Instantly an expression of horror came into his face.

"The night express from the South is coming on that line," he said hurriedly. "She is due here in sixteen minutes! She must be passing Blackford now."

"Quick, then, quick!" cried Blacklock, springing up beside him. Fortunately steam was already up. They backed the engine, got upon the up-line, only paused to pass a hurried word with the station-master, and then away they dashed full speed into the wild dark night.

The other engine and train had got the start of them by nearly two miles. If the express was true to her time, there was no hope. In five or six minutes there would be a collision. But if the express was in the least behind, there was still a desperate chance. Away, then, and away!

On they went with thundering crank and grinding steel. The tender quivered and rocked; the ground, lit by the glare of the engine lamps, swept like lightning under them. There was a terrible voice in the quick, clanking wheels,—"Life or death!—life or death!—life or death!" Away and away, like a fiery meteor through the driving storm and darkness! The telegraph poles flew past like frighted spirits.

"There!—there she is!—thank God!" burst from the lips of both men, as they caught sight at last of the red lights shining far ahead upon the line.

They dashed with a shattering roar between the rocks at Elmslie's farm, burst forth again, and away on the wild and terrible pursuit. They were gaining rapidly on the train ahead. There was hope. They dashed with another roar under the beetling bridge beyond the junction, and still away and away. "Life or death!—life or death!—life or death!" clanked the wheels.

Just as the long train was thundering along the iron bridge near Blackford, they dashed alongside. The Parliamentary train was bowling along the parallel rails at the velocity of nearly thirty miles an hour; and as Sinclair and Blacklock passed carriage after carriage, they could see, in the dusky light of the lamps within, the dim rows of passengers, many of them asleep, and all unconscious that they were on the wrong line, bowling, quick and fast, into the jaws of death.

On they thundered till they came abreast of the engine. Campbell was there, but apparently stupefied with drink, sitting on the seat under the storm-board, with his head hanging down nearly to his knees.

Blacklock shouted and yelled at the pitch of his voice; Sinclair blew the whistle; but Campbell could not be roused.

"Let's dash ahead and signal the express to stop," cried Sinclair, excitedly.

He pulled out his watch and stooped to see the time. Eight minutes to eleven! The express was two minutes behind her time already. There was not a moment to lose.

"God ha' mercy!" gasped Blacklock, clutching Sinclair's arm convulsively; "here she comes!"

He was right. Far ahead along the line, two points of light, like the eyes of a basilisk, had glided into view, and were fast dilating and growing brighter and fiercer

as the iron monster from the South came on through the darkness at the rate of a mile a minute. Already the thunder of its approach was distinctly perceptible. Scarcely a mile separated the two trains—in thirty seconds they would be together!

"Signal!—signal the express!" shrieked Blacklock. But Campbell's engine! how was *it* to be checked? Blacklock looked at the narrow space that separated the two engines. A few feet—only a few feet!—and a hundred human lives at stake!

"I'll jump!" he cried. In a moment, before Sinclair could hold him back, he had crouched, and made the desperate spring. He alighted upon the footboard of the other tender. He staggered for a moment; but, recovering his balance, sprang forward to the engine, shut off the steam, and put on the brake. It was all the brave fellow could do. Now for life—for life! He seized the drunken man. He dragged him to the side of the engine, to leap off, when in an instant the express with flying plume and its glaring irids, magnifying into two great orbs of flame, flashed through the darkness, and like a thunderbolt shot full upon them.

The earth shook with the terrific shock. The engines were smashed, the furnace fires flared up, the huge carriages of both trains came on like successive explosions, leaping madly over one another, while a thousand shrieks rang wildly up into the shuddering air of night.

Two days after, the Rev. Dr. Flex, who induced Campbell to fill that fatal glass at the ordination dinner, was sitting at luncheon with his family, having just laid aside the newspaper out of which he had been reading a long account of the railway catastrophe.

"It has been a melancholy affair," he said, holding up, between his little black eye and the window, a glass of sparkling sherry. "Really a melancholy affair. I see that poor man Campbell is amongst the killed. His daughter, too. It is very sad."

The doctor put his glass to his lips, took a sip, with a critical air, and added: "Campbell a reformed man, too; and promising, I was told, to be a most valuable man in Mr. Mitchell's church. Ah, it is a mysterious dispensation of Providence, very mysterious. Truly, its ways are not as our ways. Susan, my dear, pass the decanter to your mamma."

The sound of lumbering wheels was heard in the street below. It was the hearse with its black nodding plumes moving slowly up the street with the bodies of Campbell and his daughter. And Dr. Flex, if his spiritual sense of hearing had been keen enough, might perhaps have heard this voice in the lumbering wheels: "Let us not therefore judge one another any more: but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block or occasion to fall in his brother's way."

UNFAITHFULNESS.—H. Elliott McBride.

Written expressly for this collection.

In Farmingtown a maiden dwelt,
Her name was Susan Cone;
And Lyman Hill had often said
If he had a thousand acre farm and seventy-five thousand dollars in cash he would be willing to plank it all down, to call that girl his own.

Of course the girl was beautiful,
Her eyes were soft and brown;
Her nose was all that could be wished,
And besides all this, old Mr. Cone had a large farm and considerable bank stock, and he was considered by far, the wealthiest man in town.

Young Mr. Hill, whom I have named,
Was not the only beau;
Oh, no, indeed! there were three more,
And every last one of them had received some encouragement, but they were kept on such an equality that not one of them could crow.

And now I'll name the other ones,
Who longed for Susan's hand;

There was the fine young Tommy Brown,
And Peter McKee, and Samuel Thompson Smith, the latter of whom was a musician and played on an enormous horn in the Farmingtown Brass Band.

But matters took a turn one day,
And Smith was set aside;
And Mr. Cone told Pete Mc Kee
In a very respectful way that if he ever came into his house again he'd turn the cold shoulder to him, invite him to go, hand him his hat and kick him out beside.

Of course this settled Mr. Smith,
And also Pete McKee.
The other two then went to work,
And each man laid himself out with the full determination of doing all in his power to persuade the charming young lady his loving wife to be.

Said Tommy Brown to Susan Cone,
One pleasant summer's eve,
"If you will be my darling bride,
I will build a home for you, I will surround you with every comfort that money can buy, I'll not stay out late at night and to you I'll ever cleave."

But Susan then could not decide
Just what she ought to do;
And so she said, "Just wait awhile;
I'll think the matter over and probably in a few weeks I will be able to make up my mind and give an answer unto you."

But Tommy urged the matter on—
He couldn't be content;
And so he said, "I cannot wait,
My love is burning like a furious flame and I cannot sleep nor eat nor rest nor work until you make me the happiest man in the United States by giving your consent.

And then she rose,—that lovely girl,—
She jumped and tore about;
And thus she spake, "Now, take your hat,
Put it on your head and travel in less than two minutes, or I will call my pa and he will call the dog and straightway you'll go out!"

With tearful eyes young Tommy rose
And gathered up his hat,
And out he went into the street,
And he said to himself as he strode along, "I once fell off a two-story house, I've been kicked over by a cow and tramped on by a mule, but never before in all my life have I felt so very distressingly flat."

He wandered out into the world
To sell a patent churn;
His heart, he thought, was broken quite,
And he said, "I'll travel all over the great counties of Washington and Beaver, and then lie down in a secluded spot, die of a broken heart, and nevermore return."

There was now but one lover left,
And that was Lyman Hill;
And Lyman waxed quite eloquent,
And he said, "Susan, with the purest devotion and the most earnest affection, I come to ask you to be mine; and if you should take the smallpox, or the old man should lose his money, I'm sure I'll love you still."

"A noble man was Lyman Hill,"
I think I hear you say;
But say it not, for in a week
The old man was clean broke, smashed, knocked higher than a kite, and hadn't a dollar in the world his numerous debts to pay.

And Lyman Hill, he backed right out,
He fled and left the town;
But Mr. Cone took up a gun
And he filled it with shot and powder and slugs and nails, and started right out, determined that he'd hunt the young man up and straightway shoot him down.

And when he'd gone some ninety miles,
He found him on a fence;
He pulled the trigger of his gun,
A terrific roar was heard, and on examination it was seen that the gun had kicked and bursted and tore around awfully, and the pieces of Mr. Cone and Lyman Hill that could be found there were powerfully immense.

The people came for miles around
To see the awful sight;

And broken-hearted Tommy Brown,
Who was passing along with a load of patent churns, stopped and gazed for awhile and then he said, "'Tis bad for Hill, but yet it served him right."

And Tommy Brown sold out his churns
And went to Farmingtown;
He saw Miss Susan Cone again,
And in a short time the flame was kindled anew, they took to sparking on Sunday nights, and in thirteen months after the gun and Mr. Cone and Lyman Hill went off, Miss Susan Cone became the wife of Mr. Tommy Brown.

Before me now I see some youths
Who with the girls are sweet;
Take warning, friends, and don't back out,
Even if the old man should go into bankruptcy, for like Lyman Hill, you may get shot into a thousand pieces and be finished up complete.

LEONIDAS.—Ellen Murray.

The pass of Thermopylæ is immortalized by the heroic defence of Leonidas, the Spartan king, against the Persians under Xerxes, who was marching to attack Athens. With three hundred warriors Leonidas four times repulsed the whole Persian army, but was at length overpowered by numbers and fell with all but one of his followers (480 B. C.).

Xerxes and his army on the plain below;
Leonidas and his men on the heights.

Xerxes. Bid that your king Leonidas should come
To the front line and speak to me.
Leonidas. Speak on!
The king of Sparta is in the front line.
Xerxes. To fight is folly. 'Tis not you with whom
I have a quarrel, 'tis with Athens sole,—
Athens, who crowds you from the foremost place,
Who claims pre-eminence above the states.
I heard ye hated one another well,
Why do the Spartans take the Athenian side?
Leonidas. Because a brother takes a brother's part.
Xerxes. I am great Xerxes; never man or race
Dared balk my way, or stand against my will,
Not even winds or waves can bar my path,

The farthest nations bow before my feet,
Great cities open all their gates, and if
I lift a finger, millions bow the knee.
And who are ye to beard me?

Leonidas. Spartans!

Xerxes. Well!
What else? The richest people on the earth
To match my riches? Or perchance a race
Of giants from Olympus? Whar are ye,
I ask?

Leonidas. Spartans.

Xerxes. These people must be mad.
Ye are a handful. See my millions fill
The plains, their footsteps shake the solid earth,
Their shout is thunder, if they throw their darts
They darken all the sky.

Leonidas. Then we shall fight
In shade.

Xerxes. I fain would spare your lives. Be wise
And do not rush upon a certain death,
In vain. Surrender now. Lay down your arms.

Leonidas. Come up and take them!

LAMENT OF THE GREEK WOMEN OVER LEONIDAS.

First Woman. Blessed are the true
Who served their country living, dying served
Their country best.

Second Woman. Blessed are the good
Who never swerved from Virtue's onward path
And leave a name as clear as sunrise light.

Third Woman.
Leonidas! the Ægean moans for him.
With bitter groans grieves sad Thermopylæ,
From far Olympus wailing winds go by.

Fourth Woman.
Leonidas! when ages come and go,
His name shall be remembered. Many men
Shall honor him in countries far away.

Fifth Woman.
Weep, Sparta! for thy noblest sleeps in death,
Weep, Athens! hope dies with Leonidas,
Weep, Greece! for liberty and life are lost.

All. Aye, weep. Alas! alas! Leonidas.

GEORGE LEE.—Hamilton Aide.

"Chivalry is dead among us!"
So sigh those who read the tale
Of Arthur and his knights. They wrong us.
Not alone to knights in mail
Does that noble self-disdain,
That recks not peril, strife, and pain
In succor of the oppressed, pertain.
There are now, too, lives sublime,
Heroes (let us thank God for it!)
Whose bright deeds, from time to time,
Cast a glow on these our days;
Some like beacons from a turret,
Some uplighting lowly ways.
Listen while I tell the story
Of a humble man, George Lee,
Who, in life unknown to glory,
Will in death remembered be
By the men 'mong whom he died,
Their example and their pride.

"Fire, fire, fire!"
That dread cry in the dead of night
Rouses the sleepers with affright,
Adown the narrow squalid street;
And while men stumble to their feet,
And snatch their earnings up with oaths,
Wives clasp their babes and tattered clothes,
And all run out into the ways,
On which the lurid firelight plays.
The faces of that crowd show, plain,
Starvation, misery, and pain:
Strange that to this sad life they cling
As much as placid priest, or king
Upon his throne, may do! Along
The street, from every open door
And court and alley, fresh streams pour
To swell the dense excited throng.
The cry is "Water!" now. Below
The doomed house press the serried ranks,
And pass the buckets from the tanks;
While the bewildered inmates throw
All that they can into the street.
The crowd screams out, "Come down! A sheet

Of flame is rising, and the smoke
Grows dense! Come down before it choke
Your breath!" "Where are the engines? See!
It spreads! God help us! Not alone
This house; the entire street will be
A blaze if they are long delayed!
There's ne'er a hope for us but one,—
The fire-brigade, the fire-brigade!"
Hark!—God be thanked!—at last! D'you hear
That distant roar that grows more near?
"Fire, fire, fire!" as on they tear.

Down the close streets; for dear life rushing,
Like a coal-black steed that is spurred to death,—
To right, to left, the people crushing,—
Sending sparks from its fiery breath,
The engine comes panting. Its riders draw up
Where the flames, now mounting to heaven, glow
On the pavement of human heads below.
And water is poured, as into a cup,
On the seething walls and the molten glass;
And a smoke, as of hell, sweeps over all.
They have set the escape against the wall:
"There's never a soul there, mates?" cries Lee,
The fireman (he who, three days hence,
With his strong right arm for competence,
Shall wed the girl he has loved from a boy—
Gallant George Lee, his comrades' joy);
"No soul within?" The crowd cries, "None!"
But e'en while they answer, one halloos, "See,
There's a woman up there, in the topmost room!"
Yes, at an open window, alone,
Looming out black against the glare,
Stands a shadow of hopeless dull despair,
With folded hands, foreseeing her doom—
She is face to face with death.

One minute
Lee looks at her and the escape, no more;
Then through the smoke that blinds the door
He springs, over burning stair and floor,
Up to the roof, if he can but win it.
With tight-clenched lips that breathe no word,
Scorched and blinded, yet undeterred,
He struggles on. From below, men, seeing

The whole house now is one blazing stack,
Cry out, "It's never no use! Come back!"
But what is peril to sight or limb
If the life of a helpless human being
Has yet a chance to be saved by him?
So, through the fumes that now oppress him,
Fainting, falling, he beats his way
To the room where the woman stands at bay,
With the flames, like blood-hounds, licking the edge
Of the window. They cry, "He's safe! God bless him!"
Is he safe? He has reached her, seized her, stands
With her form in his arms on the parapet-ledge.
Men hold their breath; the sight appalls
The stoutest hearts, for he reels; his hands
Cannot reach the escape. "O God in heaven,
Let him not die!" That prayer is given
With all men's hearts. He grasps a cleft
In the burning bricks, with just strength left
To save the woman, and then he falls!
A scream of horror runs down the street:
George Lee lies dead at the people's feet!

BRUDDER BROWN ON "APPLES."

BREDDEREN AN' SISTEREN:

I'se gwine to gib you what I hope will prove to you a *fruit*ful disco'se,—de subject am dat ob APPLES. Dem ob my hearers dat only look upon de apple wid an eye to apple sass, apple flitters, apple pies, apple dumplins, an' apple toddies, will hardly be able to comprestand de *apple*cation ob my lectar;—to dem I leab de peelins, an' direct de seeds ob my disco'se to such as hab souls above apple dumplins, an' taste above apple tarts.

Now de apple, accordin' to Linnæus, the phlea-botanist, am a fruit originally exported from Adam's apple-orchard in de Garden ob Eden, an' made indiggenous in ebry climate 'cept de north pole an' its neighboren territory de *Rolly bolly alis.*

De apple, accordin' to those renowned Lexumcographers, Samuel Johnson, Danuel Webster, Jimuel Walk-

er, an' Doctor Skeleton McKensie, am the *py-rus molus*, which means "To be moulded into pies."

De apple has been de fruit ob great tings, an' great tings hab been de fruit ob de apple. It was an apple dat fust suggested to Sir Humphrey Gravy Newtown de seeds ob de law of *grabitation*, dat wonderful, inwisible, an' unfrizable patent leber principle by which all dem luminous an' voluminous planets turn round togedder all-apart in one *E pluribus unum* ob grabity, hence de great poet Longfeller, in de fifty-'leventh canto ob Lord Byron obsarves:

"Man fell by apples, an' by apples rose."

Sir Humphrey Gravy Newtown was one day snoozen fast asleep under an apple tree, when a large sized Kentucky pippen grabitated from de limb, struck him in de eye, an' all at once his eye was suddenly opened to de universal law of grabitation:

He saw de apple *downwards* fell,
He thought, "Why not *fall up* as well,"
It proved some telegraphic spell,
Pulled it arthwise.
I wish he'd now come back an' tell
Why apples RISE.

But, my hearers, to come to de grand point ob my larned disquisition on apples. Reasoning *ap-priori*, I proceed to dis grand fromologico-physiological phreenomenon, dat eber since our great-grand-modder Eve and our great-great-grand-fader Adam fust tasted *apple-jack* in de orchard ob Eden, de entire human race an' woman race in partic'lar, has been impregnated wid de spirit ob de apple, an' dat all men an women, an' de rest ob mankind, may be compared to some *Genus ob de* APPLE. Dars de Philanthropist, he's a good meller pippen,—always ripe an' full ob de seeds ob human kindness. Dars de Miser, he's de "grindstone" apple,—rock to de very core. Dars de Bachelor, he am a rusty coat, an' like a beefsteak widout gravy, dry to de very heart. Dars de Dandy, he's de sheepnose,—a long stem an' de rest peelen. Dars de Farmer, he's de cart-house

apple,—a leetle rough on de peelen, but juicy wid feelen. De Fashionable gent am a French pippen, an' de fashionable young lady am de Bell-flower; an' when two sich apples am joined togedder, dey become a pear (pair). De Pollytician am a specked apple,—a little foul sometimes at de core. De young Misses am de "maidens blushes." De Widder, she am a *pine*-apple,—pine-en an' sprouten in de dark leaves to blossom once more. De good Wife, she am de balsam-apple ob human life; de Husband am de king-apple; de Chil'en am de golden sweets; an' de Babies in de cradle am apple blossoms. De Old Folks on de back seats am de *dried apples;* de Young Men in their teens am de greenin's,—but fit for nothin' till they come to maturity. De man widout any har am de *Bald*-win; de Tippler am de wine-sap; an de Dude, he am de *quince;* this originally was an apple, but got so far from de species, dat nobody would ever know it. De Old Maid am de seek-no-further,—waiten' for somebody to bite it. De Modder-in-law (*bitterly*), she am de CRAB APPLE,—a fruit never known in de apple-orchard ob Paradise, an' only fit for Sourland; put her in de cider press ob human affection, an' she'll come out forty-'leventh proof vinegar, strong enough to sour all human creation.

Lastly, and to conclude, bredderen and sisteren, let it be our great aim, howsomever we may differ in our various apple species, to strive to go in to de great cider press ob human trial widout a speck in de core or de peelen.

A FOOLISH LITTLE MAIDEN.

A foolish little maiden bought a foolish little bonnet,
With a ribbon, and a feather, and a bit of lace upon it;
And that the other maidens of the little town might know it,
She thought she'd go to meeting the next Sunday, just to show it.

But though the little bonnet was scarce larger than a dime,
The getting of it settled proved to be a work of time;

So when 'twas fairly tied, all the bells had stopped their ringing,
And when she came to meeting, sure enough, the folks were singing.

So this foolish little maiden stood and waited at the door,
And she shook her ruffles out behind, and smoothed them down before.
"Hallelujah, hallelujah!" sang the choir above her head—
"Hardly knew you! hardly knew you!" were the words she thought they said.

This made the little maiden feel so very, very cross,
That she gave her little mouth a twist, her little head a toss;
For she thought the very hymn they sang was all about her bonnet,
And the ribbon, and the feather, and the bit of lace upon it.

And she would not wait to listen to the sermon nor the prayer,
But pattered down the silent street, and hurried up the stair,
Till she reached her little bureau, and, in a band-box on it,
Had hidden safe from critic's eye her foolish little bonnet.

Which proves, my little maidens, that each of you will find
In every Sabbath service but an echo of your mind;
And the little head that's filled with silly little airs,
Will never get a blessing from sermon or from prayers.

Christian Leader.

THE HAUNTED SMITHY.—W. A. Eaton.

There are two smithies in our little town;
In one, the anvil and the hammer's ring
Is heard above the bellows' steady roar,
But in the other all is still as death.
They say the place is haunted, and it stands
Lonely and grim; and when the shadows fall
And night comes slowly creeping o'er the vale,
The village lads, at market staying late,
Will take a devious path across the fields
Sooner than pass the haunted smithy by.

This is the story: Many years ago
There lived a blacksmith there who had two sons,
And both grew up and learnt their father's trade;
But ere they had arrived at manhood's years
The father died and left them in the world

To win their way and earn their mother's bread.
They were two manly youths: the elder dark,
With glorious hazel eyes that flashed like fire,
And haughty mien, and proud, defiant air;
A very Hercules for manly strength.
The younger was a slender, graceful youth,
With bright blue eyes and curling flaxen hair,
And face that seemed to win your heart at once.
Not many years the widow lived alone,
But one sad day the grave was opened wide
And she was laid beside her husband there.

Not very far from where the smithy stood
Lived little Nelly Ray, the village queen,—
A bright-haired, beauteous lass, with winning ways,
And every modest grace that nature gives
To those who dwell apart from smoky towns
In simple innocence and rustic peace.
The brothers both had learned to love the maid.
They often heard her in the ancient church
Adding her sweet voice to the village choir;
And when she bowed her head they saw her hair
Like to a gauzy veil of filmy gold,
Shroud up the beauties of her fair young face.
They half believed an angel form had stepped
From out the antique colored window there
To bow and worship in the dim old church.
She loved young Ralph, and John, the elder, saw
Her preference for him with jealous eyes.

One night the brothers both were working late;
The thunder boomed and lightning rent the sky.
The elder brother raised the hammer high,
The younger drew the molten metal forth
From out the blazing forge and held it fast
Upon the anvil, ready for the stroke;
And as he turned the elder brother saw
Around his neck a piece of ribbon tied,
And surly asked him where he got it from.
The fair-haired youth blushed scarlet as he said:
"'Twas little Nelly Ray's; she gave it me."
"Then fling it off," the elder one replied;
"Your spirit, like your face, is but a girl's."
"She tied it on, and I have promised her
To wear it thus till she unties the knot,

Which will be on the day that we are wed."
"You? Why she'll never stoop to look at you.
Give me the ribbon!" and he made a clutch,
But Ralph was quick and deftly caught his hand,
And laughed; he thought his brother was in fun,
But soon he saw his eyes were flashing fire.
A blow was struck, and then another one,
And soon they both are grappling for the fall.

A neighbor passing homeward through the storm
Bethought him of the smithy's roaring fire,
Where he might rest awhile and dry his clothes.
He opened wide the door; the forge was cold,
And by the lightning's phosphorescent glare
He saw the brothers lying on the ground,
Each with a grip upon the other's throat,
And both were dead. He roused the village then,
And in the crowd came little Nelly Ray;
And when she saw her lover lying there,
No tear she shed,—she gave one piercing cry,
Then stood as cold and still as sculptured stone.
They called her name, she answered not a word,
But, sinking on the ground, she murmured low,
As reason, from her throne, forever fled,
"He'll never, never, never wake again!"

HOME.—T. DeWitt Talmage.

Home! It is a charmed word. Through that one syllable thrills untold melody, and the laughter of children. The sound of well known footsteps and the voices of undying affection. Home! I hear in that word the ripple of muddy brooks, in which, knee-deep we waded; the lowing of cattle coming up from the pasture; the sharp hiss of the scythe amid the thick grass; the breaking of the hay-rick where we trampled down the load.

Home! Upon that word there drops the sunshine of beauty and the shadow of tender sorrows, the reflection of ten thousand voices and fond memories.

Home! When I see that word in a book or newspaper, the word seems to rise and sparkle and leap and

thrill and whisper and chant and pray and weep. It glitters like a diamond; it springs up like a fountain; it trills like a singing bird; it twinkles like a star; it leaps like a flame; it glows like a sunset; it sings like an angel. And if some lexicographer, urged on by the spirit of evil, should seek to cast forth that word from the language, the children would come forth and hide it in the grass and wild flowers, and the wealthy would go forth and cover it with their diamonds and pearls, and kings would hide it under their crowns; and after Herod had hunted its life from Bethlehem to Egypt, and utterly given up the search, some bright, warm day it would flash from among the gems, and breathe from among the flowers, and shine from among the coronets; and the world would read it, bright and fair and beautiful and resonant as before.

PAT'S MISTAKE.

With an aching tooth, one morning bright,
Pat Donnegan left his home;
The "murtherin' blackguard," all the night,
Had made poor Donnegan moan.

With sorrowful phiz and watery eye,
Pat tracked along in the rain,
When these words his optics chanced to spy,
"Teeth pulled without any pain."

Down went his shovel, and in went Pat,
Like a "broth of a bye" as he was,
And down in the dentist's chair he sat,
With wide distended jaws.

In went the nippers and out came the tooth—
"Ye miserable snag," said Pat,
"You'll trouble me now no more, forsooth,"
And he made for his old white hat.

"My pay, if you please," said the dentist man.
"Och, murther! what's that yer sayin'?
Ye wretched old pirate, don't it say on yer sign,
'Teeth pulled widout any pa'in?'"

WHY BEN SCHNEIDER DECIDES FOR PROHIBITION

VIRA HOPKINS.

You schust vants me to dells you apout it, does you?
Vell, it von't dake me long, and mine schtory is drue.
Dot vee poy, schtanding oop, mit his head on te ground,
Ish mine leetle poy Fritz; dare's no prighter poy round.
And, sir, soomdimes I dinks dot ven grown oop is he,
Schust so schmart like his fadder dot youngster vill be.
Vell, von day in te garden ven trinking mine peer,
Dot poy, Fritz, he comes oop and sez he, "Fadder, dear,
De pright peer look so coot, schust a leetle gif me,
For I vants him so pad ven I effer him see.
Do gif me some, von't you? I so likes te peer."
But I sets down my mug and bretends I no hear;
And I looks at mine poy, all so pright and so schmart,
And holds myself shtill, though so fast peats my heart;
Den I puts oud mine hand and sez, "Fritz, coom oop here,
And say how you know dot so coot am te peer."
"Vell, mine fadder," sez he, "ven I first goes in haste
For yourn peer, he schlop oud, and a leetle I taste,
But he taste ferry pad; den you sends me for more,
And so pright te peer look dot I taste as pefore.
And so better he gets, dot I's glad ven you say,
'Come, Fritz, and pring fadder his peer for to-day.'
Py-and-py, den, I like him so vell as I can,
And vill trink all te time ven I gets a big man.
Oh! te peer makes me feel so cholly and gay,
Dot ven I grows oop I'll trink all te long day."

Oh, sir! 'twas shust awful to hear dot vee lad
Talking on in dot vay; oh, it hurt me so pad
I shust vished dot one eart'quake vould open te ground
And schwallow me oop, out of sight and of sound.
Ten, me tinks, I can't tie, for mine Fritz I must save,
Or dey'll find him soom night in a poor trunkard's grave;
Or dey'll scoop him oop out of te gutter soom tay,
And off to te calapoose dake him avay;
Or, he do soom pad crime, te first ting I know,
Den pehind iron pars in Schtate's prison he'll go.
If I dells him te peer is not coot for him, ten
He vill say it tastes coot, and it don't hurt te men.
If I say it is vicked to trink, he vill say,
"Den, fadder, vot makes you so vicked each day?"

If I say he must not te peer drink, den, I know,
Ven te peer t'irst come on, to dot grog-shop he'll go,
And dey'll gif him te trinks for te pennies he'll schpend.
Oh, if to dot place I had neffer him send!
But he know te road easy; for near a two year
He has been effry day to pring me my peer;
And I tought it so schmart ven he big enuff gits
To go for te peer. Oh, mine leetle poy Fritz!
If neffer I'd sent him, how tankful I'd be!
But now, how shall I safe him? Oh! who can tell me?
Den, metinks, now I haf it, te Cherman Liepig
Say peer is not coot for mans, leetle or big;
But ven I vanted peer, den I say, He don't know,
But now I'll git pooks, and find out it *is so*,
And I, den, vill tell Fritz, in te pooks I schust read,
How dot peer is not coot for *anypodies*, dey said.
Fadder dinks it is drue, so ve'll trink not a dhrop,
And he'll vant like his fadder to be, so he'll schtop.
Den, I tought, dot's all right, only maybe he'll do
As his fadder did vonce, von't pelieve it is drue.
Den, all te saloons I vished under te ground,
And noddings of visky or peer could be found.
Den tere comes to my mind how von man did vonce say,
De saloons vould all go if men fote as tey pray,
And if effry man his known duty vould do,
And fote prohibition, dot ticket all droo,
In den years dere vould be no saloons in te land,
And no blace vere a liquor-shop effer could schtand.
Oh! how mad I vas den, but schust now, in some vay,
It don't make me so mad; it sounds coot, and I say
To Katrina, mine frau, I's schust going to schtop
Dis trinking te peer ven I comes from mine schop.
Den, laughing, she say, schust to try me, I tinks,
"Vait till Jim cooms along, pretty quick vill you trinks."
Den, "Katrina," says I, "you spose noddings I care
For dot leetle poy Fritz, vot is schumping out dere?"
Vell, den, py-and-py dot man Jim, he comes here
And sez, "Come along, Ben, let us go for some peer."
But I dells him, I's going right down to te schtore,
And, as for te peer, I shall trink him no more;
And he petter not ask me to go in dot vay,
For von demperance man I vas, now, effry day.
"Vots dot did you say?" and he schumps from his chair;
"You von demperance crank?" den oh, how he schwear!

And I dells him "Yes, dwo cranks, but schust you look here,
I shall dake no more visky, or prandy, or peer."
Den he say dot te beer is no hurt, it neffer hurt him.
Den I say, "How you got dot plack eye, dell me dot, vill you, Jim?"
Den says he, "From te cellar vay down to de garret I fall,
And shtuck a knot-hole in mine eye on de vall."
Den I dells him, if I alvays demperance schtay,
No knot-holes I gets in mine eyes in dot vay.
Now, I dells you, mine frient, I vas petter man now,
And I gets in no throubles from any big row;
And Katrina, she say, how much petter I looks,
And I has so much time for te reading coot books,
And te money I safes makes de home look so neat,
And Katrina, so schmiling, so happy, and schweet.
Ven a man schmokes and trinks he gets noddings to be
But a parrel on legs and a schmoke-schtack, ye see;
So I quits de pipe, too, for I'm schure 'tis no schoke,
In effry man's face to be puffing te schmoke.
"I's a prohibition crank, droo and droo, did ye say?"
Vell, dot crank is a crank you can turn but one vay.
And so schure as Ben Schneider's my name, I shall try
To make dis land safe for mine Fritz, py-and-py;
For if from te peer I can't make him to schtay,
I vill fote for te peer to be out of his vay.
So von prohibition crank you may effer me call,
I shall fote to save Fritz, sir, now dot is shust all;
For a parrel of peer I muscht neffer him see,
Mit a schmoke schtack on top, vere te prains ought to be.

THE SENTINEL OF METZ.—Robert C. V. Meyers.

Written expressly for this collection.

The night it is so cold, so cold! For weeks the snow has lain
A biting deadly ermine across the tented plain;
The trees are icy fingers, the sky a palm of steel,
And the stars to-night are like the sparks that jeweled hands reveal;
The sun all day has blinded like a gilded lance of glass
And shattered the west's brittle doors that oped to let it pass.
I touch a dead fox—'tis like stone; the wolves moan round the farm;
The fires but mock our purple fists and will not make them warm.

I walked beside the river bank—the flood was flood no more,
But just a ghastly silent thing that stretched from shore to shore.
I thought of Armand over there upon the further banks,—
He was a sentinel that night, a soldier from the ranks.
He had been burned by fever, and weak and sick he ground
His faltering heels upon the rime and paced the sentry's round.

I looked, but all was darkness, although the stars were bright
And shone down in the frozen tide till two skies held the night.
When sudden like a flash it came—I saw as clear as day;
Far on the further bank my lover, Armand, dying lay.
And then—my feet were on the ice, and swift as light I flew;
I slipped, was down, then up again, had reached the bank. I knew
By the one flash I'd had just where Armand must be, and there
I found him tottering, freezing. "Clothilde!" he gasped, and where
His lips met mine the ice stabbed. I seized his gun—"Die? No!"
I cried. "Go thou unto my home; some heat is there. Go! go!"
"Clothilde!" he said, "a soldier and desert his post!" His head
Drooped on his breast—he swayed—he sank. Ah, was he lying dead?
And next I had him in my arms; across the ice we flew;
Slipped, were down, then up again, had gained the house. I threw
More logs upon the blaze; I tore Armand's long cloak and hat
From off his feeble form—to put them on my own. I sat
Beside him till he breathed again. "Nay, not one word," I said,
"The sentry is relieved!" The third time o'er the ice I sped,
And I was pacing up and down upon the further banks—
The sentinel was there to-night, a soldier from love's ranks.

But hist! Some one spurs nigh; a captain in his gold and lace—
I do not ask the watchword—he looks down in my face—
"A woman!" Oh, a little while and bristling troops are here,
And Armand? Yes, they urge him on with bayonets. I am clear!

Clear? Next morn they tried him: "At sunset he must die!"
And I would be his murderess—I had killed him, I!
Oh, then, I think, quite crazed I grew; I ran from street to street,
"Save him! Take me! I am she," I cried. A driving sleet
Came on; my hair was heavy; it fell, 'twas thick with ice;
"Save him! Take me! I am she!" The hours they sped. A vise
Seemed clamped about my temples; all Metz came out to see
As on I ran. "Save him—take me! Good people, I am she!"
A weeping woman caught my arm—she tore my sleeve away;
A white-browed noble barred my path—I struck him down, they say.
"Save him! Take me!" all my cry. The sleety day did veer
Toward the sullen west,—Armand's death-hour was growing near.
Then there was naught but faces, some sad, some sore afraid;
The angry sky, the snow, the air with faces were arrayed.
"Save him! Take me! I am she!" Was that my voice? I reached
The river—no stars made it heaven; 'twas dim as death. I screeched,
"Armand! Armand!" I looked on high; "O God! thy hand can stay!
Rememberest thou the sparrows? Remember man this day!"
And I had reached the further banks. Is that an armed platoon,—
Their guns aimed at a single man? "God!" cried I, "come thou down!"
And then God came! There was a shout behind me: "Hold! Reprieve!"
The guns fell with a heavy thud. "Clothilde, why dost thou grieve?"
For on my hands and knees somehow I'd reached Armand, and we
Had our two hearts together. "Look up," he said, "and see!"
And there were men and women, and little children, too;
They smiled and seemed to love me. Were they kind angels? Through
The air a voice sang like heaven's song: "Armand is pardoned on
Condition that he weds at once Clothilde!" O Metz! there shone
Through thee that night God's fondest smile, through thee a woman's praise!
God's love, earth's thanks, make winter's heart the soul of summer days!

THE MARTYRS OF UGANDA.*—Ellen Murray.

In 1885, at the Victoria Nyanza Mission, in Africa, the young king of Uganda, a mere lad of unstable character, permitted the martyrdom of three Christian boys, his own subjects. He is also supposed to have been instrumental in causing the murder of Bishop Hannington, which occurred about the same time.

Night on the great grass plains of Africa,
  Night on the great lake shore,—
The sound of waves upon the sandy bar;
The growling of the lion dies afar—
  Wakens the fearful roar
  Of men, athirst for gore.

Night and the moon at full is all ablaze;
  The faint stars ride on high;
A red, red glare; the air a smoky haze;
Circling, a thousand savage faces gaze;
  And frantic shout and cry
  Shriek through the purple sky.

A red, red blaze, a broken tree stump there;
  Three boys,—chained, unafraid,—
The young dark faces full of silent prayer;
Young eyes that fearless meet the fagot's flare;—
  So Azariah staid,
  Shadrach and Meshach prayed.

One said: "The path is terrible and long,
  But Jesus goes before,
And where he leads, we follow. He is strong;
Like him, we pray for those who do this wrong,
  And when this pain is o'er
  He'll meet us on the shore."

One answered: "We will keep baptismal vows
  Unbroken, in the fire—
The holy cross was signed upon our brows.
Christ's faithful soldiers, all your strength arouse!
  Than the wild shouting, higher
  Let our last song aspire!"

Then spoke the third: "The Hebrew children came
  Unharmed from furnace glow—
The Son of God is with us in this flame;
We cannot see him, yet is he the same.
  Before us he shall go
  Where life's cool waters flow."

*Written expressly for this collection.

The dancing multitude were hushed and stilled,
Silenced the clanging shout,
As through the crackling flames, arose and thrilled
The clear young voices, with strong courage filled,—
The Hebrew's song rang out
Through the wild woods about.

Upon the dying lips dies out the song;
The fire, flickering, dies.
Like beasts of prey, dark shadows flit along,
Fleeing with sudden dread the accomplished wrong.
A blackened ash-heap lies
Beneath the silent skies.

Sing out, O Azariah, sing again!
O Shadrach, Meshach, sing,—
Wake the old song that rang on Dura's plain!
For the new martyrs from the fire pain
Let all the heavens ring
To greet their entering.

For Afric's martyrs twine the crown of stars,
Give the boy's hands their palms,
For the young feet fling open heaven's bars
And lead them in with all their glorious scars;
Down by the river calms
Uplift the joyous psalms!

A SCHOOL-BOY ON CORNS.

Corns are of two kinds, vegetable and animal. Vegetable corn grows in rows, and animal corn grows on toes. There are several kinds of corn;—there is the unicorn, capricorn, pop-corn, corn dodgers, corn-field, and the corn which is the corn you feel the most. It is said, I believe, that gophers like corn, but persons having corn do not like to "go fur," if they can help it. Corns have kernels, and some colonels have corns. Vegetable corn grows on ears, but animal corn grows on feet, at the other end of the body. Another kind of corn is the acorn; this grows on oaks, but there is no hoax about the corn. The acorn is a corn with an indefinite article added. Try it and see.

Many a man when he has a corn wishes it was an acorn, but not an *aching* corn.

Folks that have corns sometimes send for a doctor, and if the doctor himself is corned, he probably won't do so well as if he isn't. The doctor says corns are produced by tight boots and shoes, which is the reason why, when a man is "tight," they say he is corned. If a farmer manages well, he can get a good deal of corn on an acre, but I know of a farmer that has one corn that makes the biggest acher on his farm. The bigger crop of vegetable corn a man raises, the better he likes it; but the bigger crop of animal corn he raises, the better he doesn't like it.

Another kind of corn is the corn dodger. The way it is made is very simple, and it is as follows,—that is, if you want to know: You go along the street and meet a man you know has a corn, and a rough character; then you step on the toe that has the corn on it, and see if you don't have occasion to dodge. In that way you will find out what a corn dodger is. He will tell you the rest.

A SERENADE.*—THOMAS HOOD.

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!"
Thus I heard a father cry.
"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
The brat will never shut an eye;
Hither come, some power divine!
Close his lids or open mine!

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
What the mischief makes him cry?
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Still he stares—I wonder why;
Why are not the sons of earth
Blind, like puppies, from their birth?

*This poem can be made very effective as a humorous recitation by the performer imitating a sleepy father vainly endeavoring to quiet a restless child. A doll, or something to represent one, should be held in the arms.

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!"
Thus I heard the father cry;
"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Mary, you must come and try!
Hush, oh, hush, for mercy's sake—
The more I sing, the more you wake!

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Fie, you little creature, fie!
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Is no poppy-syrup nigh?
Give him some, or give him all,
I am nodding to his fall!

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Two such nights and I shall die!
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
He'll be bruised, and so shall I—
How can I from bedposts keep,
When I'm walking in my sleep?

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Sleep his very looks deny;
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Nature soon will stupefy—
My nerves relax—my eyes grow dim—
Who's that fallen—me or him?"

THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.—MARY FLETCHER.

Long ago, so says my story, dwelt in some far-distant land,
Offerus, a mighty giant, stout of limb and strong of hand;
Brave and fearless, too, in spirit, and within himself he said,
"I will serve some royal master, one who knows no fear nor dread.

"Him I serve must be the greatest of all kings upon the earth,
For the man who fears his fellow, him I hold but little worth."
So he searched through many countries, traversed many a river wide,
Passed o'er many a sandy desert, climbed up many a mountain side.

And at last he found a monarch great and powerful, and he thought,
"I have found the mightiest monarch, I have found the lord I sought."

So he made that king his master, served him well, with all his might,
Did his pleasure, fought his battles, guarded him by day and night.

But one evening at the banquet, when went round the jest and tale,
Some one named a neighbor sovereign, and the king grew sad and pale;
And the giant, standing near him, saw, amazed, his looks, and said,
"Art thou not the mightiest monarch? Wherefore then turn pale with dread?"

"Yea, I am the mightiest monarch," quoth the king, "except that one,
He whose name thou heard'st. I fear him, other mortal fear I none."
Spake the giant, "Dost thou fear him? he shall be my master then;
He whom I may serve and honor must not fear his fellow-men."

So he found that other sovereign; and he asked him, "Dost thou fear
Any mortal, man or woman, any sovereign far or near?"
With a laugh the king made answer, "None fear I of mortal birth
Far or near, the wide world over; I am mightiest on the earth."

Then cried Offerus right joyful, "I thy servant true will be,
Fight for thee, do all thy pleasure, serve thee well and faithfully."
And from that time forth the giant served that mighty monarch well,
Honored him, and loved him truly, till at last it thus befell:

Sat the king with all his nobles in the stately palace hall,
Wine and mead were circling freely, gay and gladsome were they all;
Some were jesting, some were singing, some told tales of love and fame,
But, at last, a heedless courtier spoke the evil spirit's name.

Then the monarch crossed his forehead, and the giant, standing by,
Noted that his cheek grew pallid, and that fear was in his eye.

In amaze he looked upon him, then he spoke in tone of scorn,
"They were false, those words thou spakest, 'None fear I of woman born.'"

"Yea, 'tis true I fear no mortal; but the devil, him I fear,
Him, the spirit of all evil, all men dread him far and near."
So the king the giant answered, "Is it so? then I will find,
Find and serve him, for this spirit is the master to my mind."

So he left the stately palace, wandered forth into the night,
Wildly was a tempest raging, and the lightning flashing bright.
On he wandered, never heeding driving wind and pelting rain,
Lightning flash or rolling thunder, till he reached a barren plain.

Then a flash of dazzling splendor lighted all the scene around,
And a strange and awful figure, rising slowly from the ground,
For a moment stood before him, then the bright, unearthly light
Faded, and the vision also faded from his startled sight.

Motionless he stood, and wondering, till again, with blinding glare,
Came a lightning flash and showed him still that figure standing there.
"Who art thou?" he asked, undaunted. "I am he whom thou dost seek.
I will give thee liberal payment. Wilt thou be my servant? Speak."

"Art thou then that mighty spirit? tell me true," the giant said,
"Art thou he of whom all mortals, high or lowly, stand in dread?
At whose very name all mortals quail and tremble, as I hear,
Man or spirit, good or evil, is there none whom thou dost fear?"

With an evil laugh the spirit—"Mightier than I is none;
Good and evil, men and spirits, of them all I fear not one."
"I will serve thee," quoth the giant. And he served him many a day,
His commands, though hard and cruel, never failing to obey.

Now it chanced they twain were passing, on an evening fair and still,
Down a lonely road, the spirit laughing o'er his deeds of ill,

When they saw that by the wayside, shining in the silvery light
Of the moon, a cross was standing. When the spirit saw that sight,
Crying out, he fled in terror. When at last his flight he stayed,
Offerus, in tone full scornful asked him, "Art thou then, afraid?"
"Yea, of One, the Lord of all things, who upon the cross did die;
He is neither man nor spirit. He is mightier than I."

"He who is the Lord of all things, he my lord must also be,
None who owns another mightier, ever shall be served by me."
Quoth the fiend, "Thou canst not serve him, for he dwelleth not on earth,
And his yoke is hard and galling, and his payment little worth."

Answering not a word, the giant turned, and left the evil one;
Over stream, and plain, and mountain, many a day he journeyed on,
Many a weary mile he traveled, finding not the Lord he sought,
But at length he found a hermit, and to him told all his thought.

Who thus spoke: "'Tis Christ thou seekest, but he dwells not here below,
Journeying thus thou canst not find him. If thou wouldst His presence know,
Go and toil, and serve thy fellows, for the Lord such work will own;
What thou doest for his servants, to himself he counts it done."

So the giant built a cottage where a lonely river flowed,
Built a boat, and all who needed o'er the turbid stream he rowed.
In his hut he sat one evening, while a storm raged fierce and wild,
Hark, through all the tempest's howling, comes a cry as of a child.

"Offerus!" "'Twas but the storm wind." "Offerus!" that voice again,
"Row me o'er." The giant wavered—"Rowing now were all in vain."

"Offerus," in accents piteous came the childish voice once more,
"'Tis so cold, so dark, so lonely; oh, good giant, bear me o'er."

Then the giant rose, and waded through the heaving, troubled tide,
Raised the child to bear him gently back unto the other side.
But the child, as on he struggled, heavier still and heavier grew;
And with pain and toil the giant pressed the surging waters through.

When, at last, half dead, he landed safely on the other shore,
Putting down his load he started; 'twas a little child no more,
But a figure radiant, heavenly, clothed in glory all divine,
And he spoke in mildest accent, "I am Christ, and thou art mine."

Then the giant knelt, and lowly Christ his Lord and King adored;
And his name thenceforth was altered, for that he had borne his Lord.
"Christopher"—"Christ-bearer" was he, and the Lord whom once he bore
In his arms, within his spirit was a guest for evermore.

THE CONVICT'S SOLILOQUY.—E. H. TRAFTON.

I have just dreamed a dream. Yes, with dreams my nights of sleepless horror are filled,—those half unreal, yet so terrible; so full of horrid phantasy; but 'tis not of those. No! I have dreamed a dream. I dreamed that I was a boy again and had not here this gnawing pain. I was still by my mother's side. O my God! my mother! Why do I call on God? But that dream, oh! that dream. That it might be real again. Yes, I knelt at her knee in prayer,—in prayer! Yes, in prayer, for I prayed then. And if I had been told that I should some time see this, feel this,—all this, and it but my just part, I would have said and thought he lied who told me of it.

But I was in prayer, at my mother's knee; my little

hands—then innocent of guilt—my God! how guilty now! by every crime they're stained—were clasped within her own, hers so loving, while her eyes of blue were hid from sight by those veined lids the while; and there she prayed for her innocent child, for her boy, for me; and such a prayer as touched my heart; and such a prayer as might cause angels to weep and fiends to cower. I have no heart; I cast it from me long, long ago, in the dim past,—dimmed by the sins and crimes that rise up between that time and this, the days of happy youth. Happy, did I say? Happiness is a word forgotten and unknown to me.

And then I saw her anguish when she heard of my first sin. How pale she looked! With what anguish unspeakable she looked on me, once her pride, now so fallen. Yet she loved me; tried to woo me back to the paths of rectitude, but in vain; I was hardened; there was no hope, I said; I spurned her love; I was cold and cruel, though it broke my heart, for it was not stone then. At last she died. Oh! such a death!—her last breath of agony a prayer for me,—her boy.

And then that bright-eyed, merry girl! Ha! ha! I'll take to myself the bitter pleasure of thinking of her now for the last time. I loved her so well. How true, how good she was! how like an angel! Yes, with all my soul I loved her, and she returned my love twofold. She would not believe that I had sinned; she said they lied; but the proof came all too strong; it dazed her brain, and she was mad!

O God! how fast I went down, down to the mouth of hell! Oh! those fiends in angel form that first led me to drink wine, those fiends that the world calls women—FIENDS! How she held the red wine to my lips! I drank! I was lost,—lost forever. Ah! how well do I remember the first time that I took the bright coin, that burned into my soul like a thing accursed, took it from my employer's drawer to pay for the drink that my in-

satiable thirst demanded. It soon got to be an old story to me. Then I was found out; ha! ha! and that game was soon stopped. I was pursued too closely. I fled. O God! accursed, accursed! My home gone, friends gone, soul ruined!

Ye fiends of darkness that gather round me, begone! begone for a time! There, what a fool! How I quake with fear; for oh! I see his eyes, those eyes! Yes, 'twas in the dim wood at nightfall that I turned at bay. Ah! they'd better have let me alone. The tiger when it feels the pangs of hunger is more merciful than was I, maddened with the liquid fires of hell—RUM! They became scattered; I heard them searching; I crouched under the bushes, down in the thick, black darkness that choked me; some one was close upon me; I clutched the knife; one step more and with a spring I was upon him. Staggered for a moment, he sprang back; with my wild strength I clutched him; I drove the knife into his bosom; the hot blood squirted full in my face; with a groan he fell on the ground. Again I was upon him; this time, with truer aim, I drove the blade to his heart; and there,—in the ghostly moonlight, with his wild, startled gaze full upon me, and that terrible rattle in his throat—I fell back like one dead; it was my brother! I was his murderer!

How that white face stares at me now! Those eyes! I knew no more until I found myself here. They took me out for the eager rabble to gaze upon; and I thought, How many of you fine folks are yourselves making murderers with your accursed, demoniac, hellish drink? They condemned me to death, that jury of stern men, without leaving the room they returned their verdict. 'Twas but a mockery, a mere form, though I asked not for pity. I got none. When that murmur of applause went through the room, I sprang to my feet; he who had returned the verdict guilty—the foreman—was the insatiate wretch who had sold me the poison which

brought me there; he who had made me what I was; he, whose vile stuff had fired my brain when I did the deed, stood there before heaven and the world—pronounced me unfit to live; HE! and he to live and curse the world yet longer with his hellish traffic,—his traffic in souls; HE!

There in the gallery among the crowd of women who had come to hear the words that sealed my doom was she who first held the wine-cup to my lips,—she who scoffed when I scrupled to take it! I drank it. The serpent has stung me sore—aye, poisoned my soul to its death for all eternity. How I gave vent to the surging, fiery waves within! They thought me mad! He, the vile wretch, sank down as if he had received his death-blow. And well had it been for the world had it been so, and with all such as he. Pale and panting, he cried for them to take me out; they dared not touch me, though my hands were fettered; she, with a wild shriek, swooned, and they bore her away; well might they shrink as from the voice of doom. Oh! my lost spirit shall take keen pleasure, to which the joys of heaven were feeble, in haunting them.

At last I sank back exhausted; they led me passive out, while the crowd opened right and left, and stared as on an awful something,—they knew not what.

And to-morrow I die! For the last time have I seen the sun set; but once more am I to see the blue sky of heaven; and then only to be suspended between it and the earth, in which my body is to lie. Hark! the clock tolls the hour. Soon they will be at work on the gallows. Listen! yes, there is the sound of saw and hammer. O God! can it be for me? Am I to die? To die —so soon? God of mercy, hear me! Visit those who tempted me to fall, as they deserve! And I am lost! Probation ended,—lacking a few short hours. And I am lost! My mother! O my mother! Never more to meet! My God! MY MOTHER!

FARMER STEBBINS ON ROLLERS.*—Will Carleton.

Dear Cousin John:

We got here safe,—my worthy wife an' me—
An' put up at James Sunnyhopes',—a pleasant place to be;
An' Isabel, his oldest girl, is home from school just now,
An' pets me with her manners all her young man will allow;
An' his good wife has monstrous sweet an' culinary ways:
It is a summery place to pass a few cold winter days.

Besides, I've various cast-iron friends in different parts o' town,
That's always glad to have me call whenever I come down;
But t'other day, when 'mongst the same I undertook to roam,
I could not find a single one that seemed to be at home!
An' when I asked their whereabouts, the answer was, "I think,
If you're a-goin' down that way, you'll find 'em at the Rink."

I asked what night the Lyceum folks would hold their next debate—
(I've sometimes gone an' helped 'em wield the cares of Church an' State),
An' if protracted meetin's now was holdin' anywhere
(I like to get my soul fed up with fresh celestial fare);
Or when the next church social was; they'd give a knowin' wink,
An' say, "I b'lieve there's nothin' now transpirin' but the Rink."

"What is this 'Rink?'" I innocent inquired, that night at tea.
"Oh, you must go," said Isabel, "this very night with me!
And Mrs. Stebbins she must go, an' skate there with us, too!"
My wife replied, "My dear, just please inform me when I do.
But you two go." An' so we went, an' saw a circus there,
With which few sights I've ever struck will any ways compare.

It seems a good-sized meetin'-house had given up its pews
(The church an' pastor had resigned, from spiritual blues),
An' several acres of the floor was made a skatin' ground,
Where folks of every shape an' size went skippin' round an' round;
An' in the midst a big brass band was helpin' on the fun,
An' everything was gay as sixteen weddin's joined in one.

*From Will Carleton's famous "City Ballads," by kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

I've seen small insects crazy-like go circlin' through the air,
An' wondered if they thought some time they'd maybe get somewhere;
I've seen a million river-bugs go scootin' round an' round,
An' wondered what 'twas all about, or what they'd lost or found;
But men an' women, boys an' girls, upon a hard-wood floor,
All whirlin' round like folks possessed, I never saw before.

An' then it straight came back to me, the things I'd read an' heard
About the rinks, an' how their ways was wicked an' absurd;
I'd learned somewhere that skatin' wasn't a healthy thing to do—
But there was Dr. Saddlebags, his fam'ly with him, too!
I'd heard that 'twasn't a proper place for Christian folks to seek—
Old Deacon Perseverance Jinks flew past me like a streak!

Then Sister Is'bel Sunnyhopes put on a pair o' skates,
An' started off as if she'd run through several different States.
My goodness! how that gal showed up! I never did opine
That she could twist herself to look so charmin' an' so fine;
An' then a fellow that she knew took hold o' hands with her,
A sort o' double crossways like, an' helped her, as it were.

I used to skate; an' 'twas a sport of which I once was fond.
Why, I could write my autograpy on Tompkins' saw-mill pond.
Of course to slip on runners, that is one thing, one may say,
An' movin' round on casters is a somewhat different way;
But when the fun that fellow had came flashin' to my eye,
I says, "I'm young again; by George, I'll skate once more or die!"

A little boy a pair o' skates to fit my boots soon found—
He had to put 'em on for me (I weigh three hundred pound);
An' then I straightened up an' says, "Look here, you younger chaps,
You think you're runnin' some'at past us older heads, perhaps.
If this young lady here to me will trust awhile her fate,
I'll go around a dozen times an' show you how to skate."

She was a niceish, plump young gal, I'd noticed quite a while,
An' she reached out her hands with 'most too daughterly a smile;
But off we pushed with might an' main; when all to once the wheels
Departed suddenly above, an' took along my heels;

My head assailed the floor as if 'twas tryin' to get through,
An' all the stars I ever saw arrived at once in view.

'Twas sing'lar (as not quite unlike a saw-log there I lay)
How many of the other folks was goin' that same way;
They stumbled over me in one large animated heap,
An' formed a pile o' legs an' arms not far from ten foot deep;
But after they had all climbed off, in rather fierce surprise,
I lay there like a saw-log still,—considerin' how to rise.

Then, dignified I rose, with hands upon my ample waist,
An' then sat down again with large and very painful haste;
An' rose again, an' started off to find a place to rest,
Then on my gentle stomach stood, an' tore my meetin' vest;
When Sister Sunnyhopes slid up as trim as trim could be,
An' she an' her young fellow took compassionate charge
o' me.

Then after I'd got off the skates an' flung 'em out o' reach,
I rose, while all grew hushed an' still, an' made the followin'
speech:
"My friends, I've struck a small idea (an' struck it pretty
square),
Which physic'ly an' morally will some attention bear:
Those who their balance can preserve are safe here any day,
An' those who can't, I rather think, had better keep away."

Then I limped out with very strong unprecedented pains,
An' hired a horse at liberal rates to draw home my remains;
An' lay abed three days, while wife laughed at an' nursed
me well,
An' used up all the arnica two drug-stores had to sell;
An' when Miss Is'bel Sunnyhopes said, "Won't you skate
some more?"
I answered, "Not while I remain on this terrestrial shore."

Part Twenty-seventh.

Each of the Four Numbers of "100 Choice Selections" contained in this volume is paged separately, and the Index is made to correspond therewith. See EXPLANATION *on first page of Contents.*

The entire book contains nearly 1000 pages.

100

CHOICE SELECTIONS

No. 27.

LABOR.—George W. Bungay.

Toil swings the axe, and forests bow,
  The seeds break out in radiant bloom,
Rich harvests smile behind the plow,
  And cities cluster round the loom;
Where towering domes and tapering spires
  Adorn the vale and crown the hill,
Stout labor lights its beacon fires
  And plumes with smoke the forge and mill.

The monarch oak, the woodland's pride,
  Whose trunk is seamed with lightning scars,
Toil launches on the restless tide,
  And there unrolls the flag of stars;
The engine with its lungs of flame,
  And ribs of brass, and joints of steel,
From labor's plastic fingers came,
  With sobbing valve and whirring wheel.

'Tis labor works the magic press,
  And turns the crank in hives of toil,
And beacons angels down to bless
  Industrious hands on sea and soil.
Here sunbrowned toil, with shining spade,
  Links lake to lake with silver ties,
Strung thick with palaces of trade
  And temples towering to the skies.

NOTHING FOR USE.*—Elmer Ruán Coates.

The letter ran thus:
"My Dear Neph.,—
As hot weather is proving your bane,
You will pack up your wife and your child
And come down in the five o'clock train.
Myself with the little gray mare
Will be found at the depot, in time;
Don't you fail, don't you send an excuse
To your loving aunt,—
Barbara Clime.

"P. S.—An old kerchief, thrown over your hat,
Will protect from the cinders and dirt;
And a duster, worn over the coat,
Will defend it from similar hurt.
If your duster coat-collar's worn up,
It will save the white collar and tie;
An old blanket, thrown over the trunk,
Is another good point I would try.
There are many preventives I'd name,
Were my labors not driving me wild;
The instruction I offer to *you*,
You may pass to the wife and the child."

Now the five o'clock train met Aunt Barbara Clime,
Who was drawn by that little, gray mare;
When the hugging and kissing had come to an end,
How her eyes were indulging a stare!
And she said: "My dear boy, you have failed to observe
What I wrote for protecting your dress;"
And she whispered: "My love, these precautions, you know,
Have prevented financial distress."

Here my wife and myself took a wink on the sly,
And were noting Aunt Barbara's gown;
Were it worn on the stage, in this Thespian age,
I am sure that the "house would come down."
As my aunt loved a joke and would willingly poke
Any fun, to the shape of a sell,
I could say,—she presented the Bible display
Of the Rachel we see at the well.

* Written expressly for this Collection.

It was all perpendicular, not a relief
From that fearful, monotonous line;
From the figures, I think it was worn in the ark,
Or, perhaps in an earlier time.
That botanical pattern had flowers as large
As a tea plate, I think I'll suppose,
But the chemical vapors around Ararat
Had quite faded the tulip and rose.
And her sun-bonnet, made on the old-fashioned plan,
Was a match for her one-dollar shoes;
When you'd look at the charms of her face and her form,
You'd be sad that my aunt would abuse
Such a glorious chance for a winning effect.
You would look at her cheap and odd style,—
As an antediluvian show in neglect,
That would bring a satirical smile.

At the depot, we heard both the titter and laugh
From the old, the mid-aged, and the young;
Even those well aware of her beautiful soul,
Had a joke on the end of the tongue.
It was painful to hear what I burned to resent
From my love that was truly profound,
But I'd quickly reflect on her foolish neglect,
And I'd feel I was lacking the ground.

Had my aunt any means? Just apply at the bank,
Take a look at her champion farm,
She was bright in her test of those mines in the West,
See her home that's a fairy-like charm.
Had my aunt any clothes of the toney-swell kind?
Yes; she had under lock, nothing loose;
All the bureaus were laden, her trunks were all full,
But the lady had nothing for use.

Was Aunt Barbara mean? I will answer, my friend,
By referring to hundreds of poor;
She would weep at distress and would give her "God bless"
With the solace and cash that would cure.
She would dwell on sweet charity,—how it surpassed
Faith and hope with their beauties combined;
So her praises were sung by the eloquent tongue,
And the dogs and the cats were inclined.
A great point is right here,—her progenitors lived
Very near to the old Plymouth Rock,

And continuous toil on that rock-ridden soil
Made a saving and practical stock.
Though continuous toil on that rock-ridden soil
Had made some of the stingier brand,
Yet the line of the Clime, with a glow of divine,
Showed the palm of the liberal hand.
My Aunt Barbara mean? It was not in her dream,
But her ways were decidedly queer,—
She'd so poorly present her sweet nature's intent,
That the stranger would turn with a jeer.

When she'd taken our "things" and had made us at home,
We must have the refreshment of tea;
And the dining-room, whither she hugged us along,
Was a sight that was worthy to see.
The strange carpeting had a mosaical cast,—
No two pieces were found to be kin,
It would seem she was doing some patch-work affair,
And some patches were thick, and some thin.
And I said: "My dear aunt, are you making a quilt
For the land of perpetual snow?"
And she said: "My dear Neph., all the pieces above
Are to save the good Brûssels below."
"But, woman, behold, they are four and five thick,"
And my laughter was ready to roar;
She replied: "Why, of course,—one is saving the next,
And the last is preserving the floor."
"Pile them up, my dear auntie," said I with a laugh,
"Let the ceiling be reached very soon;
The advantage is this,—as you cannot go in,
You will save everything in the room."

And that supper! No meat of the boar and the ram
That left Egypt in King Pharaoh's days;
No old, rotten potatoes, or maggoty ham,
Or those eggs that no chicken would praise.
We had no soggy bread with a margarine spread,
Or the taste of oak leaves in the tea,
Not a flower of wax to avoid a new tax,
But a genuine meal do we see.
Oh! that gem of cuisine, no cheap boarding-house dream,
Was the best that the markets afford;
But a part of the Old Curiosity shop
Was arranged on her bountiful board.

Cups and saucers, and plates, and the knives, and the forks,
Had been never harmonial pairs,
While the crack, and cement, and the nick, and the bent
The whole service so painfully bears.
When she saw we were glancing and taking it in,
She declared, in that practical way:
"You need never be told, when you're using the old,
That you're saving the new for some day."
And the good lady, saving her carpeting thus,
And her service with borders of gold,
Has now ordered fine carpets and dishes for *us*,
And has ordered—we "stick to the old."

And that parlor! We'll halt, for we enter a vault
With the chill, smothered damp of the tomb;
Not a sun lately there to enliven the air,—
It would injure the tapestry bloom;
It would fade out the hues on the furniture grand
And let in the poor moth and the fly;
The fresh air having dusted her treasures of art,
The fine parlor is closed to the eye.

And those paintings,—Napoleon crossing the Alps,
And the landing on old Plymouth Rock,
The unfortunate Puritans losing their scalps,
And those scenes of the martyrs that shock,
Were all covered from sight, when the flies were deceased
And no chance for the insect abuse;
'Twas a beautiful parlor, 'twas something—to have,
But, alas! it was—nothing for use!

When the company came, they were shown to this part,
As a place for a peep and a go;
Though this parlor looked out on the scenery grand,
It was kept for occasional show.
And I said: "Auntie Barb., you must hang out a sign,
That your parlor is seen once a year;
And remember to have a—'Beware of the Dogs;'
What a saving will come with the fear."
And my auntie laughed out in her musical way:
"Let us go to the porch and the vine;"
And, while seated out there in the neat, rustic chair,
I was planning a cure for Miss Clime.
Soon she gave the occasion, by saying: "Dear Neph.,
You must sing me a ballad. Please do."

And I said: "My dear aunt, I will sing with delight,
If you'll not say a word till I'm through."
She declared she would not. When I'd smiled at my wife,
And the laughter was out of my throat,
I appealed to my extemporaneous muse
For the points I would have you to note.

THE BALLAD.

When your fortune is made, when you've piles in the bank,
With great divies from mines in the West;
When your farm is immense, with a paradise home;
And your all is the pick of the best,
Do remember the future Centennial Show,
And provide all you can for that day;
I would lock up the house, I would live on the roof,
And would throw all my comforts away.

Never lie in your beds, it will tear them to shreds,
I'd go naked and lock up my clothes,
I would nurse a rag baby to save the live child,
And would blow anything but my nose.
As you never can die or a funeral come,
As you're free from the casket and grave,
As you'll live in the year thirty hundred and one,
'Tis a serious duty to save.

Then remember the poor in the year I have named,
Of the claim they will have on your purse,
That, in using the money for which you have toiled,
You're deserving the popular curse.
Don't you look at the sun, or the moon, or the stars,
You'll be wearing them out, as you know,
When you're needing their light, in that year I have named,
You will not have a shine or a glow.

But my aunt wouldn't wait for my stanza the fourth,
And she said: "My dear neph., I opine,
That the drift of your extemporaneous muse
Is pertaining to Barbara Clime.
Well, my boy, I am caught by a ballad I sought,
I confess that I merit abuse;
As I well can afford to enjoy what I've stored,
What I have shall be—SOMETHING FOR USE."

"NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE."

"Number twenty-five!"

"Bring on Number twenty-five!"

"The court is waiting for Number twenty-five!"

There was a little hanging back on the part of the usually prompt official, but in a moment more a tall, fine-looking woman strode defiantly up, and placing herself before the judge, awaited the usual questioning.

There was something so piteously desperate in the prisoner's appearance, and her great, haunting eyes had a look of such anguish in their fierce depths, that the judge, accustomed to all kinds of sad sights and sounds, yet hesitated a moment before asking, with unwonted gentleness:

"What is your name, my woman, and where were you born?"

"Me name is Aleen Byrne, yer honor, an' I were born in Aberdeen, off the Scottish coastland."

"And you are charged with striking a man?"

"I am, yer honor, an' I ken weel I stricht the mon."

"And you meant to?"

"I did indeed, yer honor. I only wish I might a kilt him!"

"That would hardly have been for your good, Aleen."

"He's kilt me, yer honor."

The woman spoke with a low, impassioned wail, which caused respectful silence even in the lower court, where touching tones were often unheeded.

"McGinnis testifies that he never laid a hand on you," returned the judge.

"He stabbed me to the heart, yer honor, an' the mon kens it weel!"

"Stabbed you? Suppose you tell us about it."

"I will, an me voice will sarve me. Ye micht no ken what it is, yer honor, to have one bonnie laddie, an' none else ye ca'd yer ain. I left the gude father o' me

lad a-sleepin' in the kirkyard when I brought me wee sonnie to this land. They say this be a countrie flowin' wi' milk an' honey, but oh, yer honor, it flows wi' milk an' honey for some, an' for others, I mind me, it flows wi' a very sea o' poison. For mony a year after I reacht these shores I toiled in sun an' shade, but what greeted mesel' for a' the toil so lang as me winsome Robbie were thrivin' an' gettin' a muckle o' learnin' fra' his books! He growed so fine an' tall that soon he were ta'en to a gentleman's store to help wi' the errants an' to mind the counter betimes. Then the mon McGinnis set his evil eye on the lad. I was forced to pass his den on me way to and fra' the bread store, an he minded 't was mesel' hated the uncanny look o' the place. An' one morn as I passet by he said I needn't be so gran' aboot me b'y, he were no above ta'en a sup o' the liquor wi' the rest, of an e'en. I begged me childt for the love o' God to let the stoof alane. Me Robbie doing no ill, an' promised to bide by me will an' wishes, but the mon Mc Ginnis watchet o' night when't were cauld an' stormin', an' he gave the lad many a cup o' his dretful dhrinks, to warm him, he would say. I got upon my knees to me ain childt an' prayed him to pass the place no more, but to gang hame by some ither road. Then I went mesel' to the mon wi'out a soul in his body, an' p'reps ye ken, yer honor, a mither would beg an' pray for the bone o' her bone an' the flesh o' her flesh. But he laughet in my face, an' I runned from his sicht afore I did him ill. Las' nicht, yer honor, the noise at me door frightenet me; I runned wi' all me micht to see what were the trouble, an' me Robbie swayed into the room an' fell at me feet—he were dhrunk, yer honor! Then McGinnis pokes his face in at me door an' asket, 'What think ye now Mistress Byrne?' Did I mean to strike the mon, yer honor? An' could I, I'd a-sthruck the breath fra' his body! Ye'd better keep me wi' lock an' key the nicht till me gloom dies out; but oh, jedge, jedge! there's

naught to kill the gnawin' at me heart, an' wisht mesel' an' me lad were in the kirkyard aside the gude father!"

The woman at the bar extended a clinched hand as she added with bitter vehemence:

"They telled me, an I could prove the mon sold liquor to the bairn under age, the law could stoop him. It's mesel' wud like to see the law stoop one o' the mis'rable rumsellers o' the land! I tell ye, jedge, there's naught but God's gruesome vengeance can stoop his ilk, an' when that falls it'll crush ye all! It's a' weel enough to 'rest the mither as she strikes the mon as ruins her ain childt, but wait ye till the Lord Almighty strikes—aye—wait ye for that, an ye dare!"

As the threatening voice stilled, the woman was pronounced discharged, and after his re-appearance in court, McGinnis was lodged in the county jail on a charge of having wilfully sold or given intoxicating drink to a minor. His comrades declared the evidence on which he was convicted to have been illegally slight and uncertain. But the clerk of the court was heard to remark that he believed from his soul the judge was afraid to disregard that old witch's warning and dare not wait for the Lord Almighty to strike back with gruesome vengeance at them all. Then the clerk added thoughtfully:

"But she did have a knell of fiery doom, did that Number twenty-five!"

DER OAK UND DER VINE.—Charles Follen Adams.

I don'd vas preaching voman's righdts,
Or anyding like dot,
Und I likes to see all beoples
Shust gondented mit dheir lot;
But I vants to gondradict dot shap
Dot made dis leedle shoke:
"A voman vas der glinging vine,
Und man, der shturdy oak."

Berhaps, somedimes, dot may be drue;
Budt, den dimes oudt off nine,
I find me oudt dot man himself
Vas peen der glinging vine;
Und ven hees friendts dhey all vas gone,
Und he vas shust "tead proke,"
Dot's vhen der voman shteps righdt in,
Und peen der shturdy oak.

Shust go oup to der paseball groundts
Und see dhose "shturdy oaks"
All planted roundt ubon der seats—
Shust hear dheir laughs und shokes!
Dhen see dhose vomens at der tubs,
Mit glothes oudt on der lines:
Vhich vas der shturdy oaks, mine frendts,
Und vhich der glinging vines?

Ven sickness in der householdt comes,
Und veeks und veeks he shtays,
Who vas id fighdts him mitout resdt,
Dhose veary nighdts und days?
Who beace und gomfort alvays prings,
Und cools dot fefered prow?
More like id vas der tender vine
Dot oak he glings to, now.

"Man vants budt leedle here pelow,"
Der boet von time said;
Dhere's leedle dot man he *don'd* vant,
I dink id means, inshted;
Und vhen der years keep rolling on,
Dheir cares und droubles pringing,
He vants to pe der shturdy oak,
Und, also, do der glinging.

Maype, vhen oaks dhey gling some more,
Und don'd so shturdy peen,
Der glinging vines dhey haf some shance
To helb run life's masheen.
In helt und sickness, shoy und pain,
In calm or shtormy veddher,
'Tvas beddher dot dhose oaks und vines
Should alvays gling togeddher.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

A STRAY SUNBEAM.—Frank M. Gilbert.

In commenting upon this poem, the author, who is the editor and proprietor of *The Evening Tribune*, Evansville, Indiana, says: "I think that one of the sweetest, one of the most sacred feelings that come to us, is the thought that the spirits of our loved ones who have gone before, are ever near us and look with tender, approving eyes on our good deeds. This sweet sentiment I have tried to weave into the following poem:"

My story is a simple one, its moral I don't know.
'Tis not a tale of incidents that happened long ago,
But a simple little story, put into simple rhyme,
That is a temperance lesson, just suited to this time.

My hero was a wayward boy, big hearted, full of fun,
Of brightest brain and intellect, a widow's only son,
For his father was a soldier, who fell in our late strife
And left the widow with this babe to fight her way through life.
Oh, how she fairly worshiped him and lived for him alone,
And waited fondly for the day her darling would be grown,
And be her strong protector through her declining years;
Yes, she worshiped him and watched him, filled alike with hopes and fears;
For no father lived to govern the strong and wayward child,
And as he grew up older, he also grew more wild,
Till with drinking, gambling, everything that makes a downward start,
He made her life a torture and broke her loving heart.

One night, with boon companions, his brain was all afire,
When a message from a minister came speeding o'er the wire,
He took it without thinking—he read it and was dumb;
'Twas short, but oh, how awful: "Your mother's dying. Come!"
How quickly sped he homeward, how crazed at every wait,
Till he reached that mother's bedside, alas! he came too late;
For the gentle voice was stilled, and, folded on her breast
Were the patient loving hands that oft had laid her boy to rest,
And the lips that kissed the clustering curls from off his boyhood's brow,
Were pale, and cold, and lifeless; no words of love came now,
And the heart that he had tortured, which every throb made sore,

Was touched by death's cold icy hand, to beat for him no more.
He sank beside that bedside and smote his half crazed brain
And cried: "Come back, my mother!" Too late—he cried in vain,
And his kisses brought no love light from the eyes that death had sealed.
Then with choking sobs of anguish down by her side he kneeled,
And from his heart that just before had known no thought of care,
There went up to his Maker this simple earnest prayer:
"O God, look down with pity upon a humbled one,
Forgive, O God, forgive me, for what my deeds have done;
And give, oh, give, to aid me, thine arm, O Mighty One,
And let my mother's spirit watch o'er her wayward son."

And did He hear that prayer? Ah, yes. A newer life began.
The headstrong, reckless youth was changed into a noble man,
Whose deeds were all of kindness, of honor, and of love,
Protected by that spirit that hovered up above.
The spirit of his mother, whom death had claimed before,
And who waited, patient waited, for him at heaven's door.
And liquor did not touch the lips that fervent did appeal,
When by that mother's corpse her son a suppliant did kneel.

A year was gone, he stood beside the grave of that loved one,
And twilight came and darkling clouds shut out the setting sun;
And he murmured: "Mother, darling, I'm standing by thy grave,
Thy spirit, ever near me, has made me strong and brave.
Be near me, angel mother, protect me by thy love,
And guide me ever onward, until we meet above."
He stopped, and lo, from through the gloom that marked the closing day
There came a little sunbeam, a little silvery ray,
And it lingered there a moment with a soft caressing air
Upon the broad white forehead, 'neath the clustering curls of hair.

Oh, do the souls of loved ones watch? They do. Deny not this,
That little straying sunbeam was his angel mother's kiss.

TIMBER LINE.—Surville J. De Lan.

Written expressly for this Collection.

I stood on the crest in the sunlight,
When the summer was growing old,
Yet the ages' trace on the mountain's face,
Was frozen, and white, and cold.

I gazed at the distant meadow,
Green, with its verdure spread,
Framing the brook, as its pathway it took
Through the vale, like a silver thread.

As upward my vision I gathered
Over forests wide, of pine,
I saw them sway to the zephyr's play
Till they reached the timber line,

Where in grandeur and sadness were lying,
The broken, the dying, the dead;
Like the havoc made by the cannon's raid,
On the ranks at the battle's head.

Naked, and gaunt, and frowning,
Like a giant stripped for fray,
The mountain stood, above the wood,
In the glare of the summer's day.

I thought as again I gathered
The scene in my vision's ken,
That nature's strife resembles the life,—
The lives of mortal men.

Some, like the valley, are peaceful,
Some—like the evergreen pine,
While others must stand, a forlorn band,
To die at the timber line.

A LAW AGIN IT.—Mrs. G. Archibald.

"Our church has got a bran' new man,
The Baptis' preacher can't come near him;
And Sunday being bright and warm,
I thought I'd like to go and hear him;
But if I'd know'd 'twas fashion day,
With women dressed like fancy picters,

To take my mind in sermon time,
I'd stayed at home and read the Scripters.

"I'm old and I'm old-fashioned, but
I notice quick what isn't decent,
And I say women act like geese,
In aping every style that's recent.
They comb their hair straight up behind,
And put in arrers for to pin it,
And friz and bang it down in front;
There ought to be a law agin it.

"They buy the highest hats there is,
And make 'em higher yet with trimmin',
And feathers frizzlin' out, until
They look like Injuns more than women;
And bustles! land, I saw one girl
Who couldn't sit straight up a minute,
I say it's awful—and I say
There ought to be a law agin it.

"'Twan't so when I was young,—why then
The girls at church was worth a-seein';
They didn't dress till folks forgot
To praise the Author of their bein';
Our gowns was neat, with buttons up
And down, in modest rows, to trim em',—
I mind Aunt Polly Jones declared
There ought to be a law agin 'em.

"But she was queer; I recollect
The bunnit that I got one summer
Had lace and roses on the side,
And so it like to overcome her.
For when she saw that bunch o' lace,
With artificial posies in it,
She just rolled up her eyes and said:
There ought to be a law agin it."

Good Cousin Phœbe stops and smiles,
Her thought has taken new direction,
The context 'twixt the then and now
Calls up a long past recollection,—
She quite forgets the modern style,
That makes the modern woman sinner,
For clothed with youthful grace again,
Her worn out garments come and win her.

—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE MINISTER'S GRIEVANCES.

"Brethren," said the aged minister, as he stood up before the church meeting on New Year's Eve, "I am afraid we will have to part. I have labored among you now for fifteen years, and I feel that that is almost enough, under the peculiar circumstances in which I am placed. Not that I am exactly dissatisfied; but a clergyman who has been preaching to sinners for fifteen years for five hundred dollars a year, naturally feels that he is not doing a great work when Deacon Jones, acting as an officer of the church, pays his last quarter's salary in a promissory note at six months, and then, acting as an individual, offers to discount it for him at ten per cent. if he will take it part out in clover seed and pumpkins.

"I feel somehow as if it would take about eighty-four years of severe preaching to prepare the deacon for existence in a felicitous hereafter. Let me say, also, that while I am deeply grateful to the congregation for the donation party they gave me on Christmas, I have calculated that it would be far more profitable for me to shut my house and take to the woods than endure another one. I will not refer to the impulsive generosity which persuaded Sister Potter to come with a present of eight clothes pins; I will not insinuate anything against Brother Ferguson, who brought with him a quarter of a peck of dried apples of the crop of 1872; I shall not allude to the benevolence of Sister Tynhirst, who came with a pen-wiper and a tin horse for the baby; I shall refrain from commenting upon the impression made by Brother Hill, who brought four phosphorescent mackerel, possibly with an idea that they might he useful in dissipating the gloom in my cellar. I omit reference to Deacon Jones' present of an elbow of stove-pipe and a bundle of tooth-picks, and I admit that when Sister Peabody brought me sweetened sausage-meat, and salted and peppered mince-meat for pies, she did right in not forcing her own

family to suffer from her mistake in mixing the material. But I do think I may fairly remark respecting the case of Sister Walsingham, that after careful thought I am unable to perceive how she considered that a present of a box of hair-pins to my wife justified her in consuming half a pumpkin pie, six buttered muffins, two platefuls of oysters, and a large variety of miscellaneous food, previous to jamming herself full of preserves, and proceeding to the parlor to join in singing 'There is rest for the weary!' Such a destruction of the necessaries of life doubtless contributes admirably to the stimulation of commerce, but it is far too large a commercial operation to rest solely upon the basis of a ten-cent box of hair-pins.

"As for matters in the church, I do not care to discuss them at length. I might say much about the manner in which the congregation were asked to contribute clothing to our mission in Senegambia; we received nothing but four neck-ties and a brass breastpin, excepting a second-hand carriage-whip that Deacon Jones gave us. I might allude to the frivolous manner in which Brother Atkinson, our tenor, converses with Sister Priestly, our soprano, during my sermons, and last Sunday kissed her when he thought I was not looking; I might allude to the absent-mindedness which has permitted Brother Brown twice lately to put half a dollar on the collection-plate and take off two quarters and a ten-cent piece in change; and I might dwell upon the circumstance that while Brother Toombs, the undertaker, sings 'I would not live alway' with professional enthusiasm that is pardonable, I do not see why he should throw such unction into the hymn 'I am unworthy though I give my all,' when he is in arrears for two years' pew-rent, and is always busy examining the carpet-pattern when the plate goes round. I also ——"

But here Brother Toombs turned off the gas suddenly, and the meeting adjourned full of indignation at the good pastor. His resignation was accepted unanimously.

LIZZIE.—Robert C. V. Meyers.*

Written expressly for this Collection.

So you knew Lizzie well, ma'am, and being down this way
You thought of the sad accident and hunted out the scene?
I know she sewed at your house. Her tragic fate, you say,
Appeals to you? Now tell me, ma'am, what is it that you mean
By accident? You say *that Lizzie wandered here one night*
When not a star in heaven showed the bridge's rotten rail?
Yes, that's the common story, and maybe it is right;
I only know there sometimes are two ways to tell a tale.

Every one loved Lizzie? Oh—why, yes, I think that's so,—
A pale, sweet thing, too delicate to sew the whole day long;
A girl that must in heaven be, or else so far below
She couldn't hear the harping of the loudest angel-song;
A girl that in your grand rich home would listen as you ran
On about your conquests, your balls and routs, the while
She toiled with silks and satins to make you fair, then wan
Would put her shabby bonnet on with such a pretty smile,
For she was rich as you, ma'am, her home not near so grand,—
A small room with a sewing-machine, and a lounge—that was her bed—
But she was rich in love, ma'am. Her strong and pure love fanned
Away all else like midges. *His name?* They called him Ted.
You never thought of her and love together? Didn't you, though?
Ah! dressmakers live needles are that come here, hit or miss;
You pay for so many stitches—you haven't time to throw
A thought to her that makes them. Now am I far wrong in this?

But Lizzie loved, and so was rich. She knew that Ted had once
Loved silly Alice, the shop-girl, who ran away and went
Off with an opera-chorus, and hoped, the little dunce,
To be a prima-donna and marry the president.
Oh, yes, Lizzie, she knew this well; maybe she loved Ted more
Because he'd had this sorrow. However, she made of him

*Author of "Jamie," "Brother Ben," "Gabe's Christmas Eve," and other popular recitations found in previous issues of this series. Mr. Meyers has also contributed some excellent Comedies and Farces to the Dramatic Supplements which have been appended to the first twenty Numbers.

An idol, and sewed and gave her mite to add to the little store
That should buy them a house in which to live,—and all the while grew slim
And slimmer, and had a hollow cough, yet happy all the while.
And Ted kept saying: "In May, Lizzie, we'll marry and settle down;
Then you'll grow strong and rosy." "I'm rosy now," she'd smile;
"A rose may be white as well as red,—as white as my wedding gown."

Yes, Lizzie was making her wedding dress—she was sewing on yours, I hear,
And she copied it in muslin. You were married, you say, last June.
You've just come back from Europe where you've traveled more than a year,
And you want to hear of Lizzie and Ted? Well, Ted kept piping one tune:
"We'll be married in May, Lizzie." He bought a bit of a house
In early spring. *The house?* Yes, that's it over there by the dam.
Lizzie put up the curtains,—she was quiet as a mouse,—
Thinking so much of Ted, you know. But let me hurry; I am
Busy to-day with my laundry. It chanced one April night
As Lizzie was going home to her tea and her sewing-machine,
She thought a woman followed her; she did not mind it quite,
Till she'd lit her lamp and gone to work—'twas the wedding dress. Between
The stitches she thought of her wedding day. She heard a step on the stair;
She paused. There came a knock on the door. A woman entered in,—
'Twas she who had followed Lizzie. Would you believe it? There
Stood the girl that Ted had loved! Alice began to grin;
"You know me, Lizzie?" then she said; "I only stopped to say
I'd like to know where Ted is. My voice is gone, and I
Have learned a lesson, Lizzie. I know poor Ted to-day
Better than ever, and love him as he begged me once to try.

Don't he come here?" Then Lizzie foldĕd up the muslin dress;
She felt assured that Alice knew of the wedding to be in May;
Over her pure white face there came a look of sore distress.
"Perhaps," said Alice, "Ted will come to-night. I guess I'll stay."

And so they waited, silently, both looking at the door,
Lizzie holding the wedding dress under her nervous hand;
Alice smiling and certain, patting her foot on the floor.
Yes, Alice was certain, and Lizzie—poor Lizzie!—you understand!
At last they heard a step,—and Ted was with them in the room.
One look, one cry, and Alice stood before him, while his face
Was a puzzle which Lizzie thought she solved, and the answer was her doom,—
But she smiled, the little dressmaker, and rose without a trace
Of what was passing in her mind. She said to Ted; "You know
You need not mind *me*, Teddy. Alice, here's your wedding dress,"
And she laid the muslin on a chair. Alice wanted to go,
A queer feeling came over her; and Ted, he didn't press
Her much to stay. But proudly Lizzie spoke to Ted just then,—
Told him 'twas quite a relief to her for Alice to come, and said
She'd made a mistake, and feared to tell him. Would you believe it, when
'Twas time for him to leave them, Alice had promised Ted,
And he did not unhappy seem. But Lizzie had a will,
And next day worked on your wedding things. Along comes the month of May;
Along comes the violet in the grass, and the daffodil on the hill;
Along comes the joy of Alice and Ted; along comes the wedding day.

And Alice went to the little house the day that she was wed,
Wearing the gown that Lizzie made, and took for a wedding gift

Lizzie's share in the tiny house. But Ted was sullen and said
There was a gloom about him that he felt would never lift.
Well, so that May day passed, then the night came on, and when
'Twas time the guests should start for home, Lizzie would go alone.
Alice came to the door with her. "Lizzie," said she, and then
She stopped. Lizzie looked at her with eyes that seemed like stone.
"Alice," she whispers, "you love him?" "Yes;" says Alice, "I do."
Then Ted came up, and Lizzie laughs: "My friend of many a year,
You love where you are loved, Ted." "That's true," says he, "but you—
While you are living, Lizzie, I will always have a fear
That I have treated you badly. Yet love is love to the end;
And Alice I've always loved, although I used to call you my own.
I'm truer to you in telling the truth; yet I've wronged you, and that will tend
To keep me unhappy as long as you live." Poor Lizzie gave a groan,
And drearily said: "As long as I live." Without another word,
She walked out through the dark. Next day they found her down in the dam;
They said she fell past the rotten rail. But up in the house was heard
A sound of woe as Alice remembered Ted's speech: "I am
Unhappy as long as you live;" and she thought of Lizzie's stony eyes;
While Ted was moaning: "I've killed her; she's killed herself for me!"
Oh, yes, 'twas called an accident; it may have been; they're wise
Who account for things on principle; but the unwise sometimes see.
And it's kind of you in coming here to look at the place where your
Young seamstress died. Yes, ma'am, I'm poor, a laundress. Thanks for the fee!
What of Ted? He died of fever, just a month after Lizzie.
You're sure
Alice was thoroughly wicked? Let God judge!—I am she!

GRANDMA'S SHAMROCKS.—E. A. SUTTON.

"Here gran'ma, here's a present, it has come a distance, too,
'Tis a little pot of shamrocks, and it comes addressed to you!
Yes, all the way from Ireland, and the card here mentions more,—
They were gathered at your birthplace on the banks of Avonmore."

"From Ireland! do you tell me? O darling, is it true?
Acushla, let me feel them—and you say 'twas there they grew?
Why, I can scarce believe it; is it really what you say?
From my birth-place in old Ireland! poor old Ireland far away.

"I'm old and stiff and feeble, and in darkness, God be praised,
Yet, Kittie, how it stirs me, how my poor old heart is raised,
To feel it here so near me, the soil that gave me birth,
The very clay of Ireland,—let me kiss the holy earth.

"These blessed little shamrocks! I can't see them, yet I know
They bring me back the eyesight of the happy long ago,
And rushing thro' the darkness comes the picture that I love,
The dear green fields of Ireland and the sunny sky above.

"I see, as once I saw them, when a girl like you I stood
Amid the furze and heather—there's the chapel, hill and wood;
There's the abbey clad with ivy, and the river's winding shore,
And the boys and girls all playing on the banks of Avonmore.

"God bless the little shamrocks, then, for calling back the scene,
The beauty of the sunshine, the brightness of the green.
Thro' long, long years to see it, and to see it all so plain,
Ah! child, I'm sure you're smiling, but I'm feeling young again.

"And, though I'm truly thankful for the blessing that God's hand
Has brought around me, Kittie, in this great and happy land,
I can't forget the old home, midst the comforts of the new;
My heart is three parts buried where these little shamrocks grew."

LITTLE CARL.—Amelia H. Botsford.

Hans Baum, the cobbler, lived in a quaint little town in Fatherland. He had one son, whom he meant to bring up to his own trade, that after his death the old shop might continue to have for its sign; "Baum, cobbler."

Now, there was in the old town a grand cathedral, and, day after day, little Carl might be found there listening to the music of the great organ. When he came home at nights his father would say:

"Well, Carlchen, where hast thou been to-day? Hast thou played in the streets with naughty boys?"

And Carl would answer, "Nay, my father; I have been in the church to hear Herr Ulrich play on the great organ."

"Tut, tut; better enjoy thyself with other boys."

"But, father, I was happy, very happy, all day long. When Herr Ulrich played I saw the angels of the notes."

"What dost thou mean, boy?"

"Why, father, didst thou never see the angel when a note is struck? Yesterday, when Herr Ulrich played joyous songs, the merry child angels clambered up the great organ pipes, perched on the carved pinnacles, and swung to and fro with peals of laughter; but when he played the solemn anthems, fair, grave-eyed nuns walked slow and stately by, with hands folded as if in prayer."

"Child, thou hast been sleeping and dreamed the angels and saints stepped down from the painted windows."

"I did not dream, father, dear; I really saw them."

But Hans gravely shook his head, and warned his son against saying things that were not true.

So Carl did not speak of it again, but day by day, he grew fonder of listening to the music, until it seemed his native air, and when away even for a few hours he drooped and pined as though in a strange land. The

old organist learned to watch for the boy who came and listened so attentively. Once or twice, indeed, he spoke to him, but Carl was shy, and dared not say a word of the strange emotions the music awakened in his heart.

But this pleasant, idle life of Carl's could not last forever, and a rude hand was ready to shake the air-castle about the enchanted dreamer's ears.

One day in the early springtime old Mother Schweitz came to Hans' shop with a pair of shoes to be mended. While the work was being done, she sat down and talked of one thing and another, until at last she said:

"When are you going to set that boy of yours to work? It's a pity for so fine a lad to be idling away his time. There's nothing like work for keeping boys out of mischief."

And Hans made answer slowly, while he pegged away at the shoe in his lap, "Well, I've been thinking of that myself, lately. But there's plenty of time—he's young yet."

"He is too old to be doing nothing; he is older I know than my two boys, who are at work. But I suppose *you* are so rich that you can afford to bring up your son in luxury. I don't think it is right for parents to drudge all their lives that their children may live without work; and I should not think a good son would be so careless of his father's comfort. There's Peter and Franz; they always—"

"Well, never mind, neighbor," interrupted Hans, "here's your shoe," and he gave a sigh of relief as the door closed behind her. But the words she had said remained shut in with the cobbler, to buzz about him until they finally found a lodging in his perplexed brain as a thought and plan of his very own.

The day wore wearily away; slowly but steadily worked the cobbler at his bench; while ever and anon he would push up his spectacles and look out into the quiet street.

Across the way in the blacksmith shop, where neighbor Trant hammered the glowing iron on his anvil, Franz Trant was busily at work helping his father.

A wagon passed, and perched on the seat beside his father, a little rosy-cheeked child was chattering away.

The sunshine on the floor had reached the noon mark, but Carl had not yet come. School was out, and Hans looking up at the noisy shouts, saw the school-children racing by; but Carl was not among them; and with a sigh he turned to his work again.

At last evening came, and with it Carl. Hans seemed ill at ease. He began sentences and stopped short with an anxious look at Carl. After supper he kicked his work impatiently aside, and said:

"Carl, why dost thou never stay at home now? Dost think that thy old father does not miss thee?"

"But I am so happy in the church, father. Oh! I wish that thou couldst be there with me?"

"Nay, I must stay at home and work all day long while my son is dreaming. Other men's children love them and are a help to them, but my boy does not wish to help me, he would rather be wasting his time away from home."

"Why, father, I love thee dearly; and what hast thou ever asked of me that I have not done?"

"Thou hast been dutiful—while I have let thee have thy own way. But if I bid thee stay at home and help me in the shop?"

"O father! must I?"

"Why thou shouldst be *glad* to do something for me, much as I have done for thee. Nay, nay, I did not say thou *must*. Thou mayst do as thou likest. Go, enjoy thyself, and forget that thy old father is working hard all day."

"O father, thou dost not know how hard it will be; but I will be good. Only let me have one day more."

All night Carl tossed uneasily to and fro. And in his dreams sounded strains of wild, sad music that died away

in moans and sobs and sound of tolling bells; then a silence, and in the hush he heard the dull, even tap, tap, of a cobbler at his work; tap, tap, tap, with never a pause or change; tap, tap, tap, until it seemed as if the noise would drive him mad.

In the early morning he awoke with a start and a sense of danger near. He was so restless that he could sleep no more, so, although it was not yet daylight, he softly arose, dressed, and went out into the silent street. He naturally turned his steps toward the Cathedral. The walk in the fresh, dewy air seemed to quiet him, so that he sat down on its threshold in the cool shadow of the old gray walls with a sense of relief and repose. The world was all asleep, but in a little while it began to wake up. First some drowsy bird twittered from a neighboring tree, then came an answering twitter, until in a few minutes hundreds of birds were welcoming the day with their matin songs. Presently the dark, shapeless shadows began to take distinct form and outline; the light grew imperceptibly brighter, and a blush crept up the eastern sky. Rosy-red grew the east with vivid flashes of many another color, till wrapped around with rainbows, the sun lifted up his royal head. The birds had ceased to sing, and the breeze in the tree tops was still, as in solemn state, the sun climbed heaven's azure stairs. But the solemn hush was broken by the first faint sounds of awakening human life,—an early passer-by whose footsteps echoed hollow from the stones; an opened door or shutter; the low rumble of a distant cart. The town was waking up. In a half hour it was awake. The sexton came and unlocked the church and Carl slipped in. He knelt reverently and offered up his morning prayer. Then long and lovingly he studied the pictures and the glorious marvels of the painted windows.

While thus quietly musing, Carl discerned the figure so welcome to him, Herr Ulrich, who came for his usual practice. When he had taken his place at the organ,

Carl listened with eager attention as to the words of one whose voice he would never hear again. An hour flew by, golden-footed. Then Herr Ulrich rose to go, and, turning, found a child at his elbow.

"What is it, my boy! Did you want anything?"

Tremblingly, Carl began: "Oh, sir; please, sir—if I might only—won't you please—"

"Speak out my child, don't be afraid," said the organist, as he stroked Carl's head.

"I wish—I wish I could play," breathed Carl, faintly.

"What, on the organ?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you will have to spend many years, and work hard, too, before you can succeed. Did you know it, my little man?"

"But I mean I want to play *now*—to-day."

"Nonsense. You do not know how. Did you think you had only to push down the keys and the music gushed out?"

"No, sir. I know better than that; but please let me play. I know I can. At least, let me touch the keys, only touch them."

The tearful, pleading face was more than Herr Ulrich could withstand, so he seated the boy on the bench.

With tenderness and reverence Carl touched the keys. For a second or two his fingers wandered noiselessly over their ranks; then he commenced to play. Dreamingly soft and tender at first, like a baby's lullaby; then sadder and sadder till it moaned like a mother over her departing child. Wildly sweet strains, that told of bliss beyond all words, lighted the sorrow for a moment, then mingling with it were born down again into the depths.

Moving neither hand nor foot, like one enchained the master sat, while the mighty harmony filled the dim aisles and pulsed upward through the high, arched roof, to rend its way to heaven; a cry of anguish, a prayer that seeking comfort found it not.

Within the cathedral doors one other mortal gazed and listened. With leathern apron and rough cap, Hans, the cobbler, stood, drawn thither to seek his son, and curious to learn the charm that held him to the sacred spot. Were his eyes so blinded by the tears which started forth, that he fancied he beheld the angels of whom Carl had spoken? Surely, those were no mortal tones that met his ear.

Hope, fear, pleading, torturing suspense, despair, and submission breathed the soul-music: and with that strain so sad, so sweet, Carl's fingers paused. There was no sound but the rain without, and the trembling echoes dying away in the distance, while on the floor lay Carl, a lifeless form. And, as Herr Ulrich tenderly raised him up, from a rift in the clouds the sun shone out, and on the tranquil face a single ray, tinted from the painted windows, rested like a blessing. The angels of the notes had indeed been present and borne away the soul upon their mighty wings to join the harmony above.

LITTLE TURNCOATS.—Georgia A. Peck.

As passed the rector of All-Saints one day,
Obsequiously an old man crossed his way,
And with "Good mornin', sir!" his head laid bare;
Then, steadying his basket with all care
He turned its cover back to show within
Three sleeping kittens, saying, with a grin,
"I have some fine Episcopal* kittens here
That you might like to buy,—they won't come dear."

"Look here, old man!" called out a passer-by,
I see what you're about, with half an eye!
You tried to sell that lot to me last night
As good clean, Baptist kittens."
"You are right,
My friend, and they were Baptist then, all three,
But 'twas before their eyes were opened! See?"

*The names can be changed, by the reciter, to suit the occasion.

THE SOLDIER TRAMP.—Don Santiago Carlino.

"Yer honor, I pleads guilty; I'm a bummer;
I dont deny the cop here found me drunk;
I don't deny that through the whole long summer,
The sun-warmed earth has been my only bunk.
I hain't been able fur to earn a livin';
A man with one leg planted in the tomb
Can't get a job—an' I've a strong misgivin'
'Bout bein' cooped up in a Soldiers' Home.

"*Whar did I lose my leg?* At Spottsylvania—
Perhaps you've read about that bloody fight;
But then I guess the story won't restrain you
From doin' what the law sets down as right.
I'm not a vag from choice, but through misfortune,
An' as fur drink—well, all men have their faults,
An' judge, I guess I've had my lawful portion
O' rough experience in prison vaults.

"I served as private in the tenth New Jersey,
An' all the boys'll say I done w'at's right;
Thar' ain't a man can say that Abram Bursey
War ever found a-shirkin' in a fight;
Right in the hell-born frightful roar o' battle,
Whar shot and shell shrieked through the darksome wood,
Amid the blindin' smoke and musket's rattle
You'd always find me' doin' the best I could.

"We had a brave ol' feller for a colonel—
We called him Sweety, but his name was Sweet—
Why, judge, I swear it by the great eternal,
That brave ol' feller'd rather fight than eat!
An' you could allus bet your bottom dollar
In battle Sweet'd never hunt a tree;
He'd allus dash into the front an' holler,
'Brace up my gallant boys, an' foller me!'

"Well, just afore the Spottsylvania battle,
Ol' Sweety cum to me an' says, says he,
'I tell you, Abe, 'taint many things'll rattle
A tough ol' weather-beaten chap like me;
But in my soul I've got a sort o' feelin'
That I'm a-goin' to get a dose to-day,
An' 'taint no use for me to be concealin'
The skittish thoughts that in my bosom play.

"'Fur many years you've been my neighbor, Bursey,
An' I have allus found you squar' an' true;
Back in our little town in old New Jersey
No one has got a better name than you.
An' now I want your promise, squar'ly given,
That if our cause to-day demands my life,
An' you yourself are left among the livin',
You'll take me back an' lay me by my wife.'

"Well judge, that day, amidst the most infernal
An' desperate bloody fight I ever seed,
'Way up in front I saw the daring colonel
Throw up his hands and tumble off his steed.
In half a minute I was bendin' o'er him,
An' seein' that he wasn't killed outright,
I loaded him upon my back an' bore him
Some little distance back out o' the fight.

"The blood from out a ghastly wound was flowin'
An' so I snatched the shirt from off my back,
For I could see the brave ol' man war goin'
To die, unless I held that red tide back.
An' purty soon I seed he was revivin'
An' heard him whisper, 'Abe, you've saved my life,
Yer old wool shirt, along with yer connivin'
Has kept me from that grave beside my wife.'

"Well, judge, while I stood thar' beside him schemin'
On how to get him in a doctor's care,
A ten-pound shell toward us come a screamin'
Just like a ravin' demon in the air,
An' when it passed I found myself a-lyin'
Across ol' Sweety's body, an' I see
That tarnal shell that by us went a-flyin'
Had tuk my leg along for company.

"Well, judge, that's all, 'cept when the war was over
I found myself a cripple, an' since then
I've been a sort o' shiftless, worthless rover,
But jest as honest as the most of men.
I never stole a dime from livin' mortal,
Nor never harmed a woman, child, nor man—
I've simply been a bum, and hope the court'll
Be just as easy on me as it can."

Then spake the judge: "Such helpless, worthless creatures
Should never be allowed to bum and beg;

Your case, 'tis true, has some redeeming features,
For in your country's cause you lost a leg.
And yet I feel the world needs an example
To check the tendency of men to roam;
The sentence is that all your life your camp'll
Be in the best room in my humble home."

The soldier stared! Dumb! Silent as a statue,
Then in a voice of trembling pathos, said;
"Judge, turn your head and give me one look at you—
That voice is like an echo from the dead."
Then forward limped he, grimy hand extended;
While tears adown his sunbrowned cheeks did roll,
And said, with slang and pathos strangely blended,
"Why, Colonel Sweety, bless your brave ol' soul."

RENYI.*—Helen Booth.

O Austria, proud Austria, thou wert a bitter foe
Arrayed against a single man who fought for liberty!
And yet thou saw'st no man or men; in all thou couldst
but know
The hated Hungary!

"The prisoner!" And so they brought the haggard warrior
forth.
"Thy name?" "Renyi, the schoolmaster." "Thou art
alone, we see,
Now tell us where thy regiment lies hidden; it is worth
Thy while,—thy liberty!"

Then over Renyi's face there passed a look of wondrous scorn;
With folded arms he faced them all. "Thou call'st that
liberty
I'd purchase with my honor? Renyi was not born
For that,—but Hungary!"

"Tell thou shalt!" the Austrian spake, and signaled the
platoon.
The bayonets formed a glittering lane, and through it,
totteringly,
A woman came; upon her head the frost of age. "Thy tune
Must change for liberty

* Written expressly for this Collection.

"Of her, thy mother," smiled the Austrian general. "Be thou mute
And that old head shall wipe the dust, and thou the sight shalt see.
Divulge, and Austria pardons thee, will listen to the suit
Of Renyi of Hungary."

A stride, and she, the gray-haired one, had reached her son's chained hands;
Had looked into his blood-shot eyes a look,—fond, motherly;
Had placed her withered lips upon his clanking iron bands,
As they should set him free,

And raised her voice until it rang as clear as any bell:
"My life! what is it, my son, beside my love, my love for thee!
I love thee up to heaven; hate me not down to hell;
Be mute for Hungary!"

And Renyi uttered not a sound; no, not when brawny hands
Dragged forth the one who gave him birth, beside whose guardian knee
His infant lips had lisped the prayer to Him who rules all lands,—
The God of liberty.

He opened not his lips e'en when he saw through the steel lane
The bayonet at her breast. "Speak!" cried the general, "set her free!"
"Be mute!" the mother's voice rang out; "let not my love be vain;
Be mute for Hungary!"

And then her words had ended on the earth. The general threw
His cloak across the body. "Another gage have we!"
And down the lane of bayonets a shrinking maiden drew,—
The well-loved Ottilie.

"Save me, Renyi!" wails she. "My love, we must not die!
The world is very beautiful—speak, and we are free!"
Down Renyi's face there flow great briny drops that scarce will dry
At thought of Hungary.

Ottilie's arm is rudely touched by bloody hands. "Ah save!"
She shrieks, "my love, speak, speak!—'tis I, thine own, thine Ottilie!"
"Speak," says the general, "and ye save fair bride and bridegroom brave—
Speak, and have liberty!"

And Renyi wavers. "Thou speak'st! thou speak'st!" Ottilie cries. He flings
His chained arms about her neck; he kisses her madly,
Then falls away; throughout his soul a dull, harsh echo rings,—
"Ottilie—Hungary."

"Then curse thee!" cries the maddened maid, "thou art my murderer!"
As struggling through the lane of steel she goes to death, "curse thee!"
"Thy regiment? Speak!" the general says. Renyi does not stir.
"Then die, fair Ottilie!"

And so it was. The general came to where the prisoner stood.
"Their death be on thy head," he said, then shrank back wonderingly,
For Renyi's mind was broken; he smiled, "God has them—God
Has thee, me, Hungary!"

SEALED ORDERS.

Out she swung from her moorings,
And over the harbor bar,
As the moon was slowly rising,
She faded from sight afar—
And we traced her gleaming canvas
By the twinkling evening star.

None knew the port she sailed for,
Nor whither her cruise would be;
Her future course was shrouded
In silence and mystery:
She was sailing beneath "sealed orders"
To be opened out at sea.

Some souls, cut off from mooring,
Go drifting into the night,

Darkness before and around them,
With scarce a glimmer of light;
They are acting beneath "sealed orders"
And sailing by faith, not sight.

Keeping the line of duty,
Through evil and good report,
They shall ride the storm out safely,
Be the voyage long or short,
For the ship that carries God's orders
Shall anchor at last in port.

THE CHARITY COLLECTOR.—Geo. M. Vickers.*

Written expressly for this Collection.

I was a collector of donations; I aint now, though. I was appointed last night by the president of our society, and I began work this morning. It was cloudy, and looked like rain, so I took my umbrella with me. The first place I stopped was at the corner house. I tripped lightly up the steps and rang the bell. A big-faced servant opened the door. "Well, miss," said she, as I stood looking at her, "what do you want?" "I would like to see the lady." "What lady?" asked the girl. Just then a shrill voice piped out from the top of the entry stairs: "Who is it, Kate? What do they want?" "A young person wants the lady," replied the girl. "What ladle?" asked the voice, drawing nearer. "The lady!" screamed the girl. "Never mind," said I, "I will not trouble you." "Hold on!" squealed the thin voice. I stepped back again and stood in the vestibule. Presently an ancient-looking maiden, with sharp features, and a complexion the color of a smoked shad, emerged from the parlor door. The girl drew back respectfully. "Good morning," wheezed the old maid. I bowed and began to make known the object of my visit. "Madam," I said, "I am collecting money for the poor of our

*Author of "The Potter's Field," "Tribulations of Biddy Malone," "The Cobbler of Lynn," and other favorite readings in previous numbers; also, the beautiful Temperance Drama, "Two Lives," in No. 8; and the capital new Farce for Amateurs in the present number entitled, "The Public Worrier."

ward ——" "I don't hear a word you say," she snapped, "your lips look as if you were tasting butter instead of talking. Why don't you speak out?" "Madam!" I yelled. "Don't madam me!" she shrieked, shaking her wiry curls; "don't imagine you are the only single person in the world!" My face was aglow, as I made another attempt. "My good lady," I cried, my voice increasing with each word, "I am a collector, a collector of ——" "Hush!" she screeched, "I have lived here for forty—no! no!—I have—I have never bought a cent's worth on credit from any mortal. You are a brazen-faced impostor!" and thrusting her wedge-shaped face into mine, she roared like an exhaust pipe. Seeing that further talk was useless, I beat a rapid retreat down the steps, my ears ringing with her parting words: "I'd have you took up, you swindler, if there was a perlice in sight!" As I turned the corner a couple of rain drops struck me in the face, and they were just in time, too, for my cheeks were ablaze with mortification. Still, there I was, the town clock striking ten, and not one cent collected; so raising my umbrella, I moved on, determined not to be crushed at the outset.

The rain was coming down briskly as I timidly ascended the brownstone steps of Lawyer Dinkel's mansion. I had hardly set foot on the top step when the door opened, revealing the diminutive form of the haughty counselor. "Allow me to take your umbrella," said he, reaching for my gingham. "Oh, never mind, thank you," I answered; "I merely called to solicit your aid in behalf of our charity organization." "What authority have you to demand money from the citizens of this commonwealth?" he fairly hissed. "Here is my certificate," I replied, frightened almost to death, "signed by our president." "Bosh!" he yelled, "the law provides for paupers; you ought to be ashamed to go around begging like this!" "You must like to talk with females to stand there gossiping in the rain; I've been watch-

ing you!" and the speaker, a fat woman, with great spectacles, advanced to the door. "It is a charity collector, my dear," explained Dinkel. "Look here, young woman!" shouted the fat lady, shaking her banana-like finger at me, "this is my husband, and if you want to gad with a man, go hunt one as haint married, there!" and with a blighting scowl on her fat brow, she caught the little attorney by the neck, carried him in and slammed the door in my face.

For a moment I was completely dazed. I was on the point of going home, and so end my trouble, when I happened to think of Hiram Gusset, the grocer. Brilliant thought! I would go straightway; and I did. "Ye see," said Mr. Gusset, "before the poor folks of the ward apply to the charity officer for aid, they generally work the store for all it is worth. That lets me out," he continued, "but I'm willin' to give somethin'. Here's one o' these hams; the outside looks a mite rusty, but it's good eatin' inside." "Yes, I see," I replied, "but how am I to carry it all the way to the office?" "Bless your heart," said he, "I'll fix it in a minute." So he did. He tied a piece of yellow paper round it, and ran a clothes-pin through the string for me to hold it by. I had no alternative; I had so far got nothing but the ham, and to leave that was out of the question. With the umbrella in one hand and the ham in the other, I started down the street. The wind seemed to take in the situation, for I had not gone half a block before the paper had blown off the ham, my umbrella was turned inside out, and my dress one mass of ham-fat and mould. I accepted a little urchin's offer to take it home for ten cents. When I marched into the society's office, I could have fallen on my knees and breathed my thanks aloud. I delivered the ham and my resignation to the worthy society. Organized charity may be good—for somebody, but hereafter Sarah Pratt helps the poor direct from her pocket; she's got all she wants of collecting.

AN ORIGINAL LOVE STORY.

He struggled to kiss her; she struggled the same
To prevent him, so bold and undaunted;
But as smitten by lightning, he heard her exclaim:
"Avaunt, sir!" And off he avaunted.

But when he returned, with a wild, fiendish laugh,
Showing clearly that he was affronted,
And threatened by main force to carry her off,
She cried: "Don't!" And the poor fellow donted.

When he meekly approached, and got down at her feet,
Praying loud, as before he had ranted,
That she would forgive him, and try to be sweet,
And said, "Can't you?"—the dear girl recanted.

Then softly he whispered: "How could you do so?
I certainly thought I was jilted;
But come thou with me, to the parson we'll go,
Say, wilt thou, my dear?" And she wilted.

Then gayly he took her to see her new home,—
A cabin by no means enchanted.
"See! Here we can live with no longing to roam,"
He said: "Shan't we, my dear?" So they shantied!

GRACE VERNON BUSSELL.*—H. S. DRAYTON.

In the winter of 1876, the steamer Georgette was wrecked on a rocky coast in western Australia. The first boat from the steamer was soon capsized; a second, with line attached, was swamped, and its precious freight thrown into the foaming sea. At this moment a young woman on horseback beheld them from the rocky cliff. She spurred her horse down this perilous, pathless road, through the surf to those still clinging to the boat, encouraged them to grasp her garments and horse-trappings, then safely landed them. Again she rescued others, and brought in the cast-off line. Leaving the rescued to save the rest, she galloped, wet and weary, eight miles for aid. The Royal Humane Society, of England, awarded the brave girl a silver medallion.

See, on yon shoal amid the blast
A steamer rolls, and all aghast
The crew and passengers await a dreadful death;
Fierce billows beat upon the shore,
Remorseless winds with threatening roar
Appal the stoutest there; the timid lose their breath.

* By permission of the author.

No help! Whence, how, amid that storm,
Could help be given by mortal arm?
Be sure the generous venture could but fatal be;
Those jagged cliffs frown on the wreck,
Those angry waves sweep o'er the deck,
And hoarsely mock their trembling victims misery.

Women and tender children there
In huddled group the platform share,
And eager eyes strain out toward that bristling coast.
Fear cannot conquer Hope amain,
The sailor may despair to gain
The shore, but woman true will not count all for lost.

"As well to perish on yon brink
As with this broken hulk to sink,"
The cry goes round; the crew the jolly-boat prepare;
Instant 'tis filled from bow to stern.
"Push off!" Alas! the fierce winds churn
The sea, and draw that fragile bark into its snare.

It rocks, it leaps; caught by the blast,
Mid shriek and prayer, a-beam is cast;
The foaming billows dash among the living freight.
Those left upon the groaning ship
With palsied tongue and blanched lip
Gaze on the seeming foretaste of a common fate.

But see upon yon craggy height
A rider, who with fiery might
Spurs onward to the bristling edge a noble steed!
"Ha! what is yond', my palfrey true?
'Tis work indeed for me and you.
Now falter not; push on! thither doth mercy lead."

But no, they dare not, can not pass
Adown that frowning precipice!
They dare! with eagle swoop they clear the dizzy hill,
Nor wind nor wave can daunt their course
As through the breakers cleaves the horse,
His iron limbs obedient to one master-will.

"Cheer up! hold fast! I'll soon be there,"
A woman's voice rang loud and clear,
And thrilled through every watching, trembling soul.
All on the ship in wonder stand;
Sure 'tis an angel's voice and hand
That guides yon lusty brute amid the deadly shoal.

A moment more, the gallant steed
Has reached the scene of direst need,
Where aching arms the keel with desperate clutch embrace;
A moment more, and in her train
There cling a dozen lives amain,
And beachward press they all with slow yet certain pace.

They land. "Hurrah!" the cry is rung
E'en from the weak and fainting tongue;
It warms the heart of them who tread the stranded ship.
Joy reigns where late despairing fear
Spread thickly o'er his mantle drear—
How sweet the prayer ascending high from grateful lip!

Back mid the surf the noble brute
Hath sprung again in hot pursuit;
Obedient to his rider still he braves the ocean's wrath.
"There's life to win." That rider pale
Recks not the toil, she can not fail;
And other struggling ones are borne in her foam-crested path.

Ah, see what skill a human arm
Can straight employ where death would harm!
Learn what a human soul, aflame with purpose high,
Can dare, though sea and sky array
Their awful powers to bar the way!
One steadfast heart may all their wrath defy.

She saved them all, that maiden bold;
Her name, her mission might have told:
Grace Vernon Bussell. Long and dear in memory
Must her heroic deed remain;
A hundred hearts, a holy fane,
Shall fitly keep its sweet and glorious history.

DEFILED.—Medora Clarke.

A snow-drop bloomed on a window ledge,
Budded and bloomed in the narrow space
Of a grinder's window, lifting up
To the grimy world its pallid face.

'Twas born as fair and as waxen white
As though it had bloomed in a lady's bower,
As though the hand of a duchess had touched
With warm caress this favorite flower.

Before the light of one summer day
Had paled to the mournful gray of night,
Some dust of iron and cinder smoke
Had soiled with grime this blossom white.

And never again, till it withers and falls
To the common mould of the window ledge,
Will it wear the tints of its natal hour,—
Delicate white to its slender edge.

So the fairest flower of the human world
May spring from the deepest ruts of earth,
But the cinder smoke of shame and vice
Will mar the sheen it wore at birth.

"YOU MUST BE DREAMING."—ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.*

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CHARACTERS.

LIEUTENANT HASTINGS, who dreams of love, sleeping and waking.
MR. PETER ARMITAGE, who being logical, never dreams.
MRS. PETER ARMITAGE, who being illogical, wakes from her dreams.
JENNY, their daughter, who being the offspring of logic and illogic, dreams while she is awake.

SCENE.—*Room in Armitage's house; door back; entrance right and left. Enter, left, Hastings, carrying a valise.*

HASTINGS. This is a predicament! Nobody in the drawing-room, nobody in the dining-room, and here I am roving over the place like an amateur house-breaker. This room must be a boudoir. (*Going to door, back, and glancing in.*) Yes, and that is a sleeping chamber. Shades of my ancestors! what a mess I am in! I write to Miss Armitage, whom I met so often at West Point, that I love her to desperation, and that I shall come to-day to ask her father's permission to pay my addresses to her. (*Taking a letter from his pocket.*) Armed with this letter of introduction to her father, from his old friend, General Douglass, I come here, discover a valise in the middle of the road outside. I pick up the valise; it opens, and I find that it is filled with silverware.

*Author of "The Day Before the Wedding," "Did You Ever See a Ghost?" "The Top Landing," and other Comedies and Farces, especially suited for Parlor and Amateur Theatricals, which will be found in Dramatic Supplements appended to the earlier Numbers of this Series. A Descriptive Catalogue sent free.

I see a woman scampering off,—she is the thief, and the Armitage mansion has been robbed. I come to the house, everyone is out, presumably looking for the thief. I enter the hall, then the drawing-room, and find no one. Suddenly I hear voices approaching while I am half-way up the stairs, when it occurs to me that if they have not discovered the thief, I, with the valise in my hand (*drops valise*), may be taken for that interesting person. (*Puts letter in his pocket.*) Jenny has evidently not received my letter, or else —— (*voice outside.*) Here comes that voice again. I thought I was safe here. What shall I do? (*Runs to left.*) The owner of that voice is coming this way. An elderly gentleman,—it must be Jenny's father. (*Runs to right.*) There is a serving-maid in cap and apron. (*Runs to door, back.*) I have no choice; I dare not be found here, unannounced. Oh, that Jenny were near! I must hide till the coast is clear, and I can get down to the hall door and enter in a conventional manner.

Exit, Hastings, at back, as Mr. Armitage enters, left, supporting Mrs. Armitage, in bonnet and shawl. He seats her in a chair.

MR. ARMITAGE. Clorinda, are you better?

MRS. ARMITAGE. A little, Peter.

MR. A. I am not little. I am Peter the great, when I am angry, and logically so. Let me find the villain who robbed you! There, my dear, surely you are well enough to tell me once more the facts of this outrageous proceeding.

MRS. A. My scent bottle!

MR. A. Here it is (*giving it to her*). Well! make haste, or it will be too late to catch the wretch.

MRS. A. I can't make haste when I am three-fourths dead, can I?

MR. A. You are not more than half dead, so do get on. Be logical, Clorinda.

MRS. A. It amounts to this: I was carrying over to Mrs. Jones the silver she left with us last night, when she went to a wedding. You know how nervous she is, and the recent burglaries in this neighborhood made her afraid to lock up the house with her valuables inside.

MR. A. So she locked up the house with her valuables outside. Mrs. Jones is scarcely logical. Well?

MRS. A. Well, as I say, I was carrying the silver over to her, when I happened to see a hen scratching in my strawberry-patch. I set the valise down in the road while I flew back to shoo her away. While on the point of shooing ——

MR. A. Pray, hasten, my dear; you shoo as slowly as a blacksmith. You put the valise, illogically, in the road while you shooed the hen.

MRS. A. I shall tell the story my own way, or not at all. I put the valise in the road and *began* shooing the hen.

MR. A. Clorinda, for heaven's sake, begin and get that shooing over. I want to catch the man, not the hen.

MRS. A. For a logician you have a vile temper, Peter. As I say, while I was shooing the hen, I looked up ——

MR. A. Yes, yes.

MRS. A. And then I ran shrieking and called you from the carriage house.

MR. A. Yes, yes.

MRS. A. For there was the burglar who had created such consternation in the neighborhood, and in his clutches was the valise containing Mrs. Jones' silver. I was paralyzed.

MR. A. In which paralyzed condition you screamed, caught me by the neck and held me back from the man, who was out of sight when I reached the garden gate.

MRS. A. I feared for your life; he looked so desperate. And now ——

MR. A. (*hurriedly.*) And now I run to the police and lodge information.

MRS. A. And leave me alone?

MR. A. Where are the maids?

MRS. A. They have gone to a funeral.

MR. A. Where is Jenny?

MRS. A. She is in the library reading poetry. Remain where you are and protect your wife and your daughter.

MR. A. Protect you? What do you mean?

MRS. A. That murderous-looking wretch may return at any moment.

MR. A. Nonsense. (*Walking about.*) Do be logical, wife.

MRS. A. Nonsense, is it? Wait till you fall over him. (*Mr. A. stumbles over the valise and falls. Mrs. A. shrieks and hides her face in her hands. Mr. A. rises, laughing.*) O Peter, has he knocked you down?

MR. A. (*merrily.*) Clorinda, were you in this room before you went forth with Mrs. Jones' silver?

MRS. A. (*behind her handkerchief.*) Yes, I placed the valise on the floor (*Mr. A. pushes it under table*) while I put on my bonnet.

MR. A. There was no theft at all.

MRS. A. (*starting up.*) What?

MR. A. That valise was never touched by a burglar. Clorinda, you must be dreaming; that silver is still in this house.

MRS. A. Peter, how dare you say so!

MR. A. (*laughing.*) You must be dreaming, I tell you. I have such a joke on you, my dear. Let me go tell it to Jenny. [*Exit, left, laughing.*

MRS. A. What does he mean? A joke on me! The silver still in the house! (*Calling.*) Peter! Peter! I say, Peter!

Exit, Mrs. A., left, as enter, right, Jenny in white cap and apron.

JENNY. Oh! mamma and papa have come back! and I thought they would be out of the house for an hour or two! I asked mamma to take Mrs. Jones' silver to her on purpose to get rid of her, for I wanted the lieutenant to come and find me alone. His train is due at 11 o'clock, and here it is 11.15, and I have not told papa and mamma that I expected him. I wanted to have a little jesting with the dear fellow; he must be made to think that I was acting a part at West Point, and that I am only a dressing-maid here. It will be such fun. And yet if papa and mamma are here when he arrives, it will spoil everything. (*Noise in room back.*) There! mamma is in her room; she may have returned for a handkerchief. Let me get out of the way till she is fairly off.

Exit, Jenny, right. Enter, back, Hastings, peeping around.

HASTINGS. He is gone! Now I must make my escape while the coast is clear, get down to the hall door, ring like a human being, ask for Mr. Armitage, tell him the story of the valise full of silver which I have rescued from the would-be thief,—it will be my finest way of introduction after all. (*Seeing valise under table.*) Merciful powers! suppose he had come across this valise while he was here and had found me in that room! He has never seen me—oh!

the idea is overpowering! I—I (*voices heard*) —— He is coming back (*grasping valise*). If the worst comes, I shall leap from that bedroom window, and so come to the hall door with a broken leg and the valise of silver. But I must not be found here! Oh, where is Jenny?

Exit, Hastings, back, dropping letter from his pocket. Enter, left, Mr. A., laughing, and Mrs. A., angry.

MRS. A. (*going to table and looking under.*) And I tell you, Peter, that if there is any dreaming, it is on your part.

MR. A. Oh, oh, oh, Clorinda (*wiping his eyes*)! I have not laughed so much in years. It is almost illogical, yet the idea of your getting up an imaginary burglary of Mrs. Jones' silver, when the precious metal was all the time in this room where you had placed it ——

MRS. A. And where you say you found it and pushed it under the table till you should go and get Jenny to witness my discomfiture?

MR. A. Yes, my dear; a joke, you know. Oh, it is too good.

MRS. A. Is it? I consider it too bad, if it is a joke. Behold (*pulling cover from table*)! where is the valise? *You* must be dreaming.

MR. A. (*rubbing his eyes.*) Eh! eh! why I could swear that I put the valise under the table. I *know* I did.

MRS. A. I left the valise in the road and a man ran away with it.

MR. A. I tell you I fell over it in this room.

MRS. A. Peter, you are the victim of an optical delusion. Your logic has gone to your brain.

MR. A. I tell you, Clorinda ——

MRS. A. I tell you, Peter ——

MR. A. The valise was under the table when I went to fetch Jenny.

MRS. A. Then what has become of it?

MR. A. Become of it!

MRS. A. Of course, Peter, I do not pretend to be logical as you are, but I must say that you are in effect the thief of Mrs. Jones' silver. Had you not insisted that the valise was here, you might have caught that man.

MR. A. I tell you I tumbled over the valise; I pushed it under the table.

MRS. A. Dreaming, Peter, dreaming? Now *I* am going to Jenny; see what she will say to *my* joke. [*Exit, left, laughing.*

MR. A. Clorinda, I tell you I tumbled (*exit*)—I tell you—

Enter Jenny, right.

JENNY. They both came into this room, it appears. I believe they are off at last. They are having some sort of discussion,—papa's logic, I presume. And now, in Jane's cap and apron, I await the lieutenant. Ah (*seeing letter and picking it up*)! what do I see! A letter, endorsed General Douglass, introduces Lieutenant Hastings to Mr. Peter Armitage. Is it possible he has been here?—that he has seen papa? (*Noise, back.*) Why mamma is still in her chamber; I will go and ask her. (*Runs to back door, when Hastings, valise in hand, confronts her; she shrieks.*)

HASTINGS. Miss Armitage—Jenny! oh, listen to me! Thank heaven you have come at last!

JENNY (*her hand to her heart*). How came you in that room?

HASTINGS. It is a long story; there is no time to tell it now. Suffice it to say that I might have been in a scrape had your father and mother found me here without you. Nay, I will tell you all. Let me first see that no one is near. (*Goes to left and right and looks off.*)

JENNY (*aside*). I see! He has come in surreptitiously to see me before he sees papa and mamma. (*Putting letter in her bosom.*) I shall have my jest yet; he shall think me a dressing-maid after all.

HASTINGS (*coming to her*). And now let me tell you all.

JENNY. Not a word. I know all.

HASTINGS. You do? Then I am out of my scrape without one word of explanation.

JENNY. You are; and I appreciate your position with happiness ——

HASTINGS. You, of whom I dream, sleeping and waking ——

JENNY. And consider it a compliment to me.

HASTINGS. A compliment?

JENNY (*taking him by the hand*). Lieutenant Hastings, I have a confession to make.

HASTINGS. I also have one to make.

JENNY. Let me hasten before my master and mistress return.

HASTINGS. Your master and mistress! I do not understand.

JENNY. I am not what I appear to be. (*Aside.*) That's the truth.

HASTINGS. What do you mean?

JENNY. At West Point you thought me the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Armitage.

HASTINGS. I certainly did.

JENNY. I am their maid. (*Aside.*) So I am.

HASTINGS. What do you say?

JENNY. I am of gentle blood; but—but circumstances over which I have no control, force me into being a dressing-maid. (*Aside.*) When I dress myself.

HASTINGS. Gentle blood! A dressing-maid!

JENNY. You thought me wealthy; I am poor. (*Aside.*) Unless papa makes me rich. (*Aloud.*) As for you ——

HASTINGS (*ecstatically*). Poor! gentle blood! Come to my arms, my happy consummation! Jenny, I am enraptured. I, too, am poor; your supposed wealth made me dilatory in aspiring to your hand; your supposed wealth kept me from coming to Mr. Armitage long ago.

JENNY. Then you have not seen him?

HASTINGS. No, nor do I wish to—at present.

JENNY (*aside*). Then the General sent the letter through the mail.

HASTINGS. And now! there is no one to call me fortune-hunter; no one to keep me from you (*throwing valise under table, and running to embrace her*); no one to keep us apart.

JENNY (*holding him off*). Yes there is. (*Voices heard, left.*)

HASTINGS (*dropping Jenny's hand*). Oh! I had forgotten! You a dressing-maid! I in the house having in my possession property not my own! My position is frightful! Hide me!—for your own sake, hide me! then get rid of Mr. and Mrs. Armitage for a few minutes till I explain to you, for I am positive you know nothing of what I mean. [*Exit, back.*

JENNY. What is the meaning of this?

Enter, left, Mr. and Mrs. Armitage.

MR. A. You need not laugh, Clorinda.

MRS. A. (*laughing.*) Ha! ha!

MR. A. I tell you, madam, I have not lost my wits, nor my temper, either. I shall be logical in the extreme; I shall

carefully search this apartment where I tumbled over that valise, and should I find no trace of it, I will acknowledge that there is something wrong with me, and shall go and consult a doctor. (*Sees Jenny.*) Where have you been, child? Your mother and I have looked for you in the library.

MRS. A. Why are you masquerading in that dress?

JENNY. I—I—oh, mamma, what is the cause of all this confusion?

MR. A. It means, Jenny, that your mother is the most illogically positive of women.

MRS. A. It means, Jenny, that your father is the most logically pig-headed of men. You know I started out to take Mrs. Jones' silver to her. I had the valise ——

MR. A. (*positively.*) In this room.

MRS. A. Yes, in this room, Jenny, while I put on my bonnet. Then I went out to the road, when I saw a hen in my strawberry-patch. I dropped the valise and hurried to drive off the hen ——

MR. A. You told me you went to shoo the hen. Be logical.

MRS. A. In shooing the hen, Jenny, as long as your father is so exact, I looked up and saw a man in the act of carrying off the valise. I ran to your father in the carriage-house, and he brought me to this room ——

MR. A. Where I distinctly saw the valise. I pushed it under the table just here. (*Exemplifying, when he sees the valise, and pulls it out.*) And here it is!

JENNY (*aside*). Lieutenant Hastings' valise!

MRS. A. What!

MR. A. You must be dreaming, Clorinda. You hid it when you said it was not under the table. Ha! ha (*laughing*)!

JENNY (*aside*). That valise! He spoke of having in his possession property not his own! The thief in the road! The lieutenant in mamma's room! His joy at finding that I was only a dressing-maid!—dressing-maids have been known to be accomplices of the light-fingered gentry! Oh, what is the meaning of all this?

MR. A. (*valise in hand.*) O Clorinda, how illogical you are.

MRS. A. Jenny, don't look so dazed when your mother is expiring. Your father has killed me. (*Sinks into chair and weeps; Jenny goes to her.*)

MR. A. This valise in the road! A burglar carrying it off! Ha! ha!

MRS. A. My brain is swaying.

JENNY (*running to Mr. A.*). Papa, papa, will you tell me one thing?

MR. A. That I did tumble over it in this room?

JENNY. No, no, but the letter from General Douglass.

MR. A. What letter?

JENNY. The one you received this morning, relating to Lieutenant Hastings.

MR. A. I received no letter relating to Lieutenant Hastings, though I know considerable about that young man.

MRS. A. The young man you favored at West Point?

JENNY. But, mamma ——

MRS. A. Oh, we know everything. The good general wrote to us long ago, and we let you keep your pretty secret till you chose to divulge it. But I am too weak to talk of trifles just now.

JENNY. Trifles!

MR. A. But the general's letter, Jenny?

MRS. A. Peter, I tell you I did see that dreadful creature with the valise.

MR. A. Clorinda, will you kindly be logical? Jenny, what do you mean by the general's letter?

JENNY (*giving letter to him*). This.

MR. A. I never saw this letter before.

JENNY. I found it on the floor in this room.

MR. A. You must be dreaming.

MRS. A. Of course you are, Jenny, dear; your father's logic sets everybody to dreaming. Peter, let me say once for all, that while I was shooing the hen ——

MR. A. Shoo her or boot her, it is all the same to me. Jenny, what is the meaning of this letter?

JENNY. You certainly received it this morning.

MRS. A. I fear, Peter, that your brain is softening. That's what you get for being logical. You must have received this letter and forgotten it. And while I will say that although I cannot explain the reappearance of that valise in this room, unless it is one of your jokes, I insist that that hen ——

MR. A. *Will* you be quiet, Clorinda?

MRS. A. Peter Armitage! you are a brute!—a logical brute! And I persist in it that the valise was in the road.

MR. A. (*loudly.*) Jenny, this letter—where did you find it?

Mrs. A. kicks valise, and exits, back, unperceived by Jenny.

JENNY. I found it on the floor. I concluded, as long as you had not seen Lieutenant Hastings ——

MR. A. Never saw him in my life.

JENNY. That you dropped the letter.

MR. A. (*his hand to his head; aside.*) That optical delusion of the valise not being here! my forgetting that I had received this letter! (*Aloud.*) Jenny, did you ever hear of logic turning the brain? Jenny, do you see a valise here?

JENNY. Oh, yes, and I know whose it is. Papa—oh, I am in sore distress. Tell me, did a man run off with that valise which mamma placed in the road?

MR. A. He did not. That is—that is—I do not know now; I thought I knew once, but I don't know.

JENNY. Then, mamma (*turning around*)—why, where is mamma?

MR. A. Gone to her room to discover something else that is improbable.

JENNY (*crying out*). Her room (*running to door, back*)!

MR. A. But the general's letter?

Shrieks heard. Enter from back, Hastings, with Mrs. A. clinging to him.

MRS. A. Here he is! here he is! Fire! fire! fire! fire!

HASTINGS. Madam!—sir!—Jenny!

MR. A. Jenny? what do you mean, sir?

MRS. A. Fire! fire! fire!

HASTINGS. If you will not confuse me so, I will explain, madam.

MRS. A. Fire! fire!

MR. A. If you keep on crying fire, you'll put him out, Clorinda.

JENNY (*holding to her father*). O mamma! O papa!

MR. A. Clorinda, let me have his neck. (*Catches hold of Hastings collar, while Mrs. A. holds on to his coat sleeve.*)

JENNY. O mamma! O papa!

MR. A. Now, sir, explain your presence in that chamber; explain it calmly.

MRS. A. No, no; explain to me,—did you see a valise in the road outside?

HASTINGS. Yes, and I accused you of being a thief, madam.

MRS. A. (*shaking his arm.*) I!

HASTINGS. I saw you run away when I picked up the valise containing the silver of this house.

MR A. You picked up the valise in the road?

HASTINGS. After this woman had dropped it.

MR. A. Why, the valise was in this room.

HASTINGS. I brought it here, when I came to look for you or some member of your family.

MRS. A. There, Peter; he found it in the road and he brought it here. "Honor among thieves," you know.

HASTINGS. I am no thief. I am Lieutenant Hastings, U. S. A., who comes to offer marriage to a dressing-maid in this house.

MRS. A. Our dressing-maid!

HASTINGS. There she stands,—Jenny.

MRS. A. My daughter!

HASTINGS. Jenny the daughter of a thief!

MR. A. What do you mean by all this? You must be dreaming, sir.

JENNY. O papa! O mamma! he a thief!

HASTINGS. Your father! your mother!

MR. A. You Lieutenant Hastings? I'll not believe it!

HASTINGS. Here is my letter of introduction from your old friend, General Douglass (*feeling for it*). Why, I have lost it.

MRS. A. Calls me a thief! Peter, go for a policeman; I'll hold him tight.

HASTINGS. Madam!—sir!—Jenny! there has been a horrible mistake. A light breaks in upon me, and I see it all. Jenny put on this cap and apron as a jest, of which I was to be the victim.

JENNY. Yes, yes; but you?

MRS. A. But the valise?—the letter you have not? To be sure, we are daily expecting a visit from Lieutenant Hastings, who is desirous of paying his addresses to our daughter.

MR. A. (*holding out the letter.*) Is this the letter?

HASTINGS. It is, it is; I must have dropped it.

JENNY (*fainting in Hastings' arms*). Oh!

MR. A. I see it all! I see it all!

MRS. A. Where's my scent-bottle? And I see it all, too. I was shooing the hen, he came along, saw the valise; I saw him; I took him for a thief and ran, and because I ran he took *me* for a thief; he entered the house ——

MR. A. Met no one, came here, heard us, ran into that chamber ——

HASTINGS. Twice,—leaving the valise behind me the first time, but taking it with me the second time. I dropped the general's letter ——

JENNY (*reviving*). I came out in this cap and this apron, found the letter, and ——

MRS. A. And there is no burglar nor thief after all, and Mrs. Jones' silver is safe. But the valise *was* in the road.

MR. A. And in this room as well. The funniest, most illogical joke I ever heard of. Ha! ha!

HASTINGS. But, sir!

JENNY. Papa! mamma!

MR. A. Everything may yet turn out satisfactory to you two spoons.

HASTINGS. Oh!

JENNY. Oh!

MRS. A. While now it is sufficient unto the day thereof, to know that a man really did take the valise, and that I was not dreaming, Peter.

MR. A. We were all dreaming: you, that the valise was not in this room; I, that it was not out of this room; the lieutenant, that Jenny was a dressing-maid; and Jenny, that he was a ——

JENNY. Not a burglar, but only my ——

HASTINGS. Husband that is to be. Otherwise, even the audience will say that you, we, they ——

ALL. Must be dreaming!

All laughing, as curtain falls.

A KNIGHTLY WELCOME.—Rev. S. K. Cox.

Written for the ceremonies attendant upon the observance of Ascension Day, by the Knights Templar, of Maryland, June 3d, 1886, at St. Paul's M. E. Church, Baltimore.

We greet you, brethren of the mystic tie,
And bid you welcome to this sacred shrine.
The varied symbols which before us lie,
And highest of them all, the Red Cross sign,
Are fitting emblems for this holy place,—
Emblems of truth and purity and grace.

In earlier days, when knights were men of war
And went forth panoplied for deadly fight,
Hasting at bugle-call from homes afar
To shield fair woman, or defend the right,
They sought the land where on the cross of shame
The Son of God won an eternal fame.

For men he suffered, and for men he bled,
And for awhile descending to the grave,
He made his habitation with the dead,
Only to show his greater power to save;
With conquering might he left a vacant tomb
Stripped of its sting, its terror, and its gloom.

In his great name, Sir Knights, you gather now,
On this great day of his ascending power
When he went up in triumph, to endow
A world with his rich gifts of grace,—the dower
Of an unbounded love that will not rest
Till it has reached all lands, all nations blest.

'Tis in his cross you glory; 'neath its sign
The knights of old went home to holy war,
Guarding the sepulchre with serried line,
Or some worn pilgrim, coming from afar
To see the sacred spot, and press the soil
Where Christ had lain, Death's empire to despoil.

In that same sign go forth and conquer still;
Your great Commander calls you to the fray—
Not to the strife of arms, to wound and kill,
But to the triumphs of a better day
When peace shall truth and righteousness embrace
And bind in brotherhood the human race.

Our Master's mission when he sojourned here,
Was to bind up and soothe the broken heart,
With gentle hand to wipe the falling tear,
To heal the sick, sight to the blind impart,
To cause the lowliest in him to find
At once the friend and brother of mankind.

Yours is the mission where his footsteps lead
To follow him, and with like helping hand
To clothe the naked and the hungry feed,
Rescue the shipwrecked brother on the strand,
And cheer with kindly words and prompt relief
The widow and the orphan in their grief.

This is true Christian knighthood; 'twill remain
When wars o'er all the earth forever cease,
When Christ shall claim the kingdoms and shall reign,
The mighty Saviour and the Prince of Peace;
And when he comes his faithful knights to crown
May you prove worthy of that high renown.

"I CANNOT TURN THE KEY AND MY BAIRN OUTSIDE."

In the villages of the West Riding of Yorkshire, there is a tender sentiment, or custom, still prevailing. When one of a family has been buried, or gone away, the house door is left unlocked for seven nights, lest the departed might, in some way, feel that he was locked out of his old home.

"Suspense is worse than bitter grief,—
The lad will come no more;
Why should we longer watch and wait?
Turn the key in the door.
From weary days and lonely nights
The light of hope has fled;
I say the ship is lost, good wife,
And our bairn is dead."

"Husband, the last words that I spoke,
Just as he left the shore,
Were, 'Come thou early, come thou late,
Thou'lt find an open door;
Open thy mother's heart and hand,
Whatever else betide,'
And so I cannot turn the key
And my bairn outside.

"Seven years is naught to mother love,
And seventy times the seven;
A mother is a mother still,
On earth or in God's heaven.
I'll watch for him, I'll pray for him,—
Prayer as the world is wide;
But, oh! I cannot turn the key
And leave my bairn outside.

"When winds were loud, and snow lay white,
And storm-clouds drifted black,
I've heard his step—for hearts can hear;
I know he's coming back.
What if he came this very night,
And he the house-door tried,
And found that we had turned the key,
And our bairn outside!"

The good man trimmed the candle light,
Threw on another log,
Then, suddenly, he said: "Good wife!
What ails,—what ails the dog?
And what ails you? What do you hear?
She raised her eyes and cried:
"Wide open fling the house-door now,
For my bairn's outside!"

Scarce said the words, when a glad hand
Flung wide the household door.
"Dear mother! father! I am come!
I need not leave you more!"

That night, the first in seven long years,
The happy mother sighed:
"Father, you now may turn the key,
For my bairn's inside!"

THE PRIME OF LIFE.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

I read the sentence or heard it spoken—
A stalwart phrase and with meaning rife—
And I said: "Now I know, by youth's sweet token,
That this is the time called the 'prime of life.'

"For my hopes soar over the loftiest mountain,
And the future glows red, like a fair sunrise;

And my spirits gush forth, like a spring-fed fountain,
And never a grief in the heart of me lies."

Yet later on, when with blood and muscle
Equipped I plunged in the world's hard strife,
When I loved its danger, and laughed at the tussle,
"Why *this*," I said, "is the prime of life."

And then, when the tide in my veins ran slower,
And youth's first follies had passed away,
When the fervent fires in my heart burned lower,
And over my body my brain had sway,

I said: "It is when, through the veiled ideal
The vigorous reason thrusts a knife
And rends the illusion, and shows us the real,
Oh! this is the time called 'prime of life.'"

But now when brain and body are troubled
(For one is tired and one is ill,
Yet my soul soars up with a strength redoubled
And sits on the throne of my broken will),

Now when on the ear of my listening spirit,
That is turned away from the earth's harsh strife,
The river of death sounds murmuring near it—
I know that *this* "is the prime of life."

—*The Independent.*

BURDOCK'S MUSIC-BOX.

Last Christmas Miss Burdock's admirer presented her with a handsome little music-box, and the family ear has been tickled ever since with half a dozen of the latest popular agonies.

Tuesday night, however, they had company, and the music-box, after doing gloriously for awhile, suddenly collapsed at the first verse of the "Mulligan Guards," leaving the balance of that gallant command in a sort of musical purgatory.

The next morning Miss Burdock dressed her face with its company expression, and coaxed her paternal to take the box with him when he went to business and have it put in order, and on his finally consenting under

protest, wrapped it up neatly, placed it in his overcoat pocket, and hustled him off.

He caught an Ogden Avenue car, nodded to a couple of business acquaintances, secured a seat, and was in the act of opening the morning paper, when the music-box suddenly found its voice again and proceeded to render the remaining verses of the "Mulligan Guards."

The passengers dropped their papers, stared around at one another, and finally, tracing the music to Burdock, focused their eyes upon him, nudged each other, and laughed.

"No music, gentlemen, 'lowed in these cars," called out the conductor sternly, coming in to collect a fare, just as the box rang out clear and loud with the chorus.

There was a perfect shout of laughter, in which everybody, except Burdock and the conductor, joined, as the box suddenly changed its tune and came out as strong as a circus band with "Meet Me in the Park, Love."

"Stop that music. I won't have such foolishness going on in this car," yelled the conductor, scrutinizing the passengers suspiciously from the rear platform.

"Confound the infernal thing, I wish it was at the bottom of the Red Sea!" muttered Burdock, getting very red in the face and feeling decidedly uncomfortable.

A minute later, as the music-box was about plunging into a third song, the conductor darted in, slapped Burdock on the shoulder, and said, excitedly:

"I've got you at last. Now you just stop it, that's all!"

"Stop it yourself, if you want to," said Burdock, angrily.

The conductor frothed and fumed, looked under the seat and behind Burdock, but could see nothing, yet all the while that box was everlastingly howling out "Eileen Alanna," as if its heart would break. By the time the car reached the bridge, Burdock was in a cold perspiration, the irate conductor had checked off seven passengers too many, and was tearing his hair on the

platform, and the box, after going through its entire collection of tunes, looked as quiet and innocent as a rubber baby.

It required Burdock to use up all his spare stock of self-control to prevent him from heaving it into the river, and it was with a sigh of relief that he handed it over to be fixed.

Saturday, on his way home, he stopped at the place where he had left it, and finding it repaired, put it in the pocket of his overcoat, and started off home, forgetting all about it on his arrival at the house.

Sunday all the family turned out for church, and Burdock ushered them in, closed the pew door, hung his overcoat over it, took up a hymn-book, and was glancing around complacently, when the forgotten music-box in his overcoat pocket all at once struck up "Lanigan's Ball."

The minister dropped the notices he was looking over and looked blankly around; the deacons sprang up like Jack-in-the-Box and glared in every direction; the congregation twisted their heads, craned their necks, and stared wonderingly at the choir, and the choir pulled away the curtains that hid them, and stared idiotically back in return. The Burdocks alone kept their eyes resolutely glued to the front, while their faces assumed the fashionable cardinal hue; and Burdock could be heard muttering fragments of emphatic language seldom heard inside of a gospel house.

After playing one verse the melody ceased, and the Burdocks' hearts, which had been standing still, beat once more; the excitement died away, and everything was quiet again. The minister arose, and was in the act of giving out a text, when a lady, who was late, sailed up the aisle, and, chancing to brush against Burdock's overcoat, started the music-box off into a perfect fury of "Tommy, Sit Down by Your Aunty."

The minister paused, and frowned severely; the deacons shot up from their seats as if they were sitting

on springs; the congregation tittered, and Burdock felt sick all over as he made a savage kick at his coat, which had the effect of changing the tune, and it pealed forth now "The Night before Larry was Stretched," with the variations.

Burdock felt that every eye in the church was watching as he made another side kick at it; a subdued whir followed, and he was congratulating himself on having hopelessly ruined it, when it suddenly broke out louder than a troupe of minstrels, with the inspiring strains of the "Mulligan Guards."

By the time that it had played two verses and was commencing the third, five deacons had arrived at the pew door, and were interviewing Burdock, while the entire congregation were standing up on their toes to have a look at him. Burdock tried to explain, but seven new deacons came up and accused him of sacrilege and desecration of the church.

"Get out, the whole caboodle of you!" he exclaimed, climbing over the back of the seat, making for the door.

One of the deacons followed him with his hat and overcoat, the music-box playing, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," right merrily, as the grave-faced deacon carried it at arm's length down the middle aisle.

Burdock and his family are attending another church now, and the music-box is buried under four tons of anthracite coal in the cellar.

YES I'M GUILTY.—J. M. Munyon.

"Yes, I'm guilty," the prisoner said,
As he wiped his eyes and bowed his head,
"Guilty of all the crimes you name;
But this yer lad is not to blame.
'Twas I alone who raised the row,
And, Judge, if you please, I ll tell yer how.

You see, this boy is pale and slim;
We calls him saint,—his name is Tim.

He's like a preacher in his ways,
He never drinks, or swears, or plays,
But kinder sighs and weeps all day;
'Twould break yer heart to hear him pray.
Why, sir, many and many a night,
When grub was scarce and I was tight,
No food, no fire, no light to see,
When home was hell, if hell there be,
I've seen that boy in darkness kneel,
And pray such words as cut like steel;
Which somehow warmed and lit the room,
And sorter chased away the gloom.
Smile if you must, but facts are facts,
And deeds are deeds, and acts are acts;
And though I'm black as sin can be
His prayers have done a heap for me,
And make me think that God, perhaps,
Sent him on earth to save us chaps.
This man what squealed and pulled us in,
He keeps a place called Fiddlers' Inn,
Where fakes, and snides, and lawless scamps
Connive and plot with thieves and tramps.
Well, Tim and me, we didn't know
Just what to do or where to go,
And so we stayed with him last night,
And this is how we had the fight:
They wanted Tim to take a drink,
But he refused, as you may think,
And told them how the flowing bowl
Contained the fire that kills the soul.
'Drink! Drink!' they cried, 'this foaming beer;
Twill make you strong and give you cheer.
Let preachers groan and prate of sin,
But give to us the flowing gin!'
Then Tim knelt down beside his chair,
And offered up this little prayer:
'Help me, dear Lord,' the child began,
As down his cheeks the big tears ran,
'To keep the pledge I gave to you,
And make me strong, and good, and true.
I've done my best to do what's right,
But, Lord, I'm sad and weak to-night.
Father, mother, oh, plead for me—
Tell Christ I long with you to be!'

'Get up, you brat, don't pray round here,'
The landlord yelled with rage and fear,
Then, like a brute, he hit the lad,—
Which made my blood just b'iling mad.
I guess I must of hurt his head,
For I struck hard for the man that's dead.
No, he haint no folks or friends but me:
His dad was killed in sixty-three,—
Shot at the front, where bursting shell
And cannon sang their song of hell,
And muskets hissed with fiery breath,
As brave men fell to their tune of death.
I promised his father before he died,
As the life blood rushed from his wounded side,
I promised him, sir, and it gave him joy,
That I'd protect his darling boy.
I simply did what his father would,
And helped the weak, as all men should.

"Yes, I knocked him down and blacked his eye,
And used him rough I'll not deny;
But think of it, Judge, a chap like him
Striking the likes of little Tim.
If I did wrong send me below,
But spare the son of comrade Joe.—
You forgive him—and me? Oh, no!
A fact? God bless you! Come, Tim, let's go."

THE FATHER'S COUNSEL.—Ellen Murray.

Characters.—*Jonadab, an old man; six tall boys, for sons; four girls, for daughters; fifteen boys, for grandchildren; a crowd of little children, for great-grandchildren; a tall boy, for the prophet.* (*Some older person should read or recite the descriptive verses.*)

Reader.— Jonadab, the son of Rechab,
In the wisdom of his white hair,
In his great age venerable,
Called his grave, tall sons around him,—
Spoke with all a father's power:

Jonadab.— Sons of Jonadab of Rechab,
Listen to my words of counsel:
I have walked through many countries,

I have lived through many winters,
Seen the nations rise and prosper,
Seen the nations fall and wither,—
War and famine kill their thousands,
But the wine its tens of thousands.
Lift your hands, ye sons of Rechab,
In a promise strong and holy,
That the wine shall never tempt you!

Reader.— And they lifted up, obedient,
Strong men's hands without delaying,
And they vowed the vow he bade them:

Sons.— While the man's strong soul is in us,
While the angels stoop above us,
While our children rise beside us,
While we rule our people's councils,
Never shall the wine-cup tempt us.

Reader.— Jonadab, the son of Rechab,
Called his daughters to his presence;
To them spoke in tones of counsel,
To them spoke in earnest fashion:

Jonadab.— Promise by a daughter's duty,
Promise by a mother's loving,
By the babes ye taught their praying,
By the sons ye name with blessing,
By the present and the future,
That the wine shall be untasted.

Reader.— And they lifted up their clean hands,
Firm with all a matron's power,
Warm with all a mother's loving,
Thus they answered, Rechab's daughters:

Daughters.— By the sweetness of our girlhood,
By our womanhood of power,
By the children in our folding,
By the brothers in our household,
Shall the wine remain untasted.

Reader.— Jonadab, the son of Rechab,
With the lines upon his forehead,
With his white beard flowing downward,
Called his children's sons around him,—
Said the while they gravely listened:

Jonadab.— Children's sons, attend my counsel:
I have watched Orion's glory
From the zenith sinking downward;
I have heard the desert lion,
Seen the keen eyes of the tiger,
Passed the adder in the pathway;—
Fiercer, deadlier is the viper
Lurking in the cup of drinking.
Lift your hands in solemn vowing,
That the wine-cup shall not tempt you!

Reader.— And the young men, in the gladness
Of their youth and of their growing,
Lifted up their strong hands, eager
With the promise of their future:

Grandsons.—By the boy's glad life behind us,
By the man's rich life before us,
By the golden hopes that call us,
By the future we shall conquer,
Thus we promise, father's father,
That the wine-cup shall not tempt us.

Reader.— Jonadab, the son of Rechab,
Called the little ones around him,
Children of his children's children,
Lifted up his aged forehead,
Wrinkled by a hundred summers,
With the thin white hair above it
Whitened by a hundred winters.
Thus he spake, the dying father:

Jonadab.— Children of my children's children,
I have seen the tiny acorn
Grow the oak of hundred branches;
I have seen the maggot creeping
Till the palace fell in ruins;
I have seen the races vanish
Like the hoar-frost in the sunlight.
Promise by your mother's kisses,
That the wine shall never tempt you!

Reader.— And the children, smiling shyly,
Looking up with love and wonder,
Held up little fingers dimpled,
Saying, with small, baby voices:

Children.— By the kisses of our mother,
By the smiling of our father,
By the sunlight on our playing,
By the starlight on our praying,
Never shall the wine-cup tempt us.

Reader.— Ages past, and ages vanished,
Children grew to men white-headed,
And their children filled their places.
Then the prophet, from God's altar
Lifted up the bowl of silver,
Filled with wine to overflowing,
Spake unto the tribe of Rechab:

Prophet.— Drink, yea, drink, ye sons of Rechab;
See, I fill the bowl of blessing!

Reader.— Answered thus the strong men, bowing:

Sons.— Jonadab, the son of Rechab,
Father of our many hundreds,
Bade us leave the wine untasted.
As we loved a father's blessing,
Through a hundred years obedient,
We have left the wine untasted.

Reader.— Then the prophet heard God's blessing
Sweeping from the golden portal
Thundering past the holy altar,
Speaking in his lips that trembled:
Thus He saith, the God of Israel,
Thus He saith, the Lord Jehovah:
"I will bless the sons obedient,
Of Jonadab, the son of Rechab,
Evermore before my presence
I will set his children's children."

"LOVE IS OVER ALL."—Mrs. E. V. Wilson.

It was Christmas morn; two angels flew from heaven's gates to earth. Said one, the younger, "I long to see this world of which I have so often heard; surely there all is happiness, since He, our well beloved, has been among them; how they must love Him." And now, as

they neared the earth, they saw in quiet villages and country homes, happy groups clustered around bright firesides or gathered about bountiful tables; even in the lowly cottages of the poor, some extra dish was added to the humble fare, while little gifts, trifling in money's worth, but rich with love, made glad the hearts of giver and receiver. "They love Him, they remember Him," said the angel, as he saw that even in places where death had been a guest, where faces were pale, and mourning robes were worn, even there, wan lips smiled and dim eyes brightened as the Christmas bells rung out, and from quivering hearts in broken accents came the words: "O Death! where is thy sting; O Grave! where is thy victory?" On, on, the angels sped, until they saw beneath them the glittering domes and spires of a great city. Descending they walked its streets, seeing stately homes where jewels shone, and silken robes glistened in the soft, warm light; where bright eyes flashed and red lips smiled with pleasure. And then came humbler dwellings; here too, all was joy; the merry laugh of childhood mingled with the songs of youth, and age smiled lovingly on the pleasures of the young. "Here, also," said the angel, "they must remember Him, for listen to them singing with glad voices the Christmas songs." But ah! the lights grow dim, the air seems colder; it chills the heart, for now they reach the miserable homes of poverty; see, where together crouch the mother and her children. Here no feast is spread, no warm lights glow. The hungry babe strives vainly with pale lips to draw from the shrunken breast life's nourishment. The children reach their thin blue hands for bread, while the wretched mother cries: "For us no Christ was born." The pitying angels veil their eyes and the younger asks: "Oh, where are those who love Him?" "Look!" said the elder. The door is opened, a woman clad in costly apparel enters, men follow, a fire is speedily kindled, a table spread, warm clothing is

wrapped about shivering figures, and up from grateful hearts arise glad notes of prayer and praise; and the angels whisper: "I was naked and ye clothed me, I was hungered and ye gave me food." On went the heavenly visitors, and now the haunts of sin appal them, vile oaths and ribald jests pollute the air, staggering forms reel by. "Surely, these have never heard His name. They know Him not," one says, "can He love them?" And sadly his companion answers: "Know ye not, it was not the righteous but sinners He came to save?" "And these are sinners, this is sin," went on the other, "how horrible." "And," said the elder angel, "all the want, all the sorrow, all the suffering of the world comes from sin; to the palaces of the rich, to the dwellings of the poor this poison spreads." Tears filled the eyes of both, as the younger asked: "Have they never heard of Him? Did He suffer in vain?" "In vain!" repeated the elder; "nay, not in vain; some not far distant morn, the Christmas bells will ring: 'Peace is on earth, and good will among men; glory to God, and to Him that was slain; hallelujahs forevermore!'" Then toward heaven they took their flight. Death saw and bade them pause. "See," he cried, throwing back his dark mantle, "here is my Christmas gift. Thus I pay tribute to my conqueror. Bear it to Him from me. I found it in the midst of sin and woe. I have saved it from a life of guilt and misery." Quickly the younger angel clasped the gift, a lovely child that smiled its joy upon its deliverer. "Thus," said the elder as he bent to kiss the babe, "even death and sin yield unto Him; see you not now, that *love* is over all?"

A GALLANT WESCUE.—W. Sapte, Jr.

Aw, I daresay you'll hardly cwedit the stowy I'm going to tell,
For I'm only the son of a Marquis, a wegular hopeless swell;
And I know that it's most unusual for a bloated awistocwat
To be anything like a hewo, but—aw—I flatter myself I'm that.

I know that my gwammar is decent, that I don't call a fellow
"a bloke;"
And if I possessed a donkey—aw—I should not wefer to my
"moke."
I know my coats aren't seedy—and most of my hats have
bwims,
And I'm out of the hunt for the lead in a ballad by G. R. Sims.

But still, though the fates have waised me amongst the upper
class,
I've done a deed that the bwavest plebeian could scarce
surpass,
A deed of stupendous couwage, and wegular self sacwifice,
A deed that the fearful stwain of, no man could suffer twice!

Aw—'twas on the sands of Cwomah, where in the autumn
tide,
I'd taken my wife and her mothah, for a week at the ocean
side;
'Twas near the hour of luncheon, and the burning midday
sun
Was wuining my complexion and—aw—bwowning me like
a bun.

Unequal to much exertion, I lay on my back on the sand,
And twied to kill time pewusing the book I held in my
hand—
'Twas only a guide to Cwomah, of intewest not too deep
To pwevent my gently sinking into a peaceful sleep.

My wife was lazily sketching a distant bathing tent,
My mothah-in-law was scheming how she could circumvent
The cat of the lodging house lady, as I sank off to dweam—
To be startled a little later by a woman's piercing scweam.

Wousing myself in a moment, and gazing towards the sea,
I saw at once the tewwor of the howwor that *might* be
If I didn't go to the wescue of a person I abhaw—
My extremely disagweable and impwudent mothah-in-law!

There she stood on an island, an island of yellow sand
With a dozen feet of watah between her and the land,
While behind her the German Ocean was advancing slowly
near—
No wonder the poor old lady was pawalysed with fear.

I looked awound for assistance, but not a soul was nigh,
All Cwomah had gone to dine early, and had left her there
to die,

Unless I pwoceeded to save her! I, the bloated awistocwat,
Undertake the honah and glowy of such a deed as that!

As I was—aw—hesitating, up came my wife and cwied,
"Oh, look, my own Plantagenet, mamma's cut off by the tide!"
And the lofty cliffs we-echoed that distant cwy once more:
"Plantagenet! come quickly! And cawwy me back to the shore!"

I fancy even portahs have *some* limit to their stwength,
And I doubt if the sturdiest costah would *quite* have gone the length
Of removing his shoes and stockings and wading thwough the tide
To cawwy a female Tichborne back to the other side.

But with a gwand devotion, wegardless of the fact
That I might be wisking my life, fwiends, I nerved myself to act;
I stwuggled thwo' the watah, it was vewy nigh knee deep—
And on to the lessening island I climbed the bank so steep;

And I put my arms awound her—and at the seventh twy
I lifted her to my bosom keeping her—aw—well—aw—her limbs up high—
I baw her thwo' the towwent back to the sandy shore
Safe from the German Ocean and its most tewwific woar.

'Twas a twuly noble wescue, but there followed in its twack
Suffewing and wetwibution, for I found I'd spwained my back,
And cut my toe on a pebble, and caught a cold in my head—
But the mothah-in-law was wescued whom I'd given up for dead.

It's stwange how seldom ladies are pwoperly imbued
With anything wesembling the sense of gwatitude,
For neither my wife nor the pawent I'd westawed to her embwace
Seemed to think my stwength and couwage were out of the common-place.

As I lay on the sands and panted I heard no words of pwaise,
No thanks for my self-devotion, no pwoffered hewo's bays;—
The words that at length bwoke the silence were but thirteen all told:
"Make haste with your shoes and stockings—the cutlets will all be cold."

THE GANGES.—Mary McGuire.

I read not long ago, how all the tide
Of sacred Ganges was with crimson dyed,
In the dark hour when heathendom spread wide;
How hungry serpents wound their sinuous way
Across its glassy face and watched for prey
With baleful gleaming eyes, and when at last
The helpless babe upon the wave was cast
A sacrifice, with sudden spring they'd glide
Exultingly, their cruel jaws spread wide.
And so it was that in a crimson tide
Of its own blood the little form would float
Headless and limbless, while the fiends would gloat
And wait for more.

O mothers, heed, I pray!
More cruel than the Ganges is to-day
Temptation's sea, that breaks in wavelets sweet,
And murmurous rhythm at your dear boy's feet.
More pitiless than India's reptiles are
The human fiends that lurk a-near to mar
And mutilate his youth. O love divine
Of blessed motherhood! let your light shine
So lambent clear about him all the way
That his dear feet may never go astray.
Guard him with jealous care, lest future years
Be locked in silence, searched with burning tears,
And you sit lonely in the fading light
And say, with lips that quiver into white,
"Alas! I know not of my boy to-night."

COLLEGE "OIL CANS."—Will Victor McGuire.

Written expressly for this Collection.

On a board of bright mosaic wrought in many a quaint
design,
Gleam a brace of silver goblets wreathed with flowers and
filled with wine.
Round the board a group is seated; here and there are
threads of white
Which their dark locks lately welcomed; but they're only
boys to-night.

Some whose words have thrilled the senate, some who win
the critic's praise,—
All are "chums" to-night, with voices redolent of college
days.

"Boys," said one, "do you remember that old joke about
the wine,—
How we used to fill our oil cans and repair to 'No. 9?'
But at last the old professor—never long was he outdone—
Opened up our shining oil cans and demolished all our fun!"
In the laugh that rings so gayly through the richly curtained
room,
Join they all, save one; why is it? Does he see the waxen
bloom
Tremble in its vase of silver? Does he see the ruddy wine
Shiver in its crystal goblet, or do those grave eyes divine
Something sadder yet? He pauses till their mirth has died
away,
Then in measured tones speaks gravely: "Boys, a story, if
I may,
I will tell you, though it may not merit worthily your
praise,
It is bitter fruitage ripened from our pranks of college days."

Eagerly they claim the story, for they know the L.L.D.,
With his flexile voice, would garnish any tale, whate'er it be.

"Just a year ago to-night, boys, I was in my room alone,
At the San Francisco L—— House, when I heard a plaintive
moan
Sounding from the room adjoining. Hoping to give some
relief
To the suffering one, I entered; but it thrilled my heart
with grief
Just to see that wreck of manhood,—bloated face, dis-
heveled hair,—
Wildly tossing, ever moaning, while his thin hands beat
the air.
Broken prayers, vile oaths and curses filled the air as I
drew near;
Then in faint and piteous accents, these words I could
plainly hear:
'Give me one more chance—one only—let me see my little
Belle—
Then I'll follow where they lead me, be it to the depths of
hell!'

When he saw me he grew calmer, started strangely—looked me o'er—
Oh, the glory of expression! I had seen those eyes before!
Yes, I knew him; it was Horace, he who won the college prize;
Naught remained of his proud beauty but the splendor of his eyes.
He whom we were all so proud of, lay there in the fading light.
If my years should number fourscore, I shall ne'er forget that sight.
And he knew me, called me 'Albert,' ere a single word I'd said—
We were comrades in the old days; I sat down beside the bed.

"Horace seemed to grow more quiet, but he would not go to sleep;
He kept talking of our boyhood, while my hand he still would keep
In his own so white and wasted, and with burning eyes would gaze
On my face, still talking feebly of the dear old college days.
'Ah,' he said, 'life held such promise; but, alas! I am to-day
But a poor degraded outcast,—hopes, ambition swept away.
And it dates back to those oil cans that we filled in greatest glee.
Little did I think in those days what the harvest now would be!'

"For a moment he was silent, then a cry whose anguish yet
Wrings my heart, burst from his white lips, though his teeth were tightly set,
And with sudden strength he started—sprang from my detaining arm,
Shrieking wildly: 'Curse the demons! do they think to do me harm?
Back! I say, ye fork-tongued serpents, reeking with the filth of hell!
Don't ye see I have her with me,—my poor, sainted little Belle?'

"When I'd soothed him into quiet, with a trembling arm he drew
My head down, 'O Al.,' he whispered, 'such remorse you never knew.'

And again I tried to soothe him, but my eyes o'erbrimmed
with tears;
His were dry and clear, as brilliant as they were in college
years.
All the flush had left his features, he lay white as marble now;
Tenderly I smoothed his pillow, wiped the moisture from
his brow.
Though I begged him to be quiet, he would talk of those
old days,
Brokenly at times, but always of 'the boys' with loving
praise.
"Once I asked him of Lorena,—the sweet girl whom he had
wed—
You remember 'Rena Barstow. When I asked if she were
dead,
'No,' he said, his poor voice faltering, 'she is far beyond the
Rhine,
But I wish, to God, it were so, and I still might call her mine.
She's divorced—she's mine no longer,' here his voice grew
weak and hoarse,
'But although I am a drunkard, *I have one they can't divorce.*
I've a little girl in heaven, playing round the Savior's knee,
Always patient and so faithful that at last she died for me.

"'I had drank so much, so often, that my brain was going
wild;
Every one had lost hope in me but my faithful little child.
She would say, Now stop, dear papa, for I know you can
stop *now.*
I would promise, kiss my darling, and the next day break
my vow.
So it went until one Christmas, dark and stormy, cold and
drear;
Out I started, just as usual, for the cursed rum shop near,
And my darling followed after, in the storm of rain and sleet,
With no covering wrapped about her, naught but slippers on
her feet.
No one knew it, no one missed her, till there came with
solemn tread,
Stern-faced men unto our dwelling, bringing back our dar-
ling,—*dead!*
They had found her cold and lifeless, Like, they said, an
angel fair,
Leaning 'gainst the grog shop window—oh, she thought that
I was there!'

Then he raised his arms toward heaven, called aloud unto
the dead,
For his mind again was wandering: 'Bell, my precious Bell!'
he said,
'Papa's treasure—papa's darling! oh, my baby—did—you—
come
All the way—alone—my darling—just—to lead—poor—papa
—home?'
And he surely had an answer, for a silence o'er him fell,
And I sat alone and lonely—death had come with little Bell."

Silence in that princely parlor—head of every guest is bowed.
They still see the red wine sparkle, but 'tis through a misty
cloud.
Said the host, at last, arising, "I have scorned the pledge to
sign,
Laughed at temperance all my life long. Never more shall
drop of wine
Touch my lips. The fruit *was* bitter, boys; 'twas I proposed
it first,—
That foul joke from which poor Horace ever bore a life ac-
curst!
Let us pledge ourselves to-night, boys, never more by word,
or deed,
In our own fair homes, or elsewhere, help to plant the poison
seed."

Silence once again, but only for a moment's space, and then,
In one voice they all responded with a low and firm "Amen."

MUSTERED OUT.

There's a lonely grave in Virginia,
  And a nameless sleeper there,
That fell when the tide of battle
  Rolled over the land so fair.
No costly marble marks the spot,
  Where he fell mid war's stern rout,
But a rough-hewn cross and the simple words,
  "A soldier mustered out."

There are graves in the "Old Dominion"
  Where her heroes lie at rest,
And piles of bronze and marble
  Stand above each sleeper's breast;
But none are there among them all,
  That fleck her hills about,

With a tomb so grandly simple
As the soldier's "mustered out."

It stands in its solemn beauty
By the ever moaning sea,
And the passing schooner proudly floats
The flag he died to free.
The white-capped billows bow their heads,
And all the waters shout
And fling their foam-wreaths round the grave
Where he sleeps "mustered out."

Those waters on that dreadful day
Had seen him fighting fall,
And mingling with the battle's smoke,
Had made the soldier's pall.
No arms reversed, no muffled drum,
But shot and groan and shout—
These are the souuds that filled the air
When he was "mustered out."

No music of soft requiems,
No church bell tolling low;
But clash of arms and cannon's boom,
When he was called to go.
His shroud a blood-stained, tattered flag,
His hymn the victor's shout—
His knell was "Cumberland's" last gun;
When he was "mustered out."

All heroes sleep not 'neath tall shafts
Nor monuments of stone;
For many graves are marked, alas!
With one short word, "Unknown."
There sleep brave men who fought as those
For whom the millions shout,
Till the Lord of battle gave command
And they were "mustered out."

But he who marks the sparrow's fall
Knows where each hero lies,
And humble blood for justice shed
By him is not despised.
And when in the last reveille
The dead ranks throng about,
Foremost among the just shall stand
Those soldiers "mustered out."

YOUNG AMERICA.

The central figure was a bareheaded woman with a broom in her hand. She stood on the back step, and was crying;

"George!"

There was no response, but anybody who had been on the other side of the close boarded fence at the foot of the garden might have observed two boys intently engaged in building a mud pie.

"That's your mother hollerin', Georgie," said one of the two, placing his eye to a knot-hole and glancing through to the stoop.

"I don't care," said the other.

"Aint you going in?"

"No!"

"Georgie!" came another call, short and sharp, "do you hear me?"

There was no answer.

"Where is she now?" inquired Georgie, putting in the filling of the pie.

"On the stoop," replied his friend at the knot-hole.

"What's she doin'?"

"Aint doin' nothin.'"

"George Augustus!"

Still no answer.

"You needn't think you can hide from me, young man, for I can see you, and if you don't come in here at once, I'll come out there in a way that you'll know it."

Now this was an eminently natural statement, but hardly plausible, as her eyes would have had to pierce an inch board fence to see Georgie; and even were this possible, it would have required a glance in that special direction, and not over the top of a pear tree in an almost opposite way. Even the boy at the knot-hole could hardly repress a smile.

"What's she doin' now?" inquired Georgie.

"She stands there yet."

"I won't speak to you again, George Augustus," came the voice. "Your father will be home in a few minutes, and I shall tell him all about what you have done."

Still no answer.

"Aint you afraid?" asked the conscientious young man, drawing his eye from the knot-hole to rest it.

"No! she won't tell pa; she never does, she only says it to scare me."

Thus enlightened and reassured, the guard covered the knot-hole again.

"Aint you a coming in here, young man?" again demanded the woman, "or do you want me to come out there to you with a stick? I won't speak to you again, sir!"

"Is she comin'?" asked the baker.

"No."

"Which way is she lookin'?"

"She's lookin' over in the other yard."

"Do you hear me, I say?" came the call again.

No answer.

"George Augustus! do you hear your mother?"

Still no answer.

"Oh, you just wait, young man, till your father comes home, and he'll make you hear, I'll warrant ye."

"She's gone in now," announced the faithful sentinel, withdrawing from his post.

"All right! take hold of this crust and pull it down on that side, and that'll be another pie done," said the remorse-stricken George Augustus.

THE LEGEND OF KALOOKA.—I. EDGAR JONES.

Years ago when plain and forest stretched unmarred from sea to sea,
When no faint prophetic murmurs told the changes yet to be,
When the red man trod the forests crowned with plumes from eagles' wings,
All as free as beast or birdling that in field or forest sings;

Where the Rocky Mountain's ramparts lift their crags in serried rows,
There an Indian village nestled in its valley's green repose.

There around the gleaming camp-fires clustered oft the youthful braves,
There the ancient village fathers one by one found honored graves,
There the squaws wove beads and wampum, grew the golden-hearted maize,
There the children gamboled freely, playing through the happy days;
While the hunters chased their quarry by familiar paths and rills,
And the maidens wandered gayly, happy hearted, o'er the hills.

Sweetest of them all, Kalooka! Tresses glossy, black, and long,
Form as perfect as a lily, lips carved out for kiss and song,
Hands which kept the neatest wigwam, heart the softest thoughts to keep,
Eyes of wondrous shine and shadow, clear and lovely, dark and deep,
Cheeks like brown rose-tinted berries, feet that lightly trod their way,—
Best of all was sweet Kalooka, daughter of Kousookatay.

Warriors laid their plumes and trophies with their homage at her feet;
For her many hunters pleaded, many a young brave's pulses beat;
Yet among them none found favor save Walooska, strong and tall,
He whose voice on hunt or foray rang the foremost in its call,
He whose bound was like the panther's, eyes like eaglet's keen and clear,
Full of courage, love's devotion, manly beauty; void of fear.

One bright morn he kissed the maiden, starting out upon the trail,
Watched by one, his sole companion, jealous, envious, and pale.
Moons waned slowly into spring time, autumn trees their gold-fires burned,
But no eye again beheld them, nevermore the braves returned.

Wan and sad Kalooka wandered, through the wood paths sadly strayed,
Offerings made to elves and spirits; Manitou, the mighty, prayed
For the coming of her warrior,—but no answer to her came
Save the mournful echoes mocking at the calling of his name.

Day by day her voice grew fainter, till within a valley deep,
Weak and tired of grief and anguish, one soft eve, she fell asleep:
Then came there and kissed her eyelids he whose love had been her pride,
With a mighty spirit walking, tall and sturdy, at his side.
None from that night saw the maiden. Next morn in the valley's bed,
Twin lakes clear, as were her glances, upward looked to heaven instead,

Round, and bright as eyes of angels. Green fringed blossoms frame the place,
Water lilies smiling, nodding to their own reflected grace;
Wild birds float upon the waters, swift fish dart on airy fin,
All things glorious find their beauty mirrored faithfully within;
Sheltered by the watching mountains, smiling even at the skies,
Lie these twin lakes of remembrance, called by all "Kalooka's Eyes."

Once when winds had stripped the branches came to them one winter's night—
Standing in the moonlight's splendor on yon rock's embattled height—
Grim and bronzed, a painted warrior; on his brow the evil sign,
Gazing with strange fascination in the water's depths benign.
"Pure as her young soul," he muttered, "soft and deep as were her eyes;"
Then, deep down, he heard the spirits calling him with solemn cries.

There he saw his soul reflected, saw strange demons beckoning there:
Hushed the night birds as his death-song wailed and quivered on the air;
Shuddered every listening echo, while each wave its image makes
Of his visage, marked with evil as it dances on the lakes—

"Take me, for I killed thy lover!" One swift plunge and all was o'er;
Only laughing wavelets lisping his dread secret to the shore.

Years have gone and generations since these changes came to pass,
Gone the Indian fires and wigwams; white men's houses dot the grass;
But some nights when autumn lingers shrill death songs the echoes wake,
While a bronzed form plunges swiftly from yon rock into the lake.
Then the wavelets lisp their story to the listening trees above,
All these strange events and fancies of Kalooka's life and love.

BILLY K. SIMES.—Elmer Ruán Coates.

This article affords an excellent opportunity for impersonating the character in costume. In doing so, the following introduction may be used:

Simes (*without*). That's all right. Good-bye, boys. Ho, Sandy! (*Response from the distance.*) Kiss the baby for Billy K. Simes! (*Enters.*) Well, here I am, Joe Todd. (*Shakes an imaginary hand.*) I've not seen you for one whole week, and here you stand, behind your bar, looking so natural. (*Sees an imaginary stranger, beckons Joe aside, whispers with hand shielding mouth, hears response, then says:*) I'll speak to him. (*Approaches the stranger.*)

Good morning, sir. Give us your paw.
You're the stranger we have in this place.
Don't you run from the dirt on my clothes,
Or the scars that you find on my face.
I'm a miner who's sound at the core,
With a heart that would fill you with cheer;
Yes, a brother to any good chap,
Who may visit or work around here.

Take a chew. It is pig-tail, I know,
But the best that we have at the mine.
Take a seat, and we'll have a good blow;
They can't knock my tongue out of time.
You have come from the East? So have I,
And I come of the *Puritan* stock. [*Shows a flask.*

Education? That's found in the bones
Of the people from old Plymouth Rock.

Mathematics, and Latin, and Greek?
I'm a college man, let it be told.
And what brought me out here to the mines?
There's a tale, my dear boy, I'll unfold. [*Wipes eyes.*
Take a smoke? Yes, I brushed off a tear.
Well, I loved a sweet girl up in Maine,
But a rival, a devil at heart, [*Strikes floor with chair.*
Threw the dirtiest mud on my name.

Then her brother forbid me the house,
And demanded her letters so dear;
Then I drank—and my character sank;
Then I drifted—and drifted out here.
When I think of her beautiful soul—
But I weaken, I'm needing my cup.
Ah! we miners have sorrowful tales.
That same bottle, Joe Todd, set 'em up.

A refinement? You don't know the boys.
They are rough, but you'll find them to wear;
I am sorry to say that we smoke,
That we chew, and we drink, and we swear.
Many come with a record that's clean,
With a moral tone never surpassed,
But as soon as they work in the mines,
You will find—well, they're miners at last.

On the muscle? You're right. Feel this arm,—
An old Roman battering ram;
And, my boy, I can kick like a mule,
If you're doubting, then feel of my ham.
All my scars? Well, my friend, they're the fruit
Of the fury that leads to the fight;
There are some from the heat of the rum,
There are some from defence of the right.

This old pistol? You'll carry one soon.
And the knife? You will carry that, too.
They look bloody, that's so, but, my boy,
They've befriended the noble and true.
And the slang? That's the language out here,
'Tis a part of the rattle-go-bang;
It is neither old Harvard, nor Yale,
But there's lots of the point in the slang.

Am I lonely? Ah! look in my eyes;
Don't you see what my gizzard is worth?
How I long for a wife and a child,
As the two precious angels of earth!
You are turning your back, *you're* in tears!
Are you sick? Are you hard up for dimes?
If you need me, sing out. Don't you fail
To have faith in old Billy K. Simes.

What is that? *Would I give up my drink*
For a home, and a sweet little wife?
If the girl were my darling in Maine,
Then I answer: I bet you my life!
What! No fooling, sir. What!—can it be?
You the brother who caused me to roam?
You're the man who denied me the house?
And you'd have me return to your home?

Jim Grant, how you've altered! I see—
'Tis the beard that's all over your face.
And you found that the story was false?
And you say,—*in her heart, I've my place?*
Oh, my Mary! sweet darling of Maine,
I will throw up my work in the mines;
God knows the devotion's the same
In the soul of poor Billy K. Simes.

THE FOUR BROTHERS.—David Macrae.

A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

Once upon a time there were four brothers, and they made up their minds to go away one by one and seek their fortunes. So the eldest packed up the things he might need, and slung them over his shoulder, and took a staff in his hand, and went away. Well, he had not walked a great way before he came to a place where the road parted. And while he loitered, thinking which road he should take, there came up to him a tall veiled figure, and said, "Whither away?"

"I am going to seek my fortune," said he.

"Will you seek it by right or by wrong?" said the veiled figure.

Well, he thought for a bit, and then, "I will seek it by right," he said.

So the veiled figure told him which road to take, and said, "If you go straight on, and never turn to this side or that, you will come where you shall make your fortune."

So he turned him into that road on his right. But the veiled figure called after him, and said, "There be many that will try to beguile you. If you will give me that ring on your finger, I shall give you this little eye-glass, which is called Wisdom, and it will show you things as they are."

But he said, "I can see well enough without it." And with that he turned and addressed himself to his journey.

He had not gone very far before he saw some men sporting themselves in a field hard by the road. So when they saw him, they called out for him to come and join them. But he would not go. Then they all began to jeer and gibe, and say, "Ho, ho! he is afraid to leave the road." "Am I?" said he. And with that he turned off the road to go to them, but he had not gone many steps before he fell into a deep rift, and was killed.

Well, a few days after, the second brother, not knowing anything about the first, packed up the things he might need, and took the road as the other one had done. And when he came to the place where the road parted, the veiled figure came up to him and said, "Whither away?"

"I am going to seek my fortune," said he.

"Will you seek it by right or by wrong?" said the veiled figure.

Well, he thought a bit, and then said he, "I will seek it by right."

So the figure showed him the road, and offered to give him the little eye-glass for the ring that was on his finger. But he said, "I can see well enough without it." And so saying, he addressed himself to his journey.

Well, when he came near the place where the men were sporting themselves in the field, they called out for him to come and join them. But he would not go. Then they began to jeer and gibe, and to say, "Ho, ho! he is afraid to leave the road." But he never minded them a bit, and went on.

He walked on and on for many days, till all the meat that he had brought with him was done, and he began to feel hungry and thirsty both. Well, he had not gone much farther before he came to a by-way that led to a beautiful house all of glass, where people were eating and drinking their fill. And the man of the house, came down the walk and asked him to go up to the beautiful house, and he should get whatever he liked best, all for nothing. So he thought a bit, should he turn out of the right road. At last he said to himself, "I shall go and have a little to eat and a little to drink, and then set out upon my journey again all the same." With that he went up to the beautiful house, and sat down with the people, and began to eat and to drink. But the drink was so sweet, that when he had taken a little he wanted more, and so he drank and drank, till the people and the walls seemed to be swimming round and round. And at last he fell back on the floor and died.

Well, it was not long after, that the third brother packed up his traps and set out upon the same road. So when he came to the place where the road parted, there was the veiled figure; and it said to him, "Whither away?"

And he said, "To seek my fortune."

So the tall figure put the same question to *him*, and he chose the right road, too, as the first and second had done; but when the veiled figure offered him the little eye-glass for the ring that was on his finger, he said, "I can see well enough without it," and went on his way.

When he came nigh to the place where the men were sporting themselves, they called out to him, and when

he would not join them, they began to jeer and gibe; but he never minded them a bit, and went on his way.

On and on he went, till he came to the by-road that led to the beautiful house all of glass, where the people were eating and drinking their fill. And the man of the house came and asked him up; but though he was very hungry and thirsty, he would not turn off the right road, but passed on.

Well, what do you think! he had not gone much farther before he came to a little fountain, clear as crystal, by the way-side, and a little loaf of white bread lay by it; so he ate the loaf and drank out of the clear fountain, and felt quite refreshed; and was very glad that he had not turned off the road to eat and drink at the house.

But when he had walked on a long, long way, he began to weary, and to think he was never going to reach the place where he was to make his fortune. On and on he walked, till he came to another by-way, where a great fat man, with gold watch-seals as big as your hand, was waddling slowly up and down. And the fat man said to him, "Whither bound?"

"I am going to seek my fortune," said he.

"This is the way to get it, then," said the fat man. "You see yonder tower?"

The brother looked up the by-way to where the fat man was pointing, and saw rising out of a wood a huge tower, in shape like a great cask, and it rose up almost to the clouds. So he said, "Yes; I see the tower."

"Well," said the fat man, "that's Liquor-Traffic Tower, and it is filled to the top with gold; and that's the place to make your fortune."

So the brother thought awhile, should he turn off the right road. And when he saw how long and dreary it looked, and thought how soon he would get as much gold as he could carry in the tower, he turned aside without more ado. Well, when he came to the big tower

and went in, he saw great heaps of gold piled up to the roof, just as the fat man had told him. So he got hold of a beautiful shining lump that was sticking out from the front of the pile. But no sooner did he drag it out, than it loosened the whole pile; and down it came upon him with a noise like thunder, and crushed him to death in a moment.

In the meantime, the youngest brother, not knowing anything of what had befallen the rest, packed up the things he might need, and set out upon the road. So when he came to the place where the road shed, there came up a veiled figure and said to him, "Whither away?"

And he said, "I am away to seek my fortune."

"Will you seek it by right or by wrong?" said the veiled figure.

"By right," said the lad.

So the veiled figure pointed out the right road, and told him to go straight on, and not turn to this side or that, and he would come to where he should make his fortune.

"Thank you," said the lad, "I will do my best."

"But there be many," said the veiled figure, "that will try to beguile you. If you will give me that ring on your finger, I will give you this little eye-glass which is called Wisdom, so that you can see things as they are, and not be deceived by show."

Yes: the lad would do that most willingly. So he gave his ring for the little eye-glass, and said, "Thank you, heartily," and addressed himself to his journey.

By and by he comes to the place where the men were sporting themselves in the field hard by; and they called him over, but he would not go. Then they all began to jeer and gibe, and say, "Ho, ho! he is afraid to leave the road." "I'm on the right way," said he, "and I shall keep by it." With that he looked at the men through his eye-glass, and lo! he saw that they were not men, but geese; and when he took away the glass

from his eye they had all vanished; and there, at the side of the road, he saw the deep rift, and his eldest brother lying at the bottom stark dead. So he was glad that he had not turned aside, and he went on his way.

On and on he went for many days, till he had eaten all the meat he had brought with him, and he began to hunger and thirst. At last he came to the by-way that led up to the beautiful house all of glass, where people were eating and drinking their fill. And the man of the house asked him to go up, and eat and drink what he liked best, all for nothing.

"Nay," said the lad, "I'll not turn from the right way."

With that he looked at the house through his glass, and lo! he saw that the meat was all ashes, and the drink was fire, and that the people's feet were fastened with iron chains to the floor, so that they could not get away. And when he took away his glass, the house, and the man, and the people, were all gone; and there was nothing there but the dead body of his second brother, twisted as if he had died in agony, and his nails dug into the ground. So the lad was glad that he had not turned aside, and he went on his way. And by and by he came to the little fountain clear as crystal, and there was a little loaf of white bread beside it; so he ate the loaf and drank of the clear water, and went on refreshed.

On and on he went, till he began to grow weary, and bethought him of sitting down by the road-side to rest. But just then he came up to the by-way where the great fat man was waddling up and down. And the fat man said to him, "Whither bound?"

And the lad said, "To seek my fortune."

So the fat man told him about the tower in the wood yonder, that it was full of gold. But the lad said, "Nay, I shall not turn out of the right road." With that he took his glass and looked, and the tower and the gold vanished, and he saw nothing but the dead body of his third brother, crushed out of all shape, and the bones of

other men that had perished there before. So the lad would not so much as rest by the road-side, but held on his way.

By and by the night came on, and the lad wrapped himself up and lay down by the road-side to sleep. And a long and sound sleep he had. He awoke in the sunny morning with the sound of a voice singing sweet and clear as silver, and where should he find himself, but close by the golden gates of a beautiful palace; and when he looked where the voice came from, there, to be sure, was the loveliest young princess that the sun ever shone upon; and the lad had no sooner cast his eyes on her than he fell over head and ears in love, and would have given all the world, if he had had it, only to kiss her hand. And while he was yet looking at her, out of the palace and down the golden steps came the veiled figure that had come to him at the shedding of the road, and had said, "Whither away?" And it said to him, "Since you have kept by the way that is right, and have not been turned aside either by jeering, or pleasure, or hopes of gain, I shall give you now whatever thing you ask."

"Oh," said the lad, "give me that beautiful princess for my wife."

Then the figure drew off its veil, and who was there —do you think?—but the king himself! And the king took the lad by the hand: "Since you kept by the right way," said he, "I shall give you the princess and half the kingdom."

And the king was as good as his word, for the lad got the beautiful princess and half the kingdom, too.

"SUPERS."—H. Chance Newton.

First Super.—

Behold in us three parties known as "Supers,"
Who "enter" nightly when we get our "cue,"
Attired as gensdarmes, bandits, mob, and troopers.

Omnes (*vociferously*).—We do!

Second Super.—
We're ragged, we'll admit, but still we're clever,
And though Melpomene adopts an air
Of diffidence, shall we desert her? Never!
Omnes (*melodramatically*).—We swear!

Third Super.—
Although our aspirations it disables
To be disdained by every noted "star,"
We're there at hand to bring on chairs and tables.
Omnes (*proudly*).—We are!

F. S.—Observe how soldierly each bears his banner,
And shivers when the heavy man says "Bah!"
Or laughs, at certain cues, in stagey manner.
Omnes (*hollowly*).—Ha! ha!

S. S.—And when to "Treasury" we wander meekly
To see if there's a "ghost,"—our "sal" is small,
'Tis but six shillings we are tendered weekly.
Omnes (*dismally*).—That's all!

T. S.—It matters not how carefully we spend it,
A bob a night will scarcely buy a crust.
Friends, must we not do something to amend it?
Omnes (*mysteriously*).—We must!

F. S.—Shall we submit to managers' oppression?
Nay, let us rise and strike a mighty blow!
Shall *we* be trampled on in our profession?
Omnes (*emphatically*).—No! no!

S. S.—The Super-master we must be defying,
And make our grievance clearly understood.
Would not a small revolt be worth the trying?
Omnes (*eagerly*).—It would!

T. S.—Aye, let them jeer and gibe at our position,
The time will come when *we'll* earn better pay;
By *striking* we may better our position.
Omnes (*excitedly*).—Hooray!

F. S.—Hold! let us not give way to idle sorrow,
But, rather, let's be resolute and brave;
We've got a "call" at twelve o'clock to-morrow;
Omnes (*dolefully*).—We haive!

S. S.—To soothe us, since our "bosses" on us trample,
A pub's close by where we may eat our fill.
Say, shall we hasten and a fish ball sample?
Omnes (*with alacrity*).—We will!

AIR CASTLES.—Clara H. Bradner.

A girl is standing with careless feet
At the point where the brook and the river meet;
In her eyes there gleams a lambent fire
As the castle she's building towers higher.
"I will earn," says she to herself, "a name
That will make the world acknowledge its fame;
On my head shall be placed the laurel crown
That the Muses wreathe for their favored own;
I will visit the lands of story and song;
In the palace of Genius I'll tarry long.
There will come to me a lover as bold
And as strong as the fabled princes of old;
And in his brave heart the first I'll be,
For true beauty and grace in me he'll see.
Thus smooth shall I weave my web of life
With love to untangle its cares and strife."

In a vine-wreathed casement stands a bride;
Her brown eyes shine with loving pride
As afar she sees the manly form
Of the one whose heart for her beats warm.
And she dreams a dream as she waits him there
Which more than a poem, is even a prayer;
And the angel Sandalphon wafts it on
Till it reaches up to the great white throne.
"I care not for princes of olden story,
Nor for palaces grand nor for fame or glory;
But give me a cot with its vine-clad door
And the glinting sunshine warm on the floor,
With the dear ones' voices when day is done
And its duties are ended one by one.
All these will be dearer by far to me
Than the castles I dreamed of once *could* be.
And may a crown come to me unsought
That by love's labors shall be wrought.
This sphere in life is the one I would fill,—
A faithful wife through good and ill."

A mother is sitting with busy hand
At the door where the bride's fair face was fanned
By the long ago breezes that came through the vine
Which had clambered there, and doth still entwine

The door, where now children with busy feet
Pass in and out: and their voices sweet
Ring loud and clear on the evening air
To greet the mother who toileth there.
The work drops out of her hands so worn,
And a far-away look in her eyes is born,
While her thoughts go back to the time passed by
When her girlhood's castles loomed so high.
With a sigh she says to herself, "For me
No crown awaits from the laurel tree,
But in my children my life I live,
And 'tis sweeter far than fame could give."
Her eyes grow bright again with joy
As she dreams of a crown for her darling boy.
And she murmurs, "Ah, me! 'tis better so,
That the web of my life such a pattern should grow."

The grandam sits in her easy chair
With the sunlight soft on her silver hair,
And thus she speaks to the bonny throng
Of maidens fair, and youths so strong,
Who have gathered about her to heed the thought
Of wisdom that comes to a long life fraught
With happy faith, and with loving deeds
For each whose path such comfort needs:
"In the days of our youth our dreams are bright,
For life is filled with spring-time light,
And we build gay castles with towers grand,
With self as the monarch to rule the land.
But, my children dear, our lives grow on,
And the castles fade out of them one by one.
But if we obey the commandment golden,
That is told us in language sweet and olden,
Their places will fill with thoughts like beams
From the sun, and we'll know our castles were dreams.
And our lives will grow wider and still more wide,
Till we reach our home on the 'other side.'"

The sweet voice stops and the dim eyes close,
To the tired mind comes a dream of repose;
'Tis a dream of heaven so clear and bright
That the earth life is filled with its glorious light;
And it brings the sweet call of "Peace, well done,"
To the life whose web for self was begun,
But whose pattern changed as the years rolled on,
And was woven for others at set of sun.

A SOLDIER'S OFFERING.—George M. Vickers.

The laurel wreath of glory
That decks the soldier's grave,
Is but the finished story,—
The record of the brave;
And he who dared the danger,
Who battled well and true,
To honor was no stranger,
Though garbed in gray or blue.

Go, strip your choicest bowers,
Where blossoms sweet abound,
Then scatter free your flowers
Upon each moss-grown mound.
Though shaded by the North's tall pine
Or South's palmetto tree,
Let sprays that soldiers' graves entwine,
A soldier's tribute be.

ERE THE SUN WENT DOWN.—George Weatherly.

Mad?
Oh, no, not mad!
Only sad
With a lifetime's grief
Wrought in a day!
No hope, no ray
Of glad relief
To break the gloom,
Save in the tomb!

Bad words, you say,
While yet are given
Young life and health
And hope of heaven.
Yes! yes! you're right;
There is my wealth,
My guiding light,—
The hope of heaven;
For 'tis my all,
My very all!

Hark! hark! be still!
Did you hear a call?

Methought 'twas Will
Speaking to me
Across the sea!
Fancy? May be!
Yet ever and aye,
Just as to-day,
When winds blow shrill,
I seem to hear
My Will, my Will,
And loud and clear,
"God bless you, dear,"
Rings out once more
Above the roar
Of wind and sea.
"God bless you, dear;
Keep you for me!"

'Twas the morn before
Our wedding day,
And with a smile
I stood awhile
In the market-way,
And counted o'er
My little store
Of gold, and thought
What I should buy
For him, my king;
But as I sought
Fit gift to find,—
A gem, a ring,—
He crept behind
In his dear way
And kissed me there,
And oh, the day
Was fair, so fair!

That day the wind
Blew loud and long,
And the cruel sea
Raged furiously;
And mid a throng
Upon the quay—
Faces spray-sprent,
Listening intent

To the signal gun—
I found my dear,
My own dear one,
A volunteer
With the life-boat men!
And I cried out then;
"You *shall* not go!
Your life you owe
To me alone!
'Tis not your own!
You *shall* not go!"

But, with a sigh,
He put me by
And said, "Dear love,
To one above
I owe my life,
My promised wife,
My joy, my all;
And at his call
I needs must go!"

Then in my woe
And rage and pride,
I madly cried—
"Go, then, for good;
Good-by for aye!"
And as I stood
Raging away
With gibe and scoff,
The boat went off!

Yet, praised be God!
I still could hear
Above the sea:
"God bless you, dear;
Keep you for me!"

And hours passed by,
And the sun went down,
The sun went down!
And the waves beat high,
And the angry sky
Was black, so black!
But the boat, the boat,
It never—came—back!

THE ADVANCE OF SCIENCE.—W. Sapte, Jr.

Ladies and gentlemen: I have the pleasure,—which I may incidentally remark is nothing but the spasmodic vibration of a certain specified set of nerve centres,—I say I have the pleasure to occupy this platform for the purpose of elucidating to you some of the details connected with the continuous advance of scientific knowledge during late years. And I am not the less qualified to enunciate opinions on this particularly intellectual topic, in that I have devoted myself, almost to self-obliteration in other matters, to the investigation of scientific formulæ, phenomena, and calculations.

Before proceeding with the subject matter of my lucubrations, let me briefly decomplicate to you, of what, and wherein, science consists. It consists, according to the accurate definition given in Noodlehead's Principia Primulissima, of the comprehension, classification, adjudication, and preratiocination of such atoms, entities, actualities, and possibilities as are beyond the *locus standi vel ambulandi* of uneducated individuals. I trust that is plain to you! I am sure there is no other writer on abstruse subjects who has a clearer gift of self-expression than Professor Noodlehead.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, that we understand exactly what science is, let us, within certain circumscribed delimitations, consider in what direction it is mainly applicable. Now, I have no hesitation in asserting that it is applicable in *every* direction; and not merely in every direction, ladies and gentlemen, but in thousands of various, different and dissimilar methods in each of those directions. Under the circumstances, do you expect me to particularize? Is it advisable to particularize? No, I feel certain you will be of unanimous, synonymous, and identical opinion with myself, and deem it preferable to proceed to the next branch of our interesting and far-reaching subject.

And that is, into what subdivisions is science, as a concrete, abstract, and undeviating entity, to be subdivided? Into how many heads shall we apportion it? Ladies and gentlemen, it has as many heads as a hydra! There is steam, with its two thousand and six subdivisions; electricity, with fourteen thousand and seventeen; mesmerism, with eighty-two; magnetism, with a hundred and four; pathology, with five; biology, graphology, geography, etiquette, and heat, with two apiece; and geometry, medicine, mechanics, haberdashery, pyrotechny, histrionomy, and cookery, with one only. When we contemplate this vast galaxy of scientific subdivisions, I think, ladies and gentlemen, we are entitled to shudder, yes, to shudder, at the ubiquity, the immensity, the superfluity, and the pantophorniality of the task before us.

The question which now arises to my mind, ladies and gentlemen—and what, I may incidentally inquire, *is* mind, after all, but a volatile, incomprehensible, intangible, variable, proto-magnetic congeries of ungraspable atoms?—the question, I say, which now arises in my mind is this: Is it advisable, is it prudent, nay, is it even decent to attempt any further disquisition on a subject so fraught with Titanic possibilities as this of the advance of science? Had we not better, in view of the fact that only an infinitesimal proportion of these possibilities can be adjudicated upon in the limited space of a single evening, had we not better cease the gigantic effort which a consideration of the subject will entail upon us,—in short, had we not better proceed with the next item on the programme?

"TOO MANY OF WE."

"Mamma, is there too many of we?"
The little girl asked with a sigh.
"Perhaps you wouldn't be tired, you see,
If a few of your childs could die."

She was only three years old,—the one
Who spoke in that strange, sad way,
As she saw her mother's impatient frown
At the children's boisterous play.

There were half a dozen who round her stood,
And the mother was sick and poor,
Worn out with the care of the noisy brood
And the fight with the wolf at the door.

For a smile or a kiss, no time, no place;
For the little one, least of all;
And the shadow that darkened the mother's face
O'er the young life seemed to fall.

More thoughtful than any, she felt more care,
And pondered in childish way
How to lighten the burden she could not share,
Growing heavier day by day.

Only a week, and the little Clare
In her tiny white trundle-bed
Lay with blue eyes closed, and the sunny hair
Cut close from the golden head.

"Don't cry," she said—and the words were low,
Feeling tears that she could not see—
"You won't have to work and be tired so
When there ain't so many of we."

But the dear little daughter who went away
From the home that for once was stilled,
Showed the mother's heart from that dreary day,
What a place she had always filled.

THE MOUSE.—Harding Cox.

Scene.—*A court of law in England.*

John White (being examined).—
My name's John White; I am a warder
Of the gaol in which the prisoner
Was confined for misdemeanor.
He was convicted twelve months back.
Since his conviction, his behavior
Has been marked extremely good.

I know the prosecutor, William Hinde;
He also is a warder in the gaol.
I remember well the night you mention;
Yes, I'll swear it was the thirty-first
Of May,—the time was five to nine.
Hinde went his rounds, and then I heard
High words when he was in the cell
Of number fifty-six (the prisoner).
The latter cried, "You hound!" and then I saw
Hinde reeling out, blood pouring from his lips.
I said, "What is it?" and he answered me,
"That beast in there has hit me on the mouth."
I said, "Whatever made him do it, Hinde?"
And he replied, "I tried to kill his mouse,
According to the governor's orders."
This is my evidence, my lord.

Judge.—Prisoner at the bar, since you are not
Defended on your trial by learned counsel,
It rests with you to urge your own defence.
You have heard the evidence against you;
Speak.

Prisoner.—My lord and gentlemen of the jury,
I have no wish to cross-examine,
Or attempt to shake the testimony
Of those who have appeared against me.
In every particular it is correct.
What they have said is true; what they have not
I will, craving your patience, now recount.
Near fourteen months ago I was convicted
Of a crime of which I swear I was quite
Innocent,—which innocence were fully proved
Had not the law, alas, debarred my wife
From giving evidence on my behalf,
Such as alone could clear my tarnished fame.
Ill fortune such as this near broke me down.
I had lost all,—wife, children, home.
Desolate, I wasted in my prison cell;
Hopeless,—existing, true, but living not.
One night, when I was served my humble fare,
A little mouse crept out upon the floor,
And eyed askance the dreaded human form.
I threw some food, and scared, it scampered off,
But pangs of hunger lured it out again

And made it share my meal, a welcome guest.
So every night it came, until at last
It grew so tame I fed it from my hand.
It slept with me and nestled in my sleeve.
I took it in my pocket when I went
For exercise with others in the yard;
And much amusement—aye—and envy, too,
I have excited when I showed my prize.
I had no friends; I grew to love this mouse,
As these dumb animals are often loved
By those who find all others cold and false.
One night,—it was the fatal thirty-first
Of May, the warder Hinde came to my cell
When my little pet was sporting on my hand.
He said, "They talk about this mouse of yours;
Just let me see if it's as tame as White,
The warder, says; I want to see if it will come
And feed from *my* hand if I hold it out."
Little suspecting this inhuman fiend,
I lured my little pet, who quaked with fear,
Unwilling yet to court a stranger's touch.
The cruel hand closed on it, and he laughed.
"Enough of this!" he cried. "The governor says
He wont allow this insubordination;
Come, bid your friend good-bye; I'm going to crush him."
I sprang erect. O God! My every nerve
Tingled with fear for my poor little pet.
"You hound!" I cried; and then I hit out straight
Into the face of this inhuman fiend.
Thank God, he dropped the mouse, which, frightened, ran
And found a haven e'en from whence it came.
This is my crime, and I am in your hands.

Judge.—Gentlemen of the jury, I am content.
I sum this case as briefly as I can.
This tale is touching, and, I doubt not, true;
But you must deal with facts, not sentiments.
It rests with me alone to mitigate
The punishment, which, be assured,
Shall be awarded with respect to law.

Foreman of Jury (after consultation).—
My lord, we are agreed, and find the prisoner
Guilty, but most strongly recommend
Him to the mercy of this court.

Judge.—Prisoner at the bar, you stand convicted
Of an assault on William Hinde, your warder,
For which the sentence of the court receive,
Namely, that you be imprisoned
For one day, and that without hard labor,
To run concurrently with the sentence
You are undergoing. Furthermore,
I have here—now, can you bear good news?—
A packet from the Home Office commanding
Your release, upon a pardon granted
By Her Majesty the Queen;—for now it seems
Another has confessed the crime for which
You have already suffered wrongfully.
Thus you are free; and I may further add,
John White, the warder, has for you outside
A little friend of yours, unhurt, but caged.
I wish you well. Stop the applause in court!

WHAT MEN HAVE NOT FOUGHT FOR.

R. J. Burdette.

My dear boy, men have fought, bled, and died, but not for beer. Arnold Winkelried did not throw himself upon the Austrian spears because he was ordered to close his saloon at nine o'clock. William Tell did not hide his arrow under his vest to kill the tyrant because the edict had gone forth that the free-born Switzer should not drink a keg of beer every Sunday. Freedom did not shriek as Kosciusko fell over a whisky barrel. Warren did not die that beer might flow as the brooks murmur, seven days a week. Even the battle of Brandywine was not fought that whisky might be free. No clause in the Declaration of Independence declares that a Sunday concert garden, with five brass horns and one hundred kegs of beer is the inalienable right of a free people and the corner stone of good government.

Tea,—mild, harmless, innocent tea; the much-sneered-at temperance beverage, the feeble drink of effeminate men and good old women,—tea holds a higher place, it

fills a brighter, more glorious page, and is a grander figure in the history of this United States, than beer. Men liked tea, my boy, but they hurled it into the sea in the name of liberty, and they died rather than drink it until they made it free. It seems to be worth fighting for, and the best men in the world fought for it. The history of the United States is incomplete with tea left out. As well might the historian omit Faneuil Hall and Bunker hill, as tea. But there is no story of heroism or patriotism with rum for its hero.

The battles of this world, my son, have been fought for grander things than free whisky. The heroes who fall in the struggles for rum, fall shot in the neck, and their martyrdom is clouded by the haunting phantoms of the jim-jams. Whisky makes men fight, it is true, but they usually fight other drunken men. The champion of beer does not stand in the temple of fame; he stands in the police court. Honor never has the delirium tremens, glory does not wear a red nose, and fame blows a horn, but never takes one.

OUR C'LUMBUS.—Robert C. V. Meyers.

Written expressly for this Collection.

Dat war a trick our C'lumbus played. You's heered hit, haint you, now?
No? Well't's queer. But gadder up; no scroudgin' dar. I 'low
Ise not a niggah made ter tell a story like er dis,
But I'll do de bes', an' ef I miss, why den I on'y miss.

You see, our C'lumbus an' ole man File's M'lissy uster court,—
M'lissy war ez chipper ez a surenuff lady, sort
Er dizzy 'bout de feet, an' sort er staggery in de head
When she got her bestes' bonnet on wid a fedder bloody red.
C'lumbus—well, you knows him; I hedn't orter say
He war de cheerf'lest boy aroun', all happiness, wid a way
Er swingin' in de reel dat tetched de gals an' made 'em dance
Ef dey wanted ter or didn't—an' some gals's made ter prance.

Now C'lumbus an' M'lissy hed courted high an' dry
Fo' nineteen months dat year, an' M'liss hed went one day
ter buy
De weddin' frock, bright pu'ple, dat creaked jes' like a tune,
An' a pa'r er yearrings dat seemed like two comets borned
too soon.
Dat day she seed Orgustus Cleopatry Vincent Meed,—
He war de shiniest, ticklish'st chap,—fer eber on de feed.
He ups an' kisses M'lissy—ah! dese gals dey is so queer;
She slapped him, but she laughs an' says he 'way behind a
year.
"What's dat?" says he. She tole him dat C'lumbus war
her beau.
"Git out!" says he, "I'm dat myself." Says she, "You's saft
ez dough."
"Gals like saft t'ings," says he, an' gin anodder louder kiss.
An' dar war C'lumbus lookin' on! M'lissy flopped. "M'liss,"
Says C'lumbus, "what's de row," says he. Orgustus he
looked blue.
"C'lumbus," says he, "'twas all my fault." Says C'lumbus,
"Who is you?"
"Orgustus Cleopatry Vincent Meed," says dat conceited fool.
Den M'lissy sort er bridled; "C'lumbus," says she, cool,
"I hopes I'se my own mist'ess." "You is," says C'lumb,
"but he,"
A-pintin' ter Orgustus, "he done goes long er me."
He lef' M'lissy den an' dar; Orgustus kinder thunk
He'd bestes' go—wa'n't no great shakes, an' hedn't too much
spunk,
So he went along er C'lumbus a mile or two, until
Dey comes ter C'lumbus' leetle house wid rosies on de sill.
"Now," says C'lumbus, kinder queer, "you's kissed M'lissy
File;
You's got ter take dem kisses back,—you's got ter go an' smile
An' tell de gal you didn't go to mean hit, dat in fac'
Radder den kiss M'lissy File, you'd done sot on a tack."
"I wont!" Orgustus says, ez proud ez any turkey-cock.
C'lumbus shet de do' an' turned de ole key in de lock,
An' den he rassled 'Gustus wid a bit er good hemp rope,
An' de pore boy he was tied ez strong ez young gals is ter
hope.
"'Ll you tell dat gal what I says ter you," says C'lumbus
settin' dar.
"I wont!" says young Orgustus Meed, a-wrigglin' on de cha'r.

De day fell an' de shadders war like a niggah-day;
C'lumbus got his supper,—'twas good fat po'k, dey say.
Orgustus hedn't any, an' he watched C'lumbus eat.
"Dat's de bes' po'k eber squeeled," says C'lumbus, "on fo' feet."
De night fell an' de darkness war bracker dan de soul
Er Judas when de thi'ty bits er silver war de toll.
An' dar sot C'lumbus whistlin', an' dar Orgustus sot,
An' midnight comes an' C'lumbus says, "Ise hongry; t'inks Ise got
Dat watermillion dat I foun' last night." At dat he got
A gret big green-eyed million, all rosy heart wid lot
Er frosty silver in hit. "Now," says he a-cuttin' hit,
"'Ll you tell dat gal what I says ter you?" "No!" says Orgustus yit.
C'lumbus eat dat million, an' Orgustus kinder drooped,
His mouf was wo'kin' sorter queer; ef he could he would a-stooped
An' hed a fit when C'lumbus made boats out er de rind,
A-eatin' all de time ez ef he didn't sorter mind,
'Bout fo' er clock dey sot dar. Suddint C'lumbus blowed
De candle out; but fus' he shet de stove up, den he stowed
De cha'rs away, an' den he fotch in somepin f'om de yard
An' poked hit in de oven; 'twas ily—'twasn't lard.
Dey sot dar an' dey sot dar; arter awhile de fire
Got hot; dar was a-sizzlin'; Orgustus sniffed, an' higher
De flames riz, an' de sizzlin' got like a catarack;
Orgustus riz his bones up, but de rope hit pulled him back.
"What you got dar, C'lumbus?" he calls; C'lumbus hummed
Jes' like de stove war sizzlin', an' den he up an' drummed
On de cha'r An' frough de room dar war a smell—go 'way!
I can't a-bear ter speak on hit! Orgustus hed free play
Wid his tongue an' licked de air. Air's pore stuff when vitals gin
To be dat hongry dat you'd eat your granddad widout sin.
"C'lumbus," says Orgustus, "open de oven do'!"
An' so C'lumbus done hit. Orgustus gev a roar:
"Hit's 'possum!" yells he, "possum!" "Hit am," C'lumbus says,
An' lights de candle an' shows de pan. Orgustus ups an' lays
Down on de rope dat hild him back. Jes' den outside de do'
C'lumbus heered a-breathin'—he knowed hit—M'liss fer shore;

She'd done come hyar ter spy an' see what war a-gwine on.
Says C'lumbus loud, "Orgustus, frien', de 'possum's well nigh done;
Would you hev a leg wid a leetle fat?" Orgustus kinder died!
An' dar outside war M'lissy a-listenin'. C'lumbus tried
De knife-aidge on his finger. He tuk dat 'possum out;
He cut him an' he gouged him. Orgustus gev a shout.
"Fetch on your tacks!" says he, an' busts de rope; "I'd radder set
Tell doomsday on a million tacks before I'd up an' let
M'lissy File done kiss me, de simple yaller t'ing.
Gimme de leg wid a leetle fat!" But jes' den wid a swing
De do' flied open; M'liss war dar wid a bundle,—de pu'ple frock
She done buyed ter git married in; hit felt hard, like a rock
When hit come down on Orgustus; he drapped flat on de flo',
An' den M'liss cotch up de pan wid de 'possum in an' tore
Arter Orgustus Meed. "Take dat!" says she, "an' dat! an' dat!"
An' Orgustus he rained pu'ple silk an' smokin' 'possum fat.
"You's sot on tacks dis time," says she, an' jes' turned up de pan
Ober de head er de pore young man. An' den she ups an' ran
Ter C'lumbus. "O C'lumbus, boy," says she, "Ise feelin' aurful queer;
Dat man he's made me narvous; Ise faintin', C'lumbus, deär."

Well, she's ben a faithful wife ter C'lumbus gwine on twenty year,
An' when, like oder woman-folks, she feels like gittin' queer,
All dat C'lumbus hes ter do, is ter look ez saft ez wax,
An' kinder mou'nful whisper loud, "M'lissy, honey, tacks!"

OUR LIVES.

Our lives are songs; God writes the words,
And we set them to music at pleasure,
And the song grows glad, or sweet, or sad,
As we choose to fashion the measure;
We must write the music, whatever the song,
Whatever its rhyme or metre,
And if it is glad, we may make it sad,
Or if sweet, we may make it sweeter.

THE MASTERPIECE OF BROTHER FELIX.*

RICHARD EDWARD WHITE.

Two monks were in a cell at close of day,—
A cell that, too, the artist's craft portrayed.
Dying upon a bed the younger lay,
The older one beside him knelt and prayed.

The older spoke: "Your end is very near,
To see another day you cannot live;
So banish thought of earth, my brother dear,
And to your soul alone all thought now give."

"Nay, Francis," said the other, "speak not so;
I cannot die, my life-work incomplete.
Were that but finished, I would willing go—
Then death would be a messenger most sweet."

Then Francis spoke: "The world counts the success,
But God will judge by what you have essayed;
And though you fail, He will not deem the less
The efforts and the struggles you have made.

"The painter's earthly triumph is but brief,
A passion-flower is fame, that soon decays;
There is a poison in the laurel leaf,
While green the wreath of heaven keeps always."

And Felix answered: "Brother Francis, so
You dream I hanker after earthly fame.
I sought for it one time—'twas long ago—
But now a holier, better meed I claim;

"And if grim Death were standing by the gate,
A messenger who brought the final call,
I tell you, brother, that he still should wait
Till I had done yon picture on the wall.

"Nay, more: were I beside the golden throne,
I would bend down at the Almighty's feet,
And beg with tears: 'My life-work is not done—
Let me return until it be complete.'

"Of praying, therefore, speak not now to me;
Or, if you pray, pray that I still may live
Until my painting all completed be,
That I to coming time the work may give."

* By permission of the Author.

"God give you grace, my brother," Francis said,
"Your heart submissive to His will to keep."
And then he turned away, and silent prayed;
But soon, o'ercome with watching, fell asleep.

Then from his bed to rise up Felix tried,
But with the effort, faint and weak, fell back;
Then, clasping hands imploringly, he cried:
"O God of heaven, one little hour I lack

"To work again upon my masterpiece,
Till I the face divine have painted there;
I care not then how soon my life may cease.
Kind God, one hour unto thy servant spare!

"But death creeps fast; too weak is now my hand
To picture true the thought that fills my brain.
Send down an angel from the spirit land,
That I may not have dreamed such dream in vain!"

The cell door opened as he ceased to speak;
A young man entered,—tall he was and fair;
The glow of youth was mantled on his cheek,
His eyes were blue, and golden was his hair.

"Why come you?" Felix questioned, "and your name?"
The youth made answer: "I am Angelo,
Who hearing of the Brother Felix's fame,
Have come that I his wondrous art might know."

Then Felix spoke: "I am the man you seek;
But I am dying, and have not the power
To teach you aught. My heart and hand are weak,
But you may aid me in this final hour.

"Take yonder painting—set it on the stand
Here at my bedside, full within my view—
Palette and pencils all are here at hand;
Then paint, good youth, as I desire you to.

"'Tis all complete except the Savior's face,
And that upon the canvas faintly lined,
But still so clear that you may plainly trace
The features fair and God-like, you will find.

"The face is somewhat of a Jewish cast,—
I sketched it from a beggar in the street.
Ah, little dreamed I then, a few weeks past,
Another hand my painting would complete!"

Then spoke the youth: "A spirit sure has brought
Me to your cell, to be, as 'twere, a hand
Acting responsive to your every thought—
Your faintest wish shall be as a command.

"Speak, and I paint!" The dying Felix spoke
A few words now and then,—no need of much;
The canvas into life and beauty woke
Beneath the magic of the artist's touch.

The youth at last his pencil laid aside,
And spoke: "O master mine, your work is done;
Can I assist you more?" The monk replied,
"Go on your way and leave me here alone."

The youth departed, and then Felix prayed:
"I thank thee, God, and death is now most sweet,
Since Thou its shaft a little while hast staid
Until my masterpiece is all complete."

Francis was wakened by the matin bell;
He rose, and lo! the light of early day
Upon the painting of the Savior fell
That on the easel all completed lay.

In silence Francis by the painting stood;
The features gleamed as with a love divine,
From hands and feet transpierced gushed forth the blood,
'Twas perfect and complete in every line.

"In truth," then Francis spoke, "no mortal hand
Has limned the rapturous beauty of that face.
Heaven surely heard his supplication, and
An angel must have visited the place."

To Felix turning: "Yes, the laurel crown
Is yours, for you have reached art's proudest goal."
Then, bursting into tears, he knelt him down:
"May God have mercy on the passing soul!"

THE KISS DEFERRED.

Two little cousins once there were,
Named Mary Ann and Jane.
The first one lived in Boston town,
The second down in Maine.

And Jane she wrote a little note,
"Dear cousin," thus wrote she,
"Dear Cousin Ann, I've made a plan
That you should visit me;
For you are one, the Ann unknown
I've always longed to see.
They say that you have eyes deep blue,
And a brow all lily fair,
While round your face with many a grace
Doth curl your golden hair.
Now I, they say, have eyes of gray,
And the puggiest little nose,
A small round chin with a dimple in,
And cheeks as red as a rose.
Let me tell you this that I'm saving a kiss
And a dear good hugging, too,
For the cousin so fair with the golden hair
And the eyes so brightly blue.
So pray, dear Ann, come if you can,
And bring your dolly dear.
My dollies all, both great and small,
Will make her welcome here."
Wrote Ann to Jane; "I'd come to Maine
And play with you, I'm sure;
It would be so good if I only could,
But my papa is too poor.
When his ship gets home he says I may come;
For that will surely bring
All it can hold of silver and gold,
And clothes and everything."

The years flew on, young maidens grown
Were Mary Ann and Jane;
Still dwelt the first in Boston town,
The second down in Maine.
And now Jane wrote a perfumed note,
All in a perfumed cover,
And thus it ran: "Do come, dear Ann,
Do come, and bring your lover;
I've a lover, too, so tender and true,
A gallant youth is he;
On a summer night, when the moon shines bright,
How charming it will be
To pleasantly walk and pleasantly talk
'Way down by the sounding sea."

Wrote Ann to Jane: "That visit to Maine
Must longer yet delay,
My cousin dear, for soon draws near
My happy wedding day."

More years have flown, much older grown
Were Mary Ann and Jane,
Still dwelt the first in Boston town,
The second down in Maine.
And once again took Jane her pen;
"Dear cousin," now wrote she,
"Wont you come down from Boston town,
And bring your family?
Bring all your girls with their golden curls
And their eyes so heavenly blue;
Bring all your boys with all their noise,
And bring that husband, too.
I've a pretty band that round me stand,
Six girls, my heart's delight;
They're as lovely a set as ever you met,
And all remarkably bright.
There's a kiss, you know, that since long ago,
I've been keeping for you, my dear,
Or have you forgot the first little note
I scribbled and sent you from here?"
Thus Ann did reply: "Alas, how can I
Set forth on my travels, dear Jane?
I've too many to take, yet none can forsake,
So sadly at home must remain.
If your kiss is there still, pray keep it until
You see me come jaunting that way.
I've a loving kiss, too, that's been saving for you
This many and many a day."

Time onward ran, now Jane and Ann
Were old and feeble grown,—
Life's rapid years, mid smiles and tears,
Had swiftly o'er them flown.
Their locks of gray were stroked away
From the worn and wrinkled brow;
Their forms were bent, their years were spent,
They were widowed women now.
Suddenly one day, one winter's day,
Aunt Ann said, "I must go
And see Cousin Jane, who lives in Maine,
In spite of wind and snow."

"Why, grandma, dear, this time of the year?
Oh, what a foolish thing;
You're far too old to go in the cold,
We pray you wait till spring,
When the skies are clear, and the flowers appear,
And the birds begin to sing."
"Children," said she, "don't hinder me;
When smiling spring comes on,
The flowers may bloom around my tomb,
And I be dead and gone.
I'm old, 'tis true, my days are few,
There lies a reason plain
Against delay, if short my stay,
I must away to Maine,
And let these eyes, these mortal eyes,
Behold my Cousin Jane."

As Aunt Jane sits and quietly knits,
Thinking her childhood o'er,
The latch is stirred, and next is heard
A tapping at the door.
"Come in," she said, and raised her head
To see who might appear;
An aged dame who walked quite lame,
Said, "Cousin, I am here.
I'm here, dear Jane, I've come to Maine
To take that kiss, you know,
The kiss, my dear, kept for me here
Since that long, long ago."
In glad surprise, Aunt Jane replies,
"Why, cousin, can this be you?
But where, oh, where is the golden hair
And the eyes so brightly blue?"
"And where," Ann said, "are your roses fled,
And your chubby cheeks, I pray?
This, I suppose, was the little pug nose,
But the dimples, where are they?
And the lover, too, so tender and true,
Who walked by the light of the moon,
And the little band that round did stand,
Are they gone, all gone, so soon?"
They turned their eyes to the darkening skies
And the desolate scene below,
As they spoke with tears of their childhood years
And the hopes of long ago.

The smiles and tears of buried years
Were smiled and wept again.
Thus met at last, a lifetime past,
The cousins, Ann and Jane,—
One of whom lived in Boston town,
The other down in Maine.

HOW GIRLS STUDY.—Belle McDonald.

Did you ever see two girls get together to study of an evening? I have, and it generally goes like this:

"In 1673 Marquette discovered the Mississippi. In 1673 Marquette dis— What did you say, Ide? *You had ever so much rather see the hair coiled than braided?*— Yes, so had I. It's so much more stylish, and then it looks classical, too; but how do you like—Oh, dear! I can never learn this lesson.

"In 1863 Lafayette discovered the Wisconsin. In 1863 Lafayette discovered the—well! what's the matter with me, anyhow! In 1673 Marquette discovered the Mississippi. I don't care if he did. I suppose the Mississippi would have gotten along just as well if Marquette had never had looked at it. Now, see here, Ide, is there anything about my looks that would give you to understand that I know when Columbus founded Jamestown, and how George Washington won the battle of Shiloh? Of course there isn't. History's a horrid study anyhow. No use, neither. Now, French is much nicer. I can introduce French phrases very often, and one must know I have studied the language. What is the lesson for to-morrow? Oh, yes; conjugation of parler. Let's see; how does it commence? Je parle, tu parle, il par—il pa—il—well, il then!

"Conjugations don't amount to anything. I know some phrases that are appropriate here and there, and in almost every locality; and how's anybody going to know but what I have the conjugations all by heart?

"*Have I got my geometry?* No, I'm just going to study it. Thirty-ninth, is it not?

"Let the triangle A B C, triangle A B—say, Ide, have you read about the Jersey Lily and Freddie? I think it is too utterly utter. Oh! theorem.

"Let the triangle A B C be right-angled at B. On the side B C, erect, erect the square A I. On the side —did I tell you Sister Caracciola gave me a new piece to-day, a sonata? It is really intense. The tones fairly stir my soul. I am never going to take anything but sonatas after this. I got another new piece, too. Its name is Etudes. Isn't it funny? I asked Tom this noon what it means, and he says it is Greek for nothing. It is quite apropos, for there is really nothing in it,—the same thing over and over.

"Where was I? Oh! yes; side A C the square A E. Draw the line—come on, let's go at our astronomy. It's on, 'Are the planets inhabited?' Now, Ide, I think they are, and I have thought about it a great deal. I banged my hair last night. I wanted a Langtry bang just too bad for any use, but pa raved, and I had to give in. Yes, I think they are inhabited. I should like to visit some of them, but you would not catch me living in Venus. Eight seasons! Just think how often we would have to have new outfits to keep up with the styles.

"What! you are not going? I am so sorry, but I suppose you are tired. I am. It always makes me most sick to study a whole evening like this. I think Sister ought to give us a picture."

And they go to school next morning and tell the other girls how awfully hard they have studied.

GOD'S COUNTRY.—O. C. AURINGER.

Dost thou not know God's country, where it lies?
That land long dreamed of, more desired than gold,
Which noble souls, by dauntless hope made bold,
Have searched the future for with longing eyes?

Hast thou not seen in heaven its hills arise?
Hast thou not viewed its glories manifold,
Midst sky-wide scenery splendidly unrolled,
Ripe for hearts' trust and godlike enterprise?

Yes, thou hast known it in familiar guise,
Its soil thy feet are keeping with fast hold;
And thou dost love its songs, its flowers dost prize;
Thy corn-land and thy wine-land is its mould:
'Tis here, 'tis here God's land lies, the divine,—
America, thy heart's true home and mine!

All lands are God's lands; yet is this indeed
The home express of his divinity;
His visible hand redeemed it from the sea,
And sowed its fields with freedom's deathless seed.

He succored it most swiftly in its need;
In field and council men with awe did see
His arm made manifest almightily,
Scarce veiled in instruments of mortal breed.

He laid a way here for the feet that bleed,
A space for souls ayearn for liberty
To grow immortal in—no more to plead
With nature for their portion which should be.
'Tis here, O friend! the land lies, that shall grow
The vine of sacred brotherhood below.

THE CHURCH FAIR.—L. EISENBEIS.

By permission of the Author.

There! I knowed it would be so, spite of all my word and prayer,
They've resolved to jine together for to hold a fancy fair;
When I told them my objections, though my words were few an' mild,.
They just turned to one another and they looked so queer and smiled.

Now, I've mingled with them sisters for a score of years or more,
And there's none that has worked harder, but I wept my eyelids sore
When I saw them smile and giggle in the solemn place of prayer,
Just because I spoke an' voted 'gin the holding of a fair.

But they p'inted their committees and arranged the plaguey thing
Just to suit their crazy notions,—for the money it would bring;
As they said, they needed carpet, and new cushions in the pews,
For the church was out of fashion,—nothing in it fit to use.

And the choir wants an organ, and the church a chandelier,
And the pulpit must be altered for it looks so odd an' queer;
They had tried to raise the money by collection in the pew,
But they couldn't git no dollars, and of pennies but a few.

Sermons didn't seem to reach 'em, but they loved to drink and eat,
So to save the dyin' people, they must give them fleshly meat;
If their souls were worth the savin', they must have a sweetened cup,
Gospel meat was too insipid for to keep the meetin's up.

There was sisters Jane and Sary, and a score of others too,
Met together every evenin' for to put the matter through:
They would move and reconsider, then resolve and move agin,
Till it seemed as if the business never would be voted in.

Some thought the waiting maidens should be of the "upper ten,"
'Cause they said their charms would dazzle an' draw in the younger men.
They must have a pond for fishin', with some tender little baits,
Where the boys could ketch a trifle, and the girls could fish for mates.

They must have a postal office and a guessin' stand they sayed,
And Rebecca at the well, *a-dispensin'* lemonade;
They must vote a handsome dolly to the prettiest Miss in town,
And the spryest lookin' bach'lor gits the gaudy dressin' gown.

The sweetest maiden gets the ring, lodged within the massive cake,
And for very little money you can learn your future fate;
Little maidens dressed like fairies, must go bobbin' here and there,
Sellin' little buds and roses for the boys and girls to wear.

So they plan, invent and settle, for to help the thing along,
Just as if the Lord had blundered, and had fixed the matter wrong;
Just as if the souls of people could be fed on such a hash,
And the church was built a purpose for to git the people's cash.

Then they read it in the meetin', when the thing was comin' off,
And although it seemed irreverent, I jist gave a scornful cough;
For I wanted them to know it, even though the thing might win,
I was down upon sich nonsense, so they needn't count me in.

So when everything was ready for the openin' of the show
(With their trinkets and their gewgaws—and I tell you 'twasn't slow,)
There were vases, sewing baskets, needle work and rubber toys,
Fancy hoods and gingham aprons, velvet slippers for the boys;

There were fancy smellin' bottles, collars, handkerchiefs and sich,
Stacks and stacks of shinin' nothin', which they said were very rich;
There were heaps of little trifles, hardly worth a grain of dust,
Stacks and stacks of empty bubbles, which they said would never bust.

Then they had a lively raffle for a lot of showy stuff,
Which they said was for the winner, if he got but votes enough;
All they had to do to git it was to pay a little fee,
As it went to help the meetin', there was not a better plea.

So the thing was kept a-movin', crowds went pourin' in and out,
Till the meetin' folks and others said 'twas grand without a doubt.
They had bought their pockets empty, and had filled their stomachs full,
Till the sisters fairly shouted; they had made so good a pull.

Now," they said, " we've got the money, not in vain our toil and search,
We'll put in the latest fashions, we will have a stylish church;

We will show these fossil fogies, churches can't be run on air;
Churches fatten more on dollars than they do on faith and prayer."

I have been a faithful sister ever since my youthful days,
I have loved the Courts of Zion, I have prized her simple ways;
I have read my Bible over, I have read it through in prayer,
But I've never seen a passage that enjined a fancy Fair.

THE BORROWED BABY.—EDSON W. B. TATLOW.

Written expressly for this Collection.

'Twas on a bleak, chill, cold, and stormy day in November, that there came into our little cosy home a bright, bouncing, dimple-cheeked baby girl. It really seemed as though the millenium had come,—so bright did things appear. After the excitement caused by the new arrival had somewhat subsided, and the regular order of things once more prevailed, we watched the new comer carefully, and cared for it tenderly. Each hour it seemed to grow more beautiful, until, finally, Idell, my husband, said we must name her Lily. To this I good-naturedly assented, and on Christmas day she was christened at the baptismal font. "May God bless, preserve and save this child," was the parting prayer of the minister. Although Idell was sceptical, and I entertained many of his ideas, I had mustered courage to go, unattended, and have this simple rite performed, and I was glad of it. Idell had said, "What nonsense, Edith; you might just as well stand the child in the yard sometime when it is raining." While I then believed there was truth in his remark, still I felt a consciousness of having acted a good part.

As the days flew by, our pride and joy began to toddle around the floor, and to prattle, in her sweet, childish way, for "Papa," and "Mamma." Not only was she the light of our own home, but our neighbors thought she

was "Just too sweet to live." And, perhaps, they were right.

Idell had not yet returned from his office in the city, when, one day, late in the afternoon, the little daughter of our neighbor knocked at the door, and as I opened it, said, "Please, Mrs. Clement, may I borrow the baby? You know I've no one to play with, and she's so cute."

I was loath to spare her, but, finally, yielded.

My husband came home shortly afterward, and as he quickly glanced about the room, his first words were, "Dear, where's Lily?" I was half afraid to answer, knowing that his life was bound up in that of the child. Summoning all the courage I possessed, I said, "Why, that dear little daughter of our neighbor asked to borrow her for a little while, and I couldn't resist." With an anxious laugh, he said, "Well, that's a great note. So you've loaned your child, have you? Be careful they don't adopt her into their own family, because you know they belong to that heretical Methodist sect, and we don't want the child's mind filled with a lot of foolish notions about creation, heaven, eternal punishment, and all such stuff as they believe and teach."

Just before tea, Jessie, our neighbor's daughter, returned with the baby, saying, "We have had just a lovely time, thank you, Mrs. Clement." Before leaving, she asked, "May I call for her to-morrow?" Lily looked so joyful and happy that even Idell could not say no, and I nodded affirmatively. The next day I saw Jessie coming for the baby, and quickly made her ready.

Thus, for quite a while, it continued, until one day, Idell heard Jessie say, "Mrs. Clement, Lily's learning to sing so sweetly; she sings, 'Jesus Loves Me, this I Know,' and 'I am so Glad that our Father in Heaven,' and I do like her so." The next evening, as Idell opened the door, he said, sharply, "What! Edith, the baby gone again? This must be stopped." I sighed, as I thought of the two flaxen-haired, blue-eyed children who used to

make merry the home of our neighbor, but whose innocent spirits had ascended to their Creator, within a few hours of each other. This was the reason they had borrowed the baby.

When Jessie came next day, I said to her, tremblingly, "I guess we can't loan baby any more, her papa doesn't like it." She cried, as she murmured, "I'm so sorry; she was just beginning to learn so nicely all about Jesus." Wiping the pearly tear-drops away, but still sobbing, she went away, for the first time, without the baby. The result of loaning the baby soon became apparent, as in the evenings, when upon her papa's knee, she would sing:

"I am so glad that our Father in heaven,
Tells of his love in the book he has given;
Wonderful things in the Bible I see,—
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.
I am so glad that Jesus loves me, etc."

"Edith, I knew those fanatics would impart their foolishness to our child. It is fortunate that I stopped it when I did. My only regret is that I didn't do so earlier. She's always singing about heaven, or some other place that never existed."

"Idell," I replied, "those are the hymns I learned at my mother's knee; and as I think of the path she trod, I believe there is more of truth than fanaticism in them, and the religion they represent. I feel very much dissatisfied with our cold scepticism, and my conscience pricks me."

"Oh, folly, Edith," he said, as he turned on his heel, and left me in deep meditation.

'Twas but a few days later that I perceived an unnatural breathing in our little one, and such were my fears, that before my husband reached home, I had summoned the physician. "Only a slight cold; with attention, there is nothing to fear," he said, and departed. My concern was well founded, however, and the next day Idell was not at his office, but stayed by the side of our darling. The "slight cold" had rapidly been suc-

ceeded by a fever, and the physician gravely said, "A crisis is near. A sudden change, this."

Patiently did we watch and minister to her needs, and one day, as the sun sank behind the western horizon, and the birds were flying to their nests, her eyes slowly opened, and in a clear and melodious voice, such as we had never deemed her the possessor of, she sang:

"Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so.
Little ones to him belong,
They are weak, but he is strong.
Yes, Jesus loves me, etc."

As her bright blue eyes gazed upon us, they reflected an inward joy and peace we had never realized, and when she faintly whispered, "Will papa and mamma come, too?" we both knelt together by the bed-side of our darling, and for the first time during our married life, prayed to that God whose existence we so long had denied, and there it was we perceived the first ray of Divine light entering into our souls.

That night, as the silvery light of the moon entered the window, and the myriads of stars were twinkling in the vaulted skies, our Lily ceased to bloom upon earth, but was transplanted to the garden of eternal joy.

'Twas indeed a dark cloud on the horizon. I thought, however, I saw the hand of God in it, and as I strove to comfort my poor husband with this blessed thought, I said, "My dear, God has only *borrowed* the baby."

BARNEY O'LINN AND THE LEECHES.

Bad was the wife of Barney O'Linn,
Worse did she get, and more sallow and thin;
Nothing but taters could Barney obtain,
Wifie had had them again and again;
Sickened was she and one morning did cry,
"Barney, my darling, I'm sure I shall die."
Barney was busy, just scratching his head,
But left his amusement, and ran to the bed;

"Was it dying ye mentioned?" said Barney, the thrue,
"Don't die till I fetch you old Dr. MacDrue."
The doctor appeared and went off to the bed,
Counted her pulse and shook his bald head,
Then, taking a rickety tub for a seat,
"Barney," quoth he, "what's your wife had to eat?"
"Praties, your honor, and salt now and then,
But it's seldom that same's seen by Barney O'Linn."
"Barney, some leeches I'll send her to try;
If she don't have them soon, she'll speedily die."
The dozen of leeches made Barney to stare;
"Tare an ages!" said he, "but they look mighty quare,
And bottled he's sent them, as thrue as I'm here,
But how we're to cook them I've not an idea."
"His worship left word, Barney, didn't he, eh?"
"No, sorra a sentence his honor did say,
But sure we can't tell how they'll be till we've tried,
So six shall be biled, and the rest shall be fried."
Well, Barney biled six with taters, he did,
And the other half dozen he fried in the lid.
"The quare little spalpeens are doing divinely,
Holy Virgin," said he, "but my mouth waters finely.
It's long, wifie dear, since you had such a trate,"
Said he, as he brought her a knife and a plate;
Then he raised her in bed and the leeches he brought her,
And stood by to wait as a gentleman ought ter.
Wifie looked pleased, very much, and she smiled
As she daintily stuck her fork into a biled;
Then with great satisfaction the odd little cratur
She popped in her mouth with a piece of pertater.
She munched, but her face, it grew longer and longer;
The doubt on her features grew stronger and stronger,
Still the leech with an effort she managed to swallow,
But a storm of disgust the boiled leeches did follow.
Barney, who wifie in wonder had eyed,
Said, "Darling, don't eat 'em; try one of the fried."
Wifie tried two, and by some means or other,
She bolted them down, but she tried not another;
Barney did press her, but still, we must own,
He wouldn't feel hurt if she left them alone.
No dinner he'd had, and he thought that his taters
Would be greatly improved by the fat little craturs,
So he finished the nine without any more fussing,
While she, in her heart, the young varmins was cussing.

But Barney, who wasn't o'er nice in his taste,
Thought no one with leeches could quarrel the laste.
The tale of the leeches is pretty well ended;
We've only to say Barney's wife quickly mended.
No doubt 'twas the leeches; you stare, perhaps grin;
"Yes, likely," say you; well, ask Barney O'Linn,
And he'll tell you when wifie has spasms or screeches,
He cures her directly by just saying "leeches."

IN VANITY FAIR.—Florence Tylee.

Through Vanity Fair, in days of old,
There passed a maiden with locks of gold,
And a peddler opened his tempting pack,
Crying: "O my pretty lass! what d'ye lack?
Here's many a ware
Costly and rare,
Come, buy—oh! come, buy
In Vanity Fair."

"Silks and satins are not for me;
Lace is for damsels of high degree;
The lads would laugh in our country town
If I came clad in a 'broidered gown;
But yet there's a ware,
Precious and rare,
I fain would buy me
In Vanity Fair.

"Pray, sell me, sir, from your motley store,
A heart that will love me forevermore,
That, whether the world shall praise or blame,
Through sorrow or joy will be the same.
'Tis the only ware
For which I care
Mid all the treasures
In Vanity Fair."

"Much it grieves me, O lassie, dear,"
The peddler said; "but I greatly fear
The hearts that loved in the old sweet way
Have been out of fashion this many a day;
And gilded care
Is all the ware
You will get for your money
In Vanity Fair."

CRIPPLED FOR LIFE.—John F. Nicholls.

A POLICEMAN'S STORY.

Do we have any accidents here, sir? Any children run over, you say?
Well, yes, but scarce any to speak of, and only just once in a way.
It's a wonder? You're right, that it is, sir, the crowds that are running about;
Lor' bless you, they don't care a button so long as they only get out.

There's just one case that I witnessed. The story's not often been told,
But I'll never forget it, sir, never, though I live to a hundred years old.
If you care just to listen a minute I'll tell that same story to you;
It's touching and sounds like a novel, but nevertheless it is true.

'Twas a Saturday afternoon, sir, on a beautiful summer's day,
And dozens of bright little youngsters were out in this street at play;
And lor', they looked happy and healthy, 'twas the pleasantest sight to see
The way they were running and jumping and clapping their hands with glee.

They were some of 'em playing at hopscotch,—a-hopping and kicking a stone,
Whilst others, more witty and clever, were making up games of their own;
The youngest of all in the gutters were mixing up mortar and pies,
Whilst looks of enjoyment and pleasure shone out from their bright little eyes.

The brightest and prettiest baby it was ever my lot to see—
Just over a twelvemonth her age was, and some distant relation to me—
Had crawled from the side of her sister, who ought to have kept her in sight,
And was sitting out there in the road, sir, a-crowing with all her might.

I wasn't on duty just then, sir, and it never struck me there was harm,
Till, chancing to glance up the roadway, I started and roared with alarm;

For there, dashing swift round the corner, a fire-engine tore up the street,
And the baby was left in the middle, in the track of the horses' feet.

The men saw the child, and endeavored to stop their mad horses' career,
When out in the road dashed a youngster—I couldn't help giving a cheer—
And he caught up the babe in an instant, then swiftly he took to his heels,
But the engine was on him—he stumbled—and fell 'neath the wild whirling wheels.

The baby was safe, Dick had saved her, by pushing her out of the way;
He had risked his own life, little hero, I'll always remember that day.
How they picked him up, just like a dead thing, and took him directly to Guy's,
The thought of that scene makes me foolish, and brings up the tears to my eyes.

But they found that he wasn't quite killed, sir, and after a bit he got round,
Though one of his legs was quite crippled, and couldn't be put to the ground.
'Twas dreadfully hard on the youngster, he wasn't much older than six,
For instead of his running and leaping, he could only just hobble on sticks.

Well, the baby grew up, so did Dick, sir, and just like the people in plays,
They determined to love one another the rest of their natural days;
For Dick, he adored little Mary, and Mary, she worshiped him,
And the least bit of extra devotion, made up for the loss of his limb.

The end of this story is strange, sir, you may not believe it is true,
But it is, I can prove it, if need be, and will just to satisfy you;
If you'll just knock at No. 15, sir, you will see this same Dick and his wife,
And he'll tell you he's never regretted the day he was "crippled for life."

THE SAND-MAN.—Elmer Ruán Coates.

Twilight is here and the baby is weary,—
Weary of laughing and weary of play;
Sleepy-by comes, and the eyes of the darling
Would close, like a veil, on the scenes of the day.
Calmly it lies in the arms of the mother,
Holy and pure, as an angel it seems,
One little smile, and a sweet little dimple,
And baby has gone to the land of the dreams.
Hush! not a word, not a footfall around her;
Turn down the clothes of the little, white nest,
Turn down the light, for the Sand-Man has found her,
And angels are guarding the baby at rest.

Now as I look on this mother's own treasure,
Idol of home and the comfort of all,
Sadly I think of the woe without measure,
Sorrows that cling, and the tears that will fall.
As I'm recalling my own without number,
Haunting my pillow, when longing for rest,
I'd keep her a baby forever, to slumber
And smile, in her dream, on her fond mother's breast.
Hush! let the voices be gentle around her,
Baby, sleep on, while thy angels attend;
Sweet little darling! the Sand-Man has found her,
And when she has grown, may he still be a friend.

S'POSEN A CASE.

"Midas, I want to s'posen a case to you, an' I want you to gim me the gospel truth on your 'pinion 'bout de matter."

That's the manner in which one of Washington's dusky damsels put it to her adorer last evening.

"Now, Midas, you knows you'se tole me more times 'an you'se got fingers an' toes, as you lubbed me harder 'an a marble-top washstand, an' 'at I'se sweeter to you 'an buckwheat cakes and 'lasses foreber. Midas, dis am only s'posen a case, but I wants you to s'posen jus' as

if'n 'twas a shunuff one. "S'posen me an' you was goin' on a scursion down de riber!"

"Yas," broke in Midas, "down to Mount Vernon."

"Anywha's 'tall, down de riber. Midas, can you swim?"

"No, Luce, I'se sorry to 'form you dat de only d'reckshon what I kin circumstanshiate fru de water am de bottom."

"Well, den, as I was 'latin'. S'posen we was on de boat, glidin' lubingly an' harmunly down de bussum ob de riber's stream, de moon was lookin' shiningly down 'pon de smoke-stack, an' you was sottin' rite up to me (jus' slide up here closer, an' lem me show you how), dat's de way."

"Yah, yah! but wouldn't dat be scrumptuous?" interrupted Midas.

"S'posen," continued Lucy, "you had jest put yer arm roun' my waist (dat's it), der wasn't no body 'bout, you was a squeezin' me up, an' was jest gwine to gimme de lubinest kind ob a kiss, an'—an'—an' de biler would bust!"

"Oh, Luce, don' talk like dat!" said the disappointed Midas.

"Now, Midas, I is s'posen dis case, an' I wants you to mind de words what I am a speakin'. S'posen when dat biler busted we bof went up in de air, come down in de riber, an' when we arrive in de water we found de only thing lef' ob dat boat was one piece ob board dat wasn't big enuff to hole us bof, but we bof grab at it; now, Midas, wud you let go dat board, or wud you put me off an' took it all y'self? Dat's de question what I'm s'posen."

"Luce, can you swim?" he asked, after hesitating a few moments.

"No, Midas, ob course not. You know I can't swim."

"Well den, Luce, my conchenshus 'pinion ob de whole matter am dat we wont go on no scursions."

CHICKENS COME HOME TO ROOST.

You may take the world as it comes and goes,
And you will be sure to find
That fate will square the account she owes,
Whoever comes out behind;
And all things bad that a man has done,
By whatsoever induced,
Return at last to him, one by one,
As the chickens come home to roost.

You may scrape and toil and pinch and save,
While your hoarded wealth expands,
Till the cold, dark shadow of the grave
Is nearing your life's last sands;
You will have your balance struck some night,
And you'll find your hoard reduced;
You'll view your life in another light
When the chickens come home to roost.

You can stint your soul and starve your heart
With the husks of a barren creed,
But Christ will know if you play a part,—
Will know in your hour of need;
And then as you wait for death to come
What hope can there be deduced
From creed alone? you will lie there dumb
While your chickens come home to roost.

Sow as you will, there's a time to reap,
For the good and bad as well,
And conscience, whether we wake or sleep,
Is either a heaven or hell.
And every wrong will find its place,
And every passion loosed
Drifts back and meets you face to face—
When the chickens come home to roost.

Whether you're over or under the sod
The result will be the same;
You cannot escape the hand of God,
You must bear your sin or shame.
No matter what's carved on a marble slab,
When the items are all produced
You'll find that St. Peter was keeping "tab,"
And that chickens come home to roost.

MARCO'S DEATH.—Beverly R. Wood.

Written expressly for this Collection.

Yes, boy, that night I remember well, though it was twenty years ago,
When I saw him take that fearful leap straight into the ring below,
And even now as I think of it, it makes me hold my breath
As I did that night, long years ago, when Marco met his death.

He used to leap from the top of the tent at old Bill Rankin's show,
Right into the outstretched hands of Ned, who was fifty feet below,
And then when Ned would catch him, oh! how that tent would ring
With cheer on cheer for the noble pair, who were seated above in the swing.

Did I know him? Yes! and loved him,—he was like a brother to me,
And often now in my nightly dreams his handsome face I see;
And it takes me back to that night of old, when, from his swing on high,
I saw him leap to the ring below, and heard Nellie's despairing cry.

Nellie? Oh, she was the village beauty, the sweetest of all the girls,
She had eyes of the darkest color, and long, black shining curls.
Why, Ned, he fairly worshiped her, 'twas his first, ay! and only love,—
Deep and true as the waters blue, and as bright as the stars above.

But when Marco came, he cut Ned out and, as in days of old,
Nell's love he conquered. They were wed,—'tis a story often told.
Never a word did poor Ned say, but at times o'er his face so fair,
Could be seen a strange, unnatural look, when he'd gaze on the loving pair.

'Twas the last night at the circus, and packed close around the ring
Were hundreds anxiously waiting to see Marco, the Aerial King;

And when Marco and Ned came before them in their flaming tights of red,
The stamping and the shouting would have almost raised the dead.

Quickly they reached their places. "Are you ready?" was Marco's cry,
While Ned sung out from the depths below, "Ay! ay!" in grim reply;
There came a plunge, a swish, and then, descending like a bird,
Marco attempts in vain to grasp those hands that never stirred.

Down! down he plunged, in headlong flight, like a bird with wounded wing,
And before that panic-stricken crowd fell dead into the ring.
There was silence; and then a piercing shriek rang on the ears of all,
As through that ring, and on Marco's breast poor Nell was seen to fall.

But before she fell she took one look at Ned, who hung above,—
A look which seemed to say to him, "You've murdered the man I love!
Yes, murdered him! but do not fear, I'll not betray thy crime.
The time will come when thou'lt be judged for this wrong to me and mine."

That livelong night they left her on dead Marco's breast to mourn,
And when the light of morning broke, her soul above had gone.
They buried them just yonder, where the violets' balmy breath
Sweetly perfumes the double grave of the pair "united in death."

Ned never performed in the ring again after that awful night;
He became quite blind and shrunken, and his hair turned snowy white.
But Marco's death was an accident? Yes—that's what the papers said,
But, boy, to my sorrow I know they're wrong—for I am that partner Ned!

TURNING THE POINTS.—Robert Overton.*

A RAILWAY PORTER'S STORY, TOLD TO HIS VICAR.

Bob Scratcherty was a parishioner of mine, and a strange specimen of a parishioner for any clergyman to own. He was a rugged, grizzly man of about fifty, with shaggy hair, sound heart and a wooden leg.

His attendance at church was almost as irregular as his features, and when he did come his conduct was so strange that he quite alarmed me. So much so, that on one occasion, a bitter winter morning, I upset the glass of icy cold water which stood on the pulpit ledge, right on to the perfectly bald head of the clerk underneath.

Bob Scratcherty could not write, and when he got his census paper one year, he asked me to fill it up for him. I called out the heading of each column, and then wrote down his answer. "Religion?" I called, and was then preparing to return him as a member of the orthodox Church, when to my amazement he repeated thoughtfully: "Religion—religion, is it?—wait a bit, sir, wait a bit."

"Yes," I said, "religion—what shall I put down as your religion?"

Bob Scratcherty fell into serious reflection, and—a habit he had when thinking out any abstruse idea—tenderly scratched his wooden member—I mean his leg, not his head—then slowly he said, "My religion is this, sir, an' please put it down—*turnin' the points for the Down Express!*"

"What?" I cried.

"*Turnin' the points for the Down Express,*" he repeated. "Please write it down, sir."

This, however, I positively refused to do without an explanation. This explanation is the little tale I am going to tell you, as nearly as possible in the words of

* A very superior prose reading by Mr. Overton, entitled "The Three Parsons," will be found in No. 25 of this Series. "Me and Bill" (on which is founded the author's popular nautical drama, "Hearts of Oak,") is in No. 26.

the gentleman whose religion was—TURNING THE POINTS FOR THE DOWN EXPRESS.

The fact is, sir, I never knowed much about religion. My father were a perfessional drunkard; at least, I never see 'im do nothink else but drink. His nose, for size an' color, would ha' took the prize at any show. My mother were naterally a religious woman, but a touch of father's complaint, an' the cares an' worrits of a apple stall in Leadinghall Street, perwented of 'er from a follerin' of it up like. So, between the two, I were not properly instructed. I ain't sure as I was ever baptized, but I can answer to bein' waccinated. When I was a warmint of about ten, father dropped into a beery grave, 'is last dyin' words bein' a stool chucked at me an' mother. The doctor said 'e 'ad the delirioriums tremums. I don't know about that, but I know 'e 'ad a parish funeral. The sale of Hingerlish cholera in the shape of sour apples were not brisk enough, mother said, for to bury 'im at Westminster Habby. Mother ruined 'erself soon arterwords by a 'eavy spekelation in windfalls, an' 'inted I'd better 'ook it, an' set the Thames a-fire by myself. An' as she follered up the 'int by a-turnin' of me out, I thought I'd better take both the 'int an' my 'ook. So I took 'em.

I didn't set the Thames a-fire, but I 'awked wegetables. I 'ad a pardner wot started the business with me. He stole the wegetables, and I got the barrer lent me for nothin' without arstin'. I didn't see the owner w'en I called for it—an' I were never passin' that way arterwards for to give 'im a call.

Well, sir, 'tis only a short story I've got to tell yer, an' I'm gettin' well into it arter my own style. I 'ad all sorts of hups an' downs, fust a-tryin' one thing an' then another. I 'ad hups an' downs, as I said, but there was more downs than hups. I 'ave 'eered as 'ow every mountain 'as its walley, an' every walley its mountain, but my life were more walleys than mountaneous.

But at last a reg'lar 'igh old mountain of a hup come in my way. I got a berth as a sort of hodd man at the Jumble Junction of the Great Manglem Railway. My dooties was to do anythink that wasn't good enough like for a porter. I were a good deal jumped on by the other gentl'men at the junction, partickler by the reg'lar porters, but I were allowed some privileges, includin' ringin' a big bell, an' 'ollerin' out the name of the station, an' sometimes takin' a message up to Bill Reynolds in the big signal box outside the Junction.

He were a rum chap, Bill Reynolds,—a reg'lar right-down genuyne roarin' Methodist. None of yer cantin' kind, but one of the right sort, sir, as meant all 'e said.

I told yer just now as I didn't know much about religion, but I always thought there were somethink in it, an' soon as I knowed Bill Reynolds well I *knowed* there was somethink in it.

One cold Saturday afternoon, close on Christmas, w'en traffic was gettin' very 'eavy, I got sent up to Bill's box with a message from the station-master. I 'ad been at Jumble Junction then four or five months, an' me an' Bill Reynolds knowed each other well, an' used often for to 'ave a chat together.

"There's a meetin' to-morrow," says Bill, "wilt go, lad? 'Twill do thee good."

"Are you goin,' Bill?" I says. "Nay, lad," says Bill, shakin' 'is 'ead, "'ere in this box, all day long, I must praise God by a-doin' my dooty. But thou canst go, for 'tis a short day wi' thee—an' maybe thou wilt hear that which will do thy soul good," 'e says again.

Mister, I shall never forget that Sunday long as I live. 'Twas my short Sunday, as Bill 'ad said; an' w'en evenin' come I cleaned myself up an' went down to the meetin' as I promised Bill Reynolds. I felt very shy, an' sort of on the wrong metals; but I catched 'old of one o' Bill's pals, an' I says, "Mate," says I, "just shunt me into a sidin', will yer, where I shall be out o' the

way?"—an' I gets a nice quiet seat in a corner. 'Twas almost the fust sermon I ever 'eerd, and I've never forgot it. The text was the words, "Wot give His life a ransom for many."

'Twas very late w'en the meetin' broke up, but them words, an' the wonderful tale the preacher told us about 'em, seemed to burn in my 'eart, an' I kep' sayin' 'em over an' over again as I walked 'ome.

"Give his life a ransom for many!"

The night was bitter, cruel cold. The snow 'ad been fallin', an' there it all lay over the great wide fields, all white an' shinin' an' beautiful in the moonlight. I thought I'd go down to the station an' 'ave a chat with Bill Reynolds, p'rhaps, we'n 'e come off dooty.

The words kep' ringin' in my ears as I walked on. "Give his life a ransom for many!" Just as I got to the station, I see a 'eavy goods train, long and loaded, steam thro', slow, on the down metals. She was bound northwest, an' would turn off at a junction about three miles down the line.

I stood leanin' against the station palin's, outside, an' watched 'er go through.

A minute passed.

Then the church clock struck the hour.

Twelve!

Twelve o'clock. The down express from London due —*overdue* three minutes.

I raise my eyes to Bill's box.

The signal stands, "Line clear!"

But the down express? Has she passed?

God! Good God! There—there—at sixty miles an hour—'er lamps like great glarin' eyes—Good God! she's comin'!—Comin'—the goods train before 'er—she'll catch 'em where the line curves round. The sidin'—God 'elp me—the sidin'!

A wild spring over the railin's—on the line—my 'and on the lever, flashin' the red light beside it, an' *turnin' the points!*

I don't remember no more till I woke in the 'ospital. Then they told me wot I'd done. Just in time, I'd turned the points,—just in time to run the down express on to a long, clear sidin' where she soon pulled up, an' not a life were lost, nor a limb broke. They found me lyin' in the snow, an' took me for dead, for the engine 'ad catched me some'ow (though I managed to 'old on till the train 'ad passed), an' my leg was wounded an' 'elpless. An' I lay, white and bleedin', but mutterin' something they didn't understand about the meetin', an' about Him wot give His life to save many.

Bill Reynolds, sir? He 'ad been on dooty for eighteen hours without a break—eighteen hours in the bitter cold—eighteen hours with weary body an' achin' brain. An' they found 'im dead, sir—dead in his box—dead at his post of dooty, with the signal up, "Line clear!"

Poor old Bill Reynolds! while he stood up there in 'is cold, icy box, a signal went up for 'im, "Line clear" —an' Bill passed right through to the terminus.

That's 'ow I lost my leg, sir; an' that's why I says put down my religion, "Turnin' the points for the Down Express"—'cos I aint done nothin' in the way of religion, 'ceptin' savin' the lives of them people in the Down Express by a-shuntin' of it on to a sidin'. But I aint quite sure that there were not more religion in me w'en I done that than in them rich Directors of the great Manglem Railway as allowed poor Bill Reynolds, all numbed an' cold, to work eighteen hours at a stretch. Poor old Bill Reynolds, as were found dead!

GETTING UP.—Henry S. Leigh.

Have you brought my boots, Jemima? Leave them at my chamber-door.
Does the water boil, Jemima? Place it also on the floor.
Eight o'clock already, is it? How's the weather; pretty fine?
Eight is tolerably early; I can get away by nine.

Still I feel a little sleepy, though I came to bed at one.
Put the bacon on, Jemima; see the eggs are nicely done!
I'll be down in twenty minutes—or, if possible, in less;
I shall not be long, Jemima, when I once begin to dress.

She is gone, the brisk Jemima; she is gone and little thinks
How the sluggard yearns to capture yet another forty winks.
Since the bard is human only—not an early village cock—
Why should he salute the morning at the hour of eight o'clock?
Stifled be the voice of Duty; Prudence, prythee cease to chide;
While I turn me softly, gently, round upon my other side.
Sleep, resume thy downy empire; reassert thy sable reign!
Morpheus, why desert a fellow? Bring those poppies here again!

What's the matter *now*, Jemima? *Nine o'clock?* It cannot be!
Hast prepared the eggs, the bacon, and the matutinal tea?
Take away the jug, Jemima. Go, replenish it anon;
Since the charm of its caloric must be very nearly gone.
She has left me. Let me linger till she reappears again.
Let my lazy thoughts meander in a free and easy vein.
After sleep's profounder solace, naught refreshes like the doze.
Should I tumble off, no matter: she will wake me, I suppose.

Bless me, is it *you*, Jemima? Mercy on us, what a knock!
Can it be—I can't believe it—actually ten o'clock?
I will out of bed and shave me. Fetch me warmer water up!
Let the tea be strong, Jemima. I shall only want a cup.
Stop a minute! I remember some appointment, by-the-way;
'Twould have brought me mints of money,—'twas for ten o'clock to-day.
Let me drown my disappointment, Slumber, in thy seventh heaven!
You may go away, Jemima. Come and call me at eleven!

"LEADVILLE JIM."—W. W. Fink.

He came to town one winter day,
He had walked from Leadville all the way;
He went to work in a lumber yard,
And wrote a letter that ran: "Dear Pard,
Stick to the claim whatever you do,
And remember that Jim will see you through."

For, to quote his partner, "they owned a lead
Mit der shplendidest brospects, und notings to ead."

When Sunday came he brushed his coat,
And tied a handkerchief round his throat,
Though his feet in hob-nailed shoes were shod
He ventured to enter the house of God.
When, sharply scanning his ill-clad feet,
The usher gave him the rearmost seat.
By chance the loveliest girl in town
Came late to the house of God that day,
And, scorning to make a vain display
Of her brand new, beautiful Sunday gown,
Beside the threadbare man sat down.
When the organ pealed she turned to Jim
And kindly offered her book to him,
Held half herself, and showed him the place,
And then with genuine Christian grace,
She sang soprano, and he sang bass,
While up in the choir the basso growled,
The tenor, soprano and alto howled,
And the banker's son looked back and scowled.
The preacher closed his sermon grand
With a invitation to "join the band."
Then quietly from his seat uprose
The miner, dressed in his threadbare clothes,
And over the carpeted floor walked down
The aisle of the richest church in town.
In spite of the general shudder and frown,
He joined the church and went his way;
But he did not know he had walked that day
O'er the sensitive corns of pride, rough-shod;
For the miner was thinking just then of God.
A little lonely it seemed to him
In the rearmost pew when Sunday came;
One deacon had dubbed him "Leadville Jim,"
But the rest had forgotten quite his name.
And yet 'twas never more strange than true,
God sat with the man in the rearmost pew,
Strengthened his arm in the lumber-yard,
And away in the mountains helped his "Pard."

But after awhile a letter came
Which ran: "Dear Yim—I haf sell our claim,
Und I send you a jeck for half der same.

A million, I dought, was a pooty good brice,
Und my *heart* said to sell, so I took its advice—
You know what I mean if you lofe a fraulein;
Goot-by. *I* am going to marry Katrine."

The hob-nailed shoes and rusty coat
Were laid aside, and another note
Came rippling out of the public throat.
The miner was now no longer "Jim,"
But the Deacons "Brothered" and "Mistered" him:
Took their buggies and showed him round.
And, more than the fact of his wealth, they found
Through the papers which told the wondrous tale
That the fellow had led his class at Yale.
Ah! the maidens admired his splendid shape,
Which the tailor had matched with careful tape;
But he married the loveliest girl in town,
The one who once by his side sat down,
When up in the choir the basso growled,
The tenor, soprano, and alto howled,
And the banker's son looked back and scowled.

—*N. Y. Independent.*

THE NAMELESS GUEST.—James Clarence Harvey.

I wonder if ever the angel of death
Comes down from the great unknown,
And soars away on the wings of night,
Unburdened and alone;
I wonder if ever the angels' eyes
Are filled with glistening tears,
As they grant to the souls unfit for flight
A few more weary years.

For it seems at times when the world is still
And the soft night winds are whist,
As though some spirit were hovering near
In folds of dream-like mist;
And I feel, though mortals are nowhere near,
That I am not quite alone,
And with gloomy thoughts of dying and death
My heart grows cold as stone.

But whether 'tis death that hovers near,
And knocks at the door of my heart,

Or whether 'tis some bright angel come
To be of my life a part,
I cannot tell, and I long in vain
The secret strange to know,
While the moments of mirth, and grief, and pa[illegible]
Move on in their ceaseless flow.

And at night when I kneel to a higher power
And ask his tender care,
One yearning cry of a wayward life
Is the burthen of my prayer,—
That I may bend, with willing lips,
To kiss the chastening rod,
And learn the way through the golden gate
To the great white throne of God.

MAHMUD AND THE IDOL.—Bessie Chandler.

"Mahmud is coming," the Brahmins cried,
"Mahmud the terrible, Mahmud the Turk,
Who levels our temples far and wide,
And laughs in the midst of his bloody work.

"With thousands of horses and camels, he comes;
His army of archers is almost here;
Afar we hear the beat of his drums,
Yet we defy him—why should we fear?

"Lo! in the temple our grand one stands,
Our Moon God's pillar, holy and fair,
And daily the pilgrims from distant lands
Kneel down before it and worship there.

"We bathe it in sacred Ganges waters;
The tides, to honor it, ebb and advance,
And high-born maidens (ay, Rajah's daughters!)
Around it forever sing and dance.

"Our temple is guarded, armed and strong,
On three sides around it the water lies.
We cry for vengeance to right our wrong—
The Moon God is mighty, and hears our cries!"

Three days their battle-shouts filled the air,
Then Mahmud conquered. He scaled the wall

And rode to the Brahmins' temple, where
Stood the Moon God's pillar, stately and tall.

'Twas covered with carved and burnished gold,
With graven images wrought with care,
And decked with pearls and with gems untold
That sparkled and flashed in the torches glare.

"Oh, spare it!" the Brahmins moaned and cried.
They knelt before him with humble mien,
With wailing and sobbing on every side—
Only the idol stood calm and serene.

"Oh, spare it!" they prayed, and offered gold
In shining masses, and jewels beside—
Like a yellow river it flowed and rolled,
With the gems like ripples on its tide.

Then Mahmud's followers whispered, "See,
The idol's ransom is better far
Than the idol's self, so let it be,—
Their Moon God we will not hurt or mar."

But Mahmud said, with a scornful face,
"Did I come to buy their idols? *No.*"
Then he raised his heavy battle mace,
And struck the pillar a mighty blow.

Again and again his blows descend,
Till the pillar totters—crashes—falls—
While the Brahmins watch the dreaded end
With groans and unheeded prayers and calls.

It fell, and, lo! from its side a stream
Of gold and jewels began to start,
More radiant far than the fairest dream,—
'Twas the broken idol's hidden heart.

The Brahmins shrieked in their anguish then,
For precious and great was the treasure found,
But Mahmud rejoiced, and all his men,
That the Moon God lay shattered on the ground.

Brahmins and Mahmud have passed away,
And vanished is all their wealth untold;
Yet he who breaks his idol to-day
May find within it a heart of gold!

—*Good Cheer.*

THE STORY OF A BEDSTEAD.

It was night.

The boarding house was wrapt in tenebrous gloom, faintly tinted with an odor of kerosene.

Suddenly there arose on the air a yell, followed by wild objurgations and furious anathemas.

Then there was a clanking and rattling, as of an overturned picket fence, and another yell, with more anathemas. The fatted boarders listened, and, ghostly clad, tip-toed along to Buffum's room, he of Buffum and Bird, second-hand furniture dealers. As they stood there, there was a whiz, a grinding, a rattling and a bang, and more yells. They consulted and knocked on the door.

"Come in."

"Open it."

"I can't."

Convinced that Buffum was in his last agony they knocked in the door with a bed post.

The sight was ghastly. Clasped between two sturdy though slender frames of walnut, Buffum, pale as a ghost, was six feet up in the air. He couldn't move. He was caught like a bear in a log-trap.

"What on earth is it?" they said.

"Bedstead—combination—new patent I was tellin' you about," gasped Buffum.

His story was simple, though tearful. He had brought it home that day, and after using it for a writing desk, had opened it out and made his bed. He was going peacefully to dream-land, when he rolled over and accidentally touched a spring. The faithful invention immediately became a double crib, and turned Buffum into a squalling wafer. Then he struggled; and was reaching around for the spring, when the patent bedstead thought it would show off some more and straightened out and shot up in the air and was a clothes-horse. Buffum said he didn't like to be clothes, and he would give

the thing to anybody that would get him out. They said they would try. They didn't want any such fire-extinguisher as that for their trouble, but they would try. They inspected it cautiously. They walked all around it. Then the commission merchant laid his little finger on the top end of it. The thing snorted and reared as if it had been shot, slapped over with a bang and became an extension table for ten people. When they recovered from the panic they came back. They found the commission merchant in the corner trying to get breath enough to swear, while he rubbed his shins. Buffum had disappeared, but they knew he had not gone far. The invention appeared to have taken a fancy to him and incorporated him into the firm, so to speak. He was down underneath, straddling one of the legs, with his head jammed into the mattress. Nobody dared to touch it. The landlady got a club and reached for its vital parts, but could not find them. She hammered her breath away, and when she got through and dropped the club in despair the thing swung out its arms with a grasp and a rattle, turned over twice and slapped itself into a bed again, with Buffum peacefully among the sheets. He held his breath for a minute, and then, watching his opportunity, made a flying leap to the floor just in time to save himself from being a folding screen.

A man with a black eye and a cut lip told the editor about it yesterday. He said he had bought the patent and Buffum had been explaining to him how it worked.

THE CREATION OF MAN.—JOHN H. HEWITT.

"So God created man in his own image."

When there was nought but space,—before all time;
When chaos slept, and darkness reigned sublime;
When no material thing, not e'en the air,
Found habitation in the silence there;
No ripple of an angel's breath—no sound—
Nothing that lived—all still and dark around,

God's spirit moved throughout the vasty space,
Mysterious radiance flashing from his face.
When forth his fiat went—"Let there be light!"
And light there was; the spirit of the night,
By God's decree, fled o'er the ebon track,
Bearing the new-made world upon his back.
Then fashioned He the heavens and the earth,
To living things He gave primeval birth;
He made the vapors feed the bubbling spring,
The spring the brook, the brooks, in turn, to bring
Their liquid tribute to the rivers wide,
The rivers to the ocean's mighty tide.
The air He made,—filled it with feathered things
That fashioned music while they plied their wings.
He painted with a pencil dipped in light,
The rainbow on the cloud, the flow'rets bright.
He made a paradise where angel choirs
Might sing his praise, and sweep their golden lyres,
And named it Eden. Then He said: "'Tis well;
But where's the being with a soul, to tell
The beauty of this orb,—the yielding earth,—
To name the Architect that gave it birth?"

The God, in Trinity, then counseled, and
It was resolved that man should rule the land
And sea, and all that earth brought forth,
From the warm south up to the frozen north.
"Let us make man," said He, "but how?
A spirit to whose beauty all might bow,
Or of the earth made animate, with soul,
With power to reason, multiply, control."

In the blue depths the evening star arose,
Bright as a dewdrop when the morning glows;
And out she spake—"No brighter star I see,
Lord of the Universe, make him like me."
But God said "No!" Then fair Selene rose
In the dim east, like one from sweet repose;
Her robes of silvery white—from the dark sea;
"Father of all!" said she, "make him like me."
Then through the mighty depths came answering low,
The fiat of the holy Triune—"No."
Aurora then in all her gay attire,
Her crimson scarf and drapery of fire,
With rosy fingers ope'd the orient gate
And heralded the day. With pride elate

She smiled upon the wavelets of the sea,
And, pleading, spake to God: "Make him like me."
From boundless space came thundering down below
Jehovah's answer to the pleader—"No!"
Then followed Helios, mighty king of day,
Arrayed in robes imperial, half gay,
Half solemn, wearing a look of wrath,
And scattering life and death along his path;
His chariot wheels with spokes of pent up fire,
And lambent flashes darting from each tire,
Rolled through the firmament o'er blasted lea,
And shouted—"Father! model him like me."
Then spake Jehovah through the dazzling glow
That poured out from the blazing day-god—"No!"
Next an archangel, shining in pure light,
Etherial and heavenly,—as bright
As Purity's own diadem, swift flew
Midst stars unknown to us, through regions blue,
Up to the court where only angels trod
And knelt to Him,—the everlasting God.
"Make him like me, O Sire!" he pleaded low;
Jehovah deigned to smile—but answered "No."
There was no other archetype to seek,
God was the only Three-in-One to speak;
"Let us make man—but how?" the Triune said,
"In our own image be he, forthwith, made!"
Then God made man, and he was king of earth,
Temptation's tool—but Godlike in his birth.

THE OUTLAW.—M. Henderson.

'Tis morn; and on the mountain top the outlaw rested now,
And laid his good sword by his side, his bonnet from his brow.
Upon the lofty towers that rise o'er his ancestral hall,
From far the weary wanderer gazed, while tears like rain-drops fall.

An honest heart that knew not fear—to man that would not bow—
Was seated in his eagle eye, and on his manly brow;
But care, and wrong, and want, and woe, leave scars time may not heal,
Wounds that the wicked may revenge, the proud alone can feel.

A traitor's doom forbids him hope these walls to enter more;
And soon the hunted outlaw seeks a home on foreign shore.
He started up: "Methinks I hear the sound of woman's wail,
I hear the sounds of ruffian strife borne upwards on the gale."

Then, gazing down: "Such odds, I ween, were never heard before,—
Three sturdy knaves against my arm, my race of life is o'er.
Yet, 'tis a woman's wail! Shall I stand idly looking on,
While strength to strike in her defence lies in my father's son?"

Adown the mountain side he sprang, like a lion in his wrath,
And soon these sturdy villains lay sore mangled in his path.
The lady rose up from her knees, and motionless she stood,
Gazing in silent wonder on the stranger's hardihood.

Ah! why the sudden start—the blush—the deadly paleness then,
As on her face the outlaw turned so eagerly his ken?
"It is Sir Donald Bruce!" she cried, for well his crest she knew,
And well she kenned the Highland plaid, and bonnet of the blue.

"My father's foe!" "True, lady, true," the gallant outlaw said,
"Though I have forced *thy* foes to yield 'neath my victorious blade,
Thy father's foe,—of him who lives scourge of my ruined line,
Nor leaves me aught in earth or air, that I may claim as mine

"Save hatred deep of alien power, of tyrant and of knave,
A love of right, a scorn of wrong, of coward, and of slave.
Farewell! farewell! In other years, think on the outlaw lone,
Whose hand is true, though tyrant foes have turned his heart to stone."

"Nay, but thou wilt not leave me thus; thy task is hardly o'er,
Oh! bear me safe from forest wilds within my father's door;
Ascendency of rank and power, a loyal heart and true
Are his; and well my father loves the bonnet of the blue."

"'Tis time, I own, the outlaw said, "this fevered strife were o'er.
Yes, lady, I will bear thee safe within thy father's door.
But sooth to quaff of foeman's cup were sorry cheer for me,
Or see another's yoemen range where mine were wont to be."

"Yet I, thy friend," the lady said, "thy power were easy won."
(Breathes there a man when woman pleads, can feel his heart his own?)

Bright shines the sun upon the banks and braes of bonny Clyde,
But brighter far the love-lit eyes of brave Sir Donald's bride.
The trumpets sound, the bagpipes play, and chargers gallop round,
And high beats now Sir Donald's heart with many an aching bound.

The bonfires gaily gleaming, o'er mountain, hill, and dell,
And bridal favors testify he'd done his errand well.
Long, long may good Sir Donald wield the blade he proved so true,
And long may bonny Scotland prize the bonnet of the blue.

THE FENCE O' SCRIPTURE FAITH.

MRS. FINDLEY BRADEN.

It a' cam'-richt at las', juist as I ken'd it wud, i' God's ain gude time.

For ten lang years, I was sair fashed aboot Douglas, oor ainly bairn. He rin awa' frae hame, when but a laddie o' twelve-an'-six-months, an' fayther, i' his hard cauld way, bolted the hoose door after him.

"Let him gae!" he cried, i' anger. "He's nae lad o' mine, frae this day oot!"

"Dinna say that, mon!" I pleaded. "The lad's boun' to return!"

"If he cam' back noo, he cudna enter!"

My empty arms were roun' his neck i' a minit, but he flung me frae him, wi' mair bitter words. It was a' my

wark. I had set the bairn against his faythe. An' he hated me for it.

It was a' unco sair to bide. Wi' bleeding heart, I turned frae him who should hae comforted, an' lookt up to the Faythe aboon. An' his gude promises cam' doon i' heavenly giftie. It seemed his ain voice sayin', "As thy days, sae shall thy strength be."

But frae the mirk nicht o' Douglas's ootgaein', my gude mon an' I were pairted. We still shared the same cot, yet he wud hae nae spaech wi' me; puir Douglas's name wasna spoken. He might be miles awa', but he pu'd at oor heart-strings, as i' happier times togithe. An' ilka day I prayed "Bring the laddie safe hame! He is my earthly a'! I canna gie him up."

Sae I juist built a fence o' true Scripture Faith aroun' my puir weak bodie, an' waited. My expectation was alane frae Him. I ken'd that his ear wasna heavy, an' that he heard my cry. Owre an' owre again, I sang the auld hymn,

> "Lord, I canna let thee go
> Till this blessing thou bestow.
> Dinna turn awa' thy face,
> Mine's an urgent, pressing case."

But my gude mon wud sit by wi' scornfu' looks. They made my bluid rin' cauld. He was hardening mair an' mair, as the years crept by. Ance, when he saw me placin' a candle i' the west window, he snufft it oot, sayin': "I'll hae nane o' that, woman! The ane who left us nae langer has a hame."

"The bairn's hame is his mither's heart," I answered hotly. "You canna forbid his entrance. I'm keepin' the door wide open, an' the light o' my love will shine oot an' guide him back to me at las'. It's a sma' matter whether yon candle burns or nae. I'm hedged i' by the gude fence o' Scripture Faith. It is growin' higher an' higher. A' things are possible to him that believeth. I hae cast my burden upon the Lord, an' he is sustaining me. I dinna fear. God is taking gude care o' Douglas, an' suner or later he will bring him hame."

It was a long speech for a puir, weak woman, but my faith i' God's promises made me bold as Daniel o' auld.

"You maun forgie the laddie," I went on. "He was ainly headstrong like yoursel'. He wanted to gae his ain way at his ain gait, juist as you hae done a' your life. You canna blame him. But he will return; I ken it weel! Pray for grace to gie him a true hame welcome."

My gude mon gazed at me i' 'stonishment. "It's a bra speerit you hae, lass; I didna think it. But Douglas willna return; I daurna hope it. It's nine years an' mair sin' he left us. He's a mon, noo, wi' sma' love for you an' me an' the auld hame-nest."

"Nay, nay, mon! Dinna believe that! You maun get behin' the fence o' Scripture Faith. I hae been there through a' these weary years o' the laddie's absence. I hae prayed nicht an' day that God may bring him back. An' he *will*. The hymn-book says:

'Prayer an answer will obtain,
Though the Lord awhile delay.
Nane sha' seek his name i' vain,
Nane be empty sent awa'.'"

But my puir mon hadna the faith to believe it. Six months after he was ta'en doon with fever. When oot o' his mind he wud juist ca' and ca' for Douglas. An' I cud ainly say, "The laddie's awa'. He'll sune be hame. Dinna greet." That wud rest him for a minit, an' then he wud spier again:

"Is Douglas hame yet, lass?"

"Nay, nay!" I wud mak' answer. "But he's comin'; juist wait a wee."

Sae, ane lanely nicht, as I sat by his bed, fearin' he might leave me afore the mornin' licht, the door saftly opited an' a strange mon cam' i'. He was ta' an' beardit, an' I thocht him the new dochter frae Aberfoil. Wi'oot speekin', he sat doon.

"You canna halp my gude mon," I began; "he's gaein' fas'!"

The stranger bowed, an' bent owre the low bed.

"He *is* sinking. Hae you tried to rouse him?"

"I canna'," I cried, bitterly. "But oor missin' bairn might."

"Has he bin awa' lang?" spiered the stranger.

"Juist ten years."

"But he may return."

"Ay, when too late! His fayther's face will sune be hidden aneath the heather."

But the sick mon's e'en suddenly cam' opit. There was a glint o' reason i' them. "Lass," he ca'd, "are you there yet?"

"Yes."

"Still behind the fence o' Scripture Faith?"

"Yes, mon."

"An' Douglas is comin' hame?"

"Yes, yes! Dinna doot it."

"Will he be wi' us sune?"

"I hope sae."

His thin han's trembled. "I maun see him afore I dee. If I shudna', gi'e him my blessing. Kiss me lass."

I touched his white cheek for the first time sin' Douglas left us. I lookt up to find the stranger's e'e on us baith.

"Save him if you can," I whispered, "for oor laddie's sake. He luv'd his fayther ance, an' he will be hame at las'."

The strange mon cam' forward wi' ootstratcht arms. "Mither," he cried, "I hae cam' hame. Dinna you ken? I am Douglas!"

It was a' true, for he caught fayther an me i' ane embrace, while oor tears o' happiness fell i' a triple shower. Ay, that was a reunion worth recallin'! It's a' cam' back a score o' times. Fayther began to mend frae that nicht. He cudna bear Douglas oot o' his sight, for weeks after. Together we shared the laddie's love, tho' he was a wee bit tenderer wi' my ainsel'. An' weel I ken'd the reason!

"Mither," he said, while fayther ance slept, "your prayers brot me hame, naething else. When far awa'

across the ocean, I cud still hear your low, sweet voice, an' see your dear, sad face. You were wi' me a' the time. I fancied I cud hear the words you uttered. Nicht an' day you prayed for my safe return. But I was ane a' the stubborn sort, an' thochts o' fayther's harshness kept me awa'. Those ten years were a lang, lang time, but they were years o' discipline. I made a mon o' mysel' an' then startit for hame i' answer to your ca'. But mither, dear mither, I'll never leave you again!"

An' the laddie hasna. Later i' life, he wedded as a' laddies should, but he brot his bonnie gude wife to fayther an' me, instead o' gaen awa' wi' her, an' for twenty years we hae bin a united family. Douglas's ain bairns fill the auld hame-nest to owreflowin'.

Frae my safe shelter behind the fence o' Scripture Faith I pray that, ane by ane, we may a' be gathered into the Gude Shepherd's fold aboon.

DER VATER-MILL.*—Charles Follen Adams.

I reads aboudt dot vater mill dot runs der life-long day,
Und how der vater don'd coom pack vhen vonce id flows avay;
Und off der mill shtream dot glides on so beacefully und shtill,
Budt don'd vas putting in more vork on dot same vater mill.

*The following letter from the author of "Der Vater-Mill," gives our Teutonic friend's opinion of some of the points contained in the well-known poem, "The Water-Mill" (which will be found in No. 14, of this Series):

Dear Editor: Dhere vas an oldt adverb dot "Id vas beddher you don'd gry for soom shpilt milk," und ven I read dot boem off "Dot Vater-Mill," de oder day, I dinks to mineselluf, dot boet musd haf peen in der milk peesnis vonce, und don'd go mooch on adverbs. I vasn't von off dhose vellers dot sits down mit foldet hants und grumples because I don'd got soom Tell Bellerone shtock vhen id vas von tollar und a haluf a share, und peen riding arouñd, now, mit mine carritch. I findt out dot der bressent time vas all vot I gan dake gare off, mit-oudt boddhering mineselluf mit der bast. I dakes more shtock in dot oder boet, who say: 'Eef at virsd you don'd sockseed, dry, dry, dry some more!" I don'd vish to find soom faults mit dot vater-mill boet who vants us to draw der gonclusions dot "Losdt obbortunidies nefer return." Dot's all righdt! Vot I say vas dot oder obbordunidies vas comin' along all der dimes, as der two "Sams" doldt us aboudt down to der Funny Veal Hall, in Boston, der oder day, und dhose vas der obbordunidies dot vas now okkubying der addendions off yours, respecdably.

Yawcob Strauss.

Der boet says, 'tvas beddher dot you holdt dis broverb fast,
"Der mill id don'd vould grind some more mit vater dot vas past."

Dot boem id vas peautiful to read aboudt; dot's so!
Budt eef dot vater *vasn't* past how could dot mill vheel go?
Und vhy make drouble mit dot mill vhen id vas been inclined
To dake each obbordunidy dot's gifen id to grind?
Und vhen der vater cooms along in qvandidies so vast,
I'd let some oder mill dake-oup der vater dot vas past.

Dhen der boet shange der subject, und he dells us vonce again:
"Der sickle neffer more shall reap der yellow, garnered grain."
Vell; vonce vas blendy, aind't id? Id vouldn't been so nice
To haf dot sickle reaping oup der same grain ofer, tvice!
Vhy, vot's der use off cutting oup der grass alreaty mown?
Id vas pest, mine moder dold me, to let vell enough alone.

"Der summer vinds refife no more, leaves strewn o'er earth und main."
Vell; who vants to refife dhem? Dhere vas blendy more again!
Der summer vinds dhey shtep righdt oup in goot time to brepare
Dhose blants und trees for oder leaves; dhere soon vas creen vones dhere.
Shust bear dis adverb on your mindts, mine frendts, und holdt id fast:
Der new leaves don'd vas been aroundt undil der oldt vas past.

Dhen neffer mindt der leaves dot's dead; der grain dot's in der bin;
Dhey both off dhem haf had dheir day, und shust vas gathered in.
Und neffer mindt der vater vhen id vonce goes droo der mill;
Ids vork vas done! Dhere's blendy more dot vaits ids blace to fill.
Let each von dake dis moral, vrom der king down to der peasant:
Don'd mindt der vater dot vas past, budt der vater dot vas bresent.

THE HOSTAGE.—Helen Booth.*

Written expressly for this Collection.

Lo! the king's son hath taken prisoner
The mighty chieftain of opposing bands.
"Now must he die," the king saith. "But we hold
Our clemency so high that other lands
Look on and wonder. Prisoner, thus, we give
Heed to thy last request, so that it be
Not life thou askest." "Good, O king," cried he,
The high-born prisoner. "Haply I ask of thee
One boon,—to see the beauteous woman I have wed
A too-short month agone; to see and place
A last kiss on her lips. Then will I come
And meet the death delayed by thy grace."
Whereat the king, "Thou jestest. Sure, is not
This war because that woman chose thee, and
Spurned our prince's love? What hostage hast
To leave behind thee that thy word will stand,
And thou come back to take the death decreed?"
Out stepped the king's son, he whose great love foiled
Had made the war. "Oh, sire," he said, "let me
A man whose happy retrospect is spoiled
By love gone wrong, be this knight's hostage. I
Know well the woman's power,—we who love
Can heed but little save herself. Then let
Me hostage be; that must this knight's truth prove.
For should he come not at appointed time,
The shame be doubly hers who makes him false
She loves, and me true whom she much more hates.
I ask to be his hostage, nothing else."
Therefore the king waxed wroth. "No prince of ours
Should so assoil his kinship unto us
By standing hostage for our enemy
And his worst foe. And yet it shall be thus.
Set ye the prisoner free! In three full days
If he return not, another soul shall wing
Its flight to judgment in the place of his,—
The soul of him whose father is a king."
And so turned on his heel, nor deigned to note
The wistful prince. The prisoner free, soon sped

* Author of the romantic old-time drama for amateurs entitled "At the Red Lion," also the charming little comedy, "After Twenty Years," with song, etc., and other plays, to be found in the Dramatic Supplements appended to the first Twenty Numbers of this Series.

Away on swiftest steed; the king's son went
To prison keep, by the grim gaoler led.
The bright day fell, and stilly night had come,
The heavens were lamped by myriad swinging stars;
The day dawned, and the sun's fiery hands
Laid on the tented plain long amber scars;
Eve sat within the vestibule of day,
Her misty veil moon-pinned, and night was near,
Nay, came, and melted into radiant dawn,
And the third day, the death-day, thus was here.
Yet he, the prisoner set free, was free,
Nor had come back redeeming his vowed pledge.
Men shaded eyes, searching the horizon,
To find but vacancy that reached its edge.
The king was black of brow. "The hostage dies,"
He said. "A soldier knows small sentiment,
Though sentiment make the war wherein he moils.
The hostage dies!—a king's word is not spent
So idly as to shield his flesh and blood
When they unworthily deny their worth.
The prisoner comes not; in the arms of love
He lingers laughing. Lead the hostage forth!"
And so the gaoler led the king's son on
To where the crape-masked headsman bared his arm
And grasped his glittering axe, and blew his breath
Upon his nervous hands to make them warm.
The king's son smiled. "My sire," he plead, "but wait
Until the third day to its last hour roves.
I dare not think the woman who hates me
Would have me truer than the man she loves.
If thus she would, 'twere well to die for him
And doubly die for her whose love may not
Command the honor of her wedded lord.
Let, then, the day's last hour compass my lot."
"Until the last hour be it!" the king said. So
They waited silent, watching the bare plain
Where came the gusty breaths of dying day,
And crystal mists that told of coming rain.
Then evening fell. The king's son shouted. "Strike!
Swerve not thy blade, O headsman! She I love
Hath proved her utter lovelessness when she
Deems traitorous falsehood generous trust above!"
"Yea, strike!" the king said. "A king's word is given!"
The headsman raised the axe. There rose a shout—

A palfrey swift as wind flew o'er the plain
And staggered nigh. The prisoner? Nay; but out
From tangled trappings stepped a glorious maid,
White as the lily, proud as the stem it tops;
She bares her throat, a pulsing marble plinth,
And down before the crape-masked headsman drops.
"Thy prisoner is here!" she said. "The man
I wedded came to me and told me all.
His life was sweeter than his pledge. He staid,
I came,—no more his wife, but death's true thrall.
Divorce me, king, from the rank traitor ere
I go to heaven, take his name from mine,
Who loves life more than truth!" "'Tis done," the king
Cried. "Maiden, where is sacrifice like thine!
Small wonder one man loves thee unto death,
Another for that love to life would cling.
But great thy praise, thou hatest thy false lord?"
"I *love*, yet fain would hate," said she. "Strike!" cried
the king.
The headsman raised his axe—a cry—it fell!
Whose head lay 'neath the faint first star on high?
Not hers who loved a traitor,—his, who for
A love far nobler doomed himself to die.

TIMOTHY GREY.—ALFRED H. MILES.

Timothy Grey,
At school or at play,
Whether at home
Or whether away,
No matter when,
No matter where,
In doors or out of doors,
Here, then or there,
Like a little mouse nibbling, nibbling, nibbling,
Was always scribbling, scribbling, scribbling,
With pencil and slate,
Upstairs and downstairs,
Early and late.

Whenever you saw him,
A copy before him
Held his attention;
As times without mention,

As quickly as ever a little mouse nibbled,
He scribbled and scribbled, and scribbled and scribbled.
He would draw Mr. Brown
As he walks up to town,
Or the pattern upon Aunt Jemima's new gown;
Or his friend Freddie White
As he flies his big kite
High up in the heavens, well nigh out of sight;
Or little Ned Green,
Who is nearly thirteen,
And the very best cricketer Timmy has seen.
Then he'd draw birds and butterflies,
Flying or otherwise,
Boats on the river, or ships on the sea;
Puppies and pussy-cats,
Foot-balls and cricket bats,
Old hogs with little pigs, one, two and three.
And so practised he got
With the subjects he treated,
That, though often he tried,
He was never defeated;
Till no matter what subject,
Or time of the day,
'Twas as easy as easy
To Timothy Grey.

Now "once on a time,"
As they say in the rhyme,
Or "it fell on a day,"
As the old fables say,
That the loving mamma of young Timothy G——
Said, "Timmy, my darling, to-morrow you'll see
Your grandpa and grandma are coming to tea;
So now draw me some pictures,
Because, as you know,
That now you are six years
Of age, you must show
That you have not been idle since last they were here,
And how much you've improved in the course of a year."

So Timothy seated himself with his slate
On a cushion in front of the best parlor grate;
And there on the mat,
Composedly sat
Sir Thomas De Tabby, the favorite cat.

"Ah, ah, Sir Tom Tabby!" said Timothy Grey,
"I have something important to finish to-day."
Then he told him he wanted his portrait to take,
And that he must be quiet for Timothy's sake.
So he tossed his old head and he frisked his old tail,
And then sat as still as a gone-to-sleep snail.
First a whisker he drew,
And second a paw,
And then all the other parts
Not drawn before;
Till, the picture completed,
He shouted with glee,
"Hurrah! for Tom Tabbyskins,—
Tommy and me!"

Mamma was delighted,
Papa was excited,
And grandpa, invited
With grandma, united
In praising the drawing of Timothy Grey.
And they sent him to school,
Where they taught him by rule
To draw better pictures
Than when he was six years
Of age, and drew pussy-cats,
Cosy and snug,
In the little front parlor
Upon the hearth-rug.

And now he's so clever
That if you should ever
Surprise him while sketching a picture or two,
If you ask him politely,
It is very likely
He might draw a nice little picture of you.
But if he is busy,
Beware how you act,
For so clever is he,
And such is his tact,
That if you should frown
He would just jot it down,
And I'm sure you'd be sorry for many a day
That you frowned in the presence of Timothy Grey.

The last time I saw him,
A short time ago,

A picture before him
With color aglow
Was being prepared for the paint-colored walls
Of the Royal Academy's beautiful halls.
And when it hangs there I am sure he'll delight
To take his mamma there to witness the sight.
And wont she be pleased when she hears people say,
"That's the prettiest picture I've seen here to-day;"
Though she can't love him more than she did when he sat
In the little front parlor and drew the old cat.

THE TRAITOR SEA.—C. J. CORRIE.

"Yeo-ho, my hearties!" the skipper cried,
As the day was dawning dim and gray;
"We'll hoist our sail wi' the turnin' tide,
And cast our nets in the lower bay."
The wives were awake to bid good-bye,
But the bairns were asleep so cosily,
As they sailed away in the morning.

They cast their nets in the lower bay,
And drew them in with a joyous gain,
While aye as they breasted the flying spray,
The skipper sang in a tuneful strain:
"Our wives are at work by the ingleside,
Our bairnies bathe in the creamy tide,
And watch for our boat returning!"

But a cold sea-fret came shuddering by,
And veiled the view of the distant shore;
Weirdly and wildly the seabirds' cry
Was borne along with the billows' roar.
Oh, wives that wait by the ingleside,
And bairnies that laugh at the lapping tide,
There's woe in the waves this morning!

Only a sea-bird hovering still,
Heedless, unharmed by the sudden squall;
A rudderless boat that drifts at will
Through pitiless waters—and that is all!
Alas! the wives that wait on the quay,
The bairnies that gaze on the traitor sea,
There's never a boat returning!

THE PUBLIC WORRIER.*—Geo. M. Vickers.

A Farce in One Act.

CHARACTERS.

Godfrey Giblets, the worrier.	Mr. Skipwell, a cashier.
Dr. Slicer, a physician.	Mr. Leek, an editor.
Mr. Sooner, a lawyer.	Mrs. Leek, his wife.

Henrietta Gimp, a maiden.

Scene.—*Interior of an office; a table with writing materials on one side, a lounge on opposite side, chairs, etc. Giblets discovered standing, holding a newspaper in his hand.*

Giblets (*laughing*). Ha! ha! ha! Yesterday I was a poor man without a dollar's credit; to-day I hold a sight draft on every member of the human race, and this (*holding up newspaper*) is the little joker that does the business. Who could resist an advertisement like this? (*Reads.*) "Any person in trouble may obtain instant relief by calling on Godfrey Giblets, No. 9 Timmins Court." That's it! That's brains! Good for Giblets! Old boy —— (*Knock at door.*) There's a bite, I'll wager! (*Knock repeated.*) Come in!

Enter Mr. Sooner.

Giblets. Welcome, old fellow! Give me a hearty shake. I've found a key that fits every man's cash box! Shake again.

Sooner (*aside*). I suspected as much; the poor man's gone. (*Aloud.*) Be calm. I congratulate you on (*takes paper from his pocket*) what ever it is ——

Giblets. Shake again.

Sooner. I have read your advertisement; friendship and curiosity have led me here to learn its meaning.

Giblets. I am a public worrier.

Sooner. A warrior? You don't mean to tell me you have enlisted?

Giblets. No, sir; you mistake the word. I am a worrier, a griever, a public groaner, a professional wincer. You are a lawyer. You have a thief for a client; you represent him at the bar; therefore you become a thief by proxy.

Sooner. Sir, you are drawing the point too fine; my profession is honorable and noble.

*Copyright, 1887.

GIBLETS. Mine is nobler still. Your client is convicted and goes to jail; you get your fee and the poor fellow is forgotten. What do I do? I go to the convict's cell; I find him grieving his life away. What do I say to him? This: My poor man, cease your anguish. For a small fee I will assume your grief; you serve the sentence, I will do the worrying. What is the result? This: I leave him to enjoy a term of indolent recreation; I leave the man happy. I worry in his stead. (*Groans and wrings his hands.*) Oh, I'm a public worrier!

SOONER. Astounding! Most extraordinary!

GIBLETS. Can I do anything for you?

SOONER. For me? Oh, no, no! (*Meditates.*) To tell the truth, I *have* been annoyed over a slight mistake I made which caused my last client to be hanged, but ——

GIBLETS. Don't mention it. Banish the thing from your mind. Five dollars will do it. Observe a sample. (*Groans.*) Oh, the unfortunate wretch (*groans*)! sacrificed to get another client's cash (*groans*).

SOONER. Stop! that's the way I do it myself, but don't let me hear you; wait till I'm gone. Here's your cash (*handing money to Giblets*). I may now hope for a night's rest. It will be the first I've had without that client's ghost at my bedside since the execution. Horrible!

GIBLETS. Shake again.

SOONER. Let me out! Horrible! Monstrous! [*Exit.*

GIBLETS. As no man is without trouble, my scheme is better than the poll tax, for it takes in the women, too. Five dollars, and from a lawyer! (*Puts money in table drawer.*) Mine is to be a life of luxurious indolence. (*Sits on lounge.*) I will read the news. (*Reads.*) "Snooks, the tailor, cheapest in the town." Humph! "Yankem & Slit, tailors, cheapest in the town." Humph! Here's another: "Bandy & Puff, tailors, cheapest in the town." Now it's a positive, undeniable fact that one of these three tailors is telling the truth, and equally true that t'other two tailors are mistaken. Now in my business I don't have to lie, for I've got no competition. (*Yawns.*) No, I've got the—thing—solid.

Giblets yawns, lies down and soon falls asleep. Knock at door.

MRS. LEEK (*without*). I guess he's out. (*Repeats knock.*)

He's out or deaf, I'm positive. (*Pushes door open with parasol.*) Empty! I'll go in and wait. (*Enters.*) Where can he be? (*Goes to table and takes up book, examines papers, etc.*) Well, I'm determined to get relief.

GIBLETS (*snores*). Gw-a-h-h-hah! gu-r-r-r ———

MRS. L. (*seeing him.*) Oh! there he is. How on earth shall I wake him? There's no use knocking on the door, I've tried that. I'll try my parasol. (*Touches Giblet's nose with parasol.*)

GIBLETS (*shaking head*). I'm a worrier, I am.

MRS. L. Talking in his sleep; says he's a furrier. I wonder what made him quit the business. (*Touches his nose again.*)

GIBLETS (*Slaps his face and sits up*). Confound the flies!

MRS. L. Sir.

GIBLETS. Murder! Don't, don't! (*Sees Mrs. Leek.*) Oh, beg pardon, I thought it was the ghost of Sooner's victim.

MRS. L. I did not come here to be insulted. I neither use rouge nor powder, and if my complexion is fair, it is due to nature, and not art. I'll not be called a ghost if I am intellectually pale.

GIBLETS. A thousand pardons. I took breakfast at a new restaurant; the steak was tough, that's all. Be seated, madam (*placing a chair*).

MRS. L. (*taking chair.*) I come in reference to your advertisement. I presume you are Mr. Giblets?

GIBLETS. I am, madam. If you have trouble, state it. I will relieve you at once.

MRS. L. Do you do it with the cards, or planets?

GIBLETS. I am not a fortune-teller.

MRS. L. Oh, you are not!

GIBLETS. I assume your trouble as a rich uncle assumes his nephew's debts. Tell me your case.

MRS. L. Not to be repeated to a living soul?

GIBLETS. Not a human being.

MRS. L. Well, then, my husband's name is Leek, editor of *The Daily Alleger*.

GIBLETS. The paper that contains my advertisement.

MRS. L. The same. Now, listen: every other issue the paper contains a poem signed "Maud."

GIBLETS. A poem signed "Maud."

MRS. L. One day the lines will commence:

"O love, thy dark and kinky hair
But fills my bosom with despair."

Now Leek's hair is brown and kinky, and I'm grieving to death to find out who Maud is.

GIBLETS. Why not ask your husband?

MRS. L. Ask him? I've begged him on my knees. Ask him? He only shakes his head and blushes.

GIBLETS. A thousand men have brown and kinky hair; your suspicion may be groundless.

MRS. L. Ah, if the poetry only ended there, but it does not. Every other day there is some allusion to Leek's peculiarity of form or feature. Yesterday the poem ended with the couplet:

"Ah, yes, thy classic Roman nose
Haunts poor Maud's steps where'er she goes."

I can't, and I won't stand it. I'll find out Maud or perish in the effort!

GIBLETS. Here's where my profession comes in. Your excitement is wholly needless. For five dollars I will restore you to the pinnacle of wifely confidence and bliss, thus (*wringing his hands*): Oh, the jade! I'll tear that woman's eyes out! Let me catch that Maud! Oh! oh! oh!

MRS. L. (*stamping her foot.*) Silence! (*Aside.*) Leek, the false-hearted villain, has betrayed me to this man; that's just the way I was overcome this morning. (*Aloud.*) Sir, my husband has been to see you.

GIBLETS. Don't know him; never saw him. It is my genius for classifying and assuming other people's woe. Go home and laugh. Trim your spring bonnet, and leave Maud to me.

MRS. L. What are your terms for payment?

GIBLETS. Cash down; a man can't stand trouble without money.

MRS. L. I will return again shortly.

GIBLETS. That's sensible. You will depart in a state of blissful tranquillity. (*Opens the door.*) I shall look for you, madam.

MRS. L. Oh, if I only had my fingers in that woman's hair! [*Exit.*

GIBLETS. The business is no longer an experiment. Oh, lucky Giblets! (*Loud knock at door.*) Another customer! What a world of tribulation! (*Knock repeated.*) That's a dyspeptic rap. Come in, come in.

Enter Mr. Leek.

MR. LEEK (*surveying Giblets suspiciously*). I presume (*looking around cautiously*)—

GIBLETS (*aside*). Judging by that long linen duster and the ink on his sleeves, this man must be either a pawnbroker's clerk or a policy-writer. (*Aloud.*) Ahem!

MR. L. I am in the depths of despondency. My brain is harrowed by a host of fleeting thoughts. Oh, brother, I am desperate!

GIBLETS (*starts back*). Easy, friend, I will listen to your gloomy sorrow—but, be seated.

MR. L. How can I talk with calmness when the hook is bare; how, when demons cry for copy, and my sheers refuse to cut?

GIBLETS. Are you sure you are in the right place, sir?

MR. L. Yes. For weeks I have tried all expedients to make my paper suit the public taste.

GIBLETS. You are the editor of *The Daily Alleger?* I see. I must interrupt you one moment (*picking up paper*). Your editorial on the eclipse of the moon last evening is superb. (*Reads.*) "At 9 o'clock the alleged shadow of the earth was discernible on the alleged lower limb of the moon. In support of this latter allegation ——" Mr. Leek, I will not read it through. It is immense. But why so many alleges?

MR. L. My dear sir, I am conducting my paper on a safe basis; not even the alleged inhabitants of the moon can come the libel dodge on me. Oh, my trouble is coming on with redoubled force!

GIBLETS. Pardon me. Go on with your calamity.

MR. L. To please the sentimental portion of my readers, I have been writing heart-beat poems, and have signed them ——

GIBLETS. With your own name, of course.

MR. L. Brother, there you err; I signed them "Maud."

GIBLETS. The dickens you did!

MR. L. Yes; and my wife thinks they were written by a spoony damsel who is smitten by my manly form. I have striven to convince her that I am the author of the poems, but she laughs at the idea. She doubts me, and I am not able to stagger under the weight of her allegations.

GIBLETS. For a "V" I will be your proxy. I will writhe for you. Observe: (*Folds his arms and assumes tragic air.*) Why did I ever marry (*groans*)? Writing, toiling, lying about my paper's circulation, running my face for railroad passes—O ungrateful woman, for you I am a swindler, and yet you doubt me! Oh, for the peace of a single man! How's that, Leek?

MR. L. You've been listening at the keyhole of my sanctum, sir!

GIBLETS. Never!

MR. L. Well, then, there's no use of two worrying, particularly when you can do the case full justice.

GIBLETS. And all for the nominal sum of a "V."

MR. L. That's it; if it was only a nominal "V," my way would be clear. The fact is, my subscribers are all in arrears, and the advertisers pay me in trade. However, I will return shortly with some merchandise from which you can select the value of your fee. Will that answer?

GIBLETS. Can't tell till I see what you've got.

MR. L. (*aside.*) I'd like to trade off my wife. (*Aloud.*) I'll be here again in a few minutes. [*Exit.*

GIBLETS. Trouble is an epidemic that no man escapes, and even if he gets cured, he's liable to a relapse at any time. (*Takes a card from pocket and writes on its back.*) I'll just write on this card: "Be back in five minutes; walk in." I'll pin it on the door. I must go and get a sandwich. (*Fastens card on outside of door.*) There, now, I'll be off. [*Exit.*

HENRIETTA (*without*). Gracious, goodness! We might as well go in.

DR. SLICER (*opening door*). Very well, miss, we will enter.

Enter Dr. Slicer, followed by Henrietta.

HENRIETTA. Let me have a chair, quick!

DR. S. (*placing chair.*) Carefully, miss; do not shock your system further by dropping into it too heavily. Let yourself down easy.

HENRIETTA (*dropping into chair*). Oh! oh! my heart!

DR. S. (*draws bottle from his pocket and offers it to Henrietta.*) Salts! salts! Smell, miss; sniff it copiously. Poor, poor child.

HENRIETTA. Ah, Skipwell, you have crushed a young life; you have broken a youthful heart! (*Hysterically.*) Oh! oh! perfidious Skipwell, oh!

DR. S. (*offering bottle.*) Another sniff, Miss Henrietta. There, now compose yourself.

HENRIETTA. Doctor, I feel faint.

DR. S. (*feeling her pulse and looking at watch.*) Your pulse is weak, and flutters. 'Twould have been better had we staid at home.

SKIPWELL (*opening door softly*). It says walk in. (*Looking at card.*) Yes, that's what it says ——

DR. S. Let me see your tongue.

Henrietta puts out tongue; Dr. S. leans forward to examine it.

SKIPWELL (*sees them; aside*). I've brought my coals to Newcastle. In attempting to unload an ant-hill of misery, I am swamped with a mountain of woe! Oh, thou viper, and thou viperess! Oh, ye blighters of a manly heart! Shall I smite them from the face of the earth? Go to, nay! I will hide me back of yonder friendly lounge and watch. (*Crosses unobserved to lounge and sits behind it.*) Henrietta, I never thought it of you; you have reduced your Skipwell to a narrow strait, indeed.

DR. S. Your tongue appears to be healthy, miss.

SKIPWELL (*aside*). She always had a robust tongue.

HENRIETTA. I trust you fully, sir; your words inspire me with hope.

SKIPWELL (*aside*). What perfidy!

DR. S. You are sure that time will never overcome your love?

SKIPWELL (*aside*). Oh, for a Gatling gun!

HENRIETTA. Never. Each day my love grows stronger. It is my life.

SKIPWELL (*aside*). Monstrous! She has told me that a dozen times.

DR. S. (*offering bottle.*) Let me administer another.

SKIPWELL (*aside*). Moses! he's going to kiss her!

HENRIETTA (*smells bottle*). Ah! that's refreshing. Give me one more.

SKIPWELL (*aside*). Oh, how can I remain doubled up here! I will reveal myself and throttle him.

DR. S. I hear footsteps.

Enter Giblets.

GIBLETS (*aside*). A man—and a woman, too. They'll want wholesale rates.

HENRIETTA (*rising*). We have taken the liberty ——

GIBLETS. Don't mention it. Keep your seat, madam; let me get your husband a chair.

SKIPWELL (*aside*). Oh, that I could swallow the earth!

HENRIETTA. N-no! n-no! he's not my husband; he's ——

GIBLETS. Your brother?

DR. S. Her physician—I am treating her for nervousness, brought on by a rascal who has tampered with her affections.

SKIPWELL (*aside*). What do I hear?

HENRIETTA. Mr. Giblets—you are Mr. Giblets?

GIBLETS. Giblets, the assuager of grief,—for a fee.

DR. S. Let us amputate the subject, or, to speak nonprofessionally, cut it short. This young lady permitted a man named Skipwell to win her affections. A week ago he promised to send her a note, naming the day of the wedding. He never sent it.

SKIPWELL (*pulling letter from pocket; aside*). Bless me! I forgot to mail it!

GIBLETS. This is a trifling case. I can absorb the whole trouble. Behold a sample: (*Takes out handkerchief and puts to eyes; sobs.*) Boo—hoo—hoo! oh, you mean Skipwell, I never want to see your ugly face again. Boo—hoo—hoo! (*Sobs.*) Oh, if he'd only come to me, I'd forgive him all.

HENRIETTA. Boo—hoo—hoo! so would I.

SKIPWELL (*aloud*). He is here!

HENRIETTA (*screaming*). Oh! oh! oh!

DR. S. (*offering her bottle.*) Smell it, quick!

GIBLETS. That's Sooner's victim's ghost! I believe the fellow that got hanged is looking to me for satisfaction.

HENRIETTA. It was his voice!

GIBLETS. Of course it was. Let us get out (*starting off*).

SKIPWELL (*standing up*). It is I!

HENRIETTA. Skippy, dear! my own, darling Skippy!

GIBLETS (*returning*). Friends, I appreciate your patronage, but beg to announce that if any more customers are secreted in the office, they will overcome their modesty and step out.

DR. S. Mr. Skipwell, I am here in a professional capacity only, therefore my recent observations were merely explanatory.

HENRIETTA (*extending her arms to him*). O Skippy, do not keep me in suspense!

SKIPWELL (*crossing over and embracing her*). Henrietta, sweet one, then you love me still?

HENRIETTA. That should be my question to you. Why did you fail to send the promised letter?

SKIPWELL (*drawing letter from pocket*). Because in my ecstasy of joy I forgot to mail it.

HENRIETTA (*taking letter and kissing it*). Yum! yum! yum!

GIBLETS. That will do, miss; we are satisfied of your sincerity.

DR. S. When is the wedding to take place?

SKIPWELL. Ere the rose tints fade from out the west.

GIBLETS (*looking at watch*). Which will be just after supper.

SKIPWELL (*to Giblets, confidentially*). How about the license?

GIBLETS (*confidentially*). We will go at once and consult my legal friend, Sooner, who lives just around the corner.

SKIPWELL. Henrietta, dear angel, I will leave you here a few moments while I procure the license for our marriage. (*Starts towards door, followed by Giblets.*)

DR. S. (*looking at watch.*) I have an engagement at this moment. (*To Henrietta.*) I will ask you to excuse me just five minutes.

HENRIETTA. Must I remain here alone?

SKIPWELL. Open my letter, love, and ere its lines you have perused your darling Skippy will be at your side.

HENRIETTA (*throwing him kisses*). Adieu! adieu! (*Exeunt all except Henrietta.*) Ah, me! what does the precious fellow say? (*Opens and reads letter.*) "My star of bliss, my peerless queen ——" (*Light tap on door.*) Mercy! (*Starts to feet and drops letter.*) Come in!

Enter Mr. Leek, carrying satchel, band-box, and shawl.

MR. L. (*peering about cautiously.*) I do not observe the proprietor.

HENRIETTA (*rising*). Your observation is correct, sir; he is out, but will return within the next ten minutes.

MR. L. You will excuse my abruptness in exposing these goods to your view. (*Opens band-box and holds up bonnet.*) These articles I have taken in trade, and will dispose of them at the buyer's price.

HENRIETTA (*taking bonnet*). I am about to select a bonnet —it is very pretty—but I would rather Mr. Skipwell—that is, I'd prefer showing it to a friend before deciding.

Enter Mrs. Leek, unobserved, pauses and strikes dramatic attitude.

MRS. L. (*aside.*) Trapped at last!

MR. L. This shawl would adorn your shapely form (*exhibiting shawl*). It was made for an Indian queen.

MRS. L. (*aside.*) So that is Maud!

"O love, thy dark and kinky hair
But fills my bosom with despair."

His dark and kinky hair will fill my hands if I can only get these fingers in it.

HENRIETTA. It is exquisite.

MRS. L. (*aloud.*) Traitor!

HENRIETTA. Save me! (*Runs to lounge and crouches behind it.*)

MR. L. (*drops shawl and runs behind table.*) My dear, allow me to explain.

MRS. L. (*with sarcasm.*) Of course, my dear, innocent; in justice to your sweet Maud, you will explain. (*Makes attempt to catch him.*) Let me get my finger nails into that Roman nose!

MR. L. (*dodging around table.*) My dear, you are wrong! you are, upon my word; aint she, miss?

MRS. L. (*to Henrietta.*) Don't dare to speak, or I'll tear you in pieces!

HENRIETTA. O Skip—Skip—Skip!

MRS. L. What! advise him to skip under my very nose! (*Rushes toward Henrietta.*)

HENRIETTA. Skip—Skipwell! come, save me!

MR. L. My dear, I will end my life. (*Takes up bottle.*) I will swallow this ink.

MRS. L. You were about to elope. See the gripsack; see the band-box and bonnet; see the shawl! (*Rushes at Mr. Leek, who dodges behind table.*) Let me get hold of you!

Enter Giblets, followed by Skipwell, Dr. Slicer, and Mr. Sooner.

GIBLETS. What means this tragic scene?

MR. L. (*pointing to Mrs. L.*) Tell her who writes the poetry!

GIBLETS. Ah, I see! (*Skipwell takes Henrietta's hand and leads her to one side.*) Madam, your husband confessed that he wrote the lines, and signed them with the mystic name of "Maud." He came to me in grief—for love of you—to gain relief. These articles (*pointing to shawl, etc.*) were brought to pay my fee.

MRS. L. And this female?

GIBLETS. Is Skipwell's promised bride, who came for solace, thinking she was cast aside.

MR. L. (*moving timidly from behind table.*) My dear, am I permitted to assume my place? May I stand beside you?

MRS. L. Hold! there is one thing more to be settled: may I have that spring bonnet?

MR. L. You may.

MRS. L. Then you are forgiven.

DR. S. (*pulling out bottle.*) Does anyone wish a sniff?

SOONER. If that young man hadn't been executed, I could really laugh.

SKIPWELL. Oh, if I don't get relief I'll explode!

GIBLETS. I'll take your surplus trouble; I'm a deputy worrier, you know.

SKIPWELL. Mine is surplus joy; can't you relieve me?

GIBLETS. Any man can simulate grief, but it takes an expert to laugh when nothing tickles him. (*Advancing.*) And now, ladies and gentlemen, before we part, allow me to say that if our performance has not already removed all trace of trouble, and any of you should desire the services of "The Public Worrier," he can be found at the old stand, Number Nine, Timmins Court.

[*Curtain.*

THE ANGEL.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was about the feast of Christmas-tide,
When gentle love should tread on human pride,
That Alfred, the great Saxon hero, lay
Concealed within the isle of Athelney.
The island was a lonely spot of ground,
By quaking marshes and dark bogs shut round;
A grudging piece of earth, which only bore
Fanged briars, moss and grasses, lank and poor.
Look where you would, no sight could you descry
But the black fens and the void wastes of sky
And the dull river, always loitering by.
Alfred—by fate constrained himself to hide
From the Dane's legions, thick on every side—
In this bare isle, and in as bare a hut,
With a few comrades and his queen, was shut.
The iron winter stabbed them with its sword;
Coarse were their robes and meagre was their board,—
Bread and the flesh of fowls, bitter and harsh,
Caught with sore labor in the reedy marsh.

The king, in this poor dwelling, sat one night
Intently reading by a feeble light.
His friends had all gone forth, seeking for prey,
Like hunted beasts which dare not work by day;
And there was quiet all about the isle.
In sacred peace sat Alfred for awhile,
Until a knocking at the door, at last
Snapped short the silence. The king rose and passed
Straight to the doorway, and beheld an old
And ragged pilgrim standing in the cold,
Who said: "Lo, here upon this ground I die
For very hunger, unless presently
You give me food! It is a grievous way
That I have tramped since early dawn to-day;
And now I stagger, like a man in drink,
From weariness, and I must shortly sink.
The stinging marsh-dews clasp me round like death,
And my brain darkens and I lose my breath."

"Now, God be thanked!" cried Alfred, "that he sends
To one poor man a poorer! Want makes friends

Of its own fellows, when the alien rich
Fear its accusing rags, and in some ditch
Huddle it blindly. I have little bread,—
One loaf for many mouths; but He who fed,
With loaves and fishes few, five thousand men,
Will not leave us to perish in this den."
And with these words he brought the loaf that lay
Alone between them and a slow decay,—
All that might save them, in that desert place,
From gnawing famine that makes white the face,—
And, breaking it, gave half to the old man.
Lo, ere the sharpest eye could difference scan
'Twixt light and dark, the pilgrim standing there
Vanished—and seemed to empty all the air
From earth to heaven. But the bread was left;
And Alfred, of his reason nigh bereft,
Rushed out and stared across the level fen.
No human shape was there, nor trace of men;
But, smooth and void and dark, burdening the eye,
The great blank marsh answered the great blank sky.
The ghostly bittern clanged among the reeds
And stirred, unseen, the ever-drowsy weeds
Of the morass; but all beside was dead,
And a dull stupor fell on Alfred's head.
He stumbled to the house—and sleep was strong
And dark upon his eyelids; but, ere long,
An angel, with a placid face and bright,
Filled all the caverns of his brain with light.
"I am the pilgrim," said this shape. "I came
To try thy heart and found it free from blame:
Wherefore, I'll make thee great above thy foes,
And like a planet that still speeds and glows,
Dancing along the centuries forever—
But thou must aid me with thy best endeavor;
And when thou hast regained thy crown and state,
Make them not objects of a nation's hate.
Let men behold, within thy sheltering bower,
The tranquil aspects of benignant power,—
Love armed with strength; and lop thou, with firm hand,
That weary-headed hunger in thy land
Which casts its shadows on the golden walls
Of the too-prosperous, feasting in their halls.
Make God thy God—not pleasure lightly flown—
And love thy people rather than thy throne.

So shall all men forget their ravening maws,
Under the even justice of thy laws."

The vision faded, like a subtle bloom,
As the still dawn was lighting up the room;
And Alfred, starting up, with staring eyes,
Saw his friends round him, laden with supplies,
Who told him that the Danes had fallen back
Before the vigor of a firm attack,
And that the people, gathering up their heart,
Called loudly on their king to act his part,
And take his sceptre and his throne again,—
Now doubly his through wisdom born of pain.

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.*—ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face,
Before they laid it in its resting place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair,
And laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress,—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind with loving thought
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought;
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said;
Errands on which the willing feet had sped.
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully.
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance
Would soften in the old familiar way;
For who would war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So I might rest, forgiven of all to-night.

* The origin of this poem has recently elicited much controversy. We herewith give the correct version as furnished by the author, who is a well known contributor to the "One Hundred Choice Selections" Series.

O friends, I pray to-night
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow;
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, O hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

THE RIVAL SINGER.

ADAPTED FROM "THE VERDICT OF THE CRITIC AND THE WORLD."

"Let her sing if she will. It can only result in failure. Who dares to dispute possession of the crown or attempt to take it from my brow? What upstart this that comes to soar upon an untried wing?"—and Rosina Stalz, the proud, haughty, imperious queen of song, and queen of the Parisian court and heart, flashed her eyes scornfully, and shrugged her shoulders in both pity and derision.

She, Rosina Stalz, was empress and arbitrator, a jealous guardian of her own renown, with foot ready to crush any aspirant giving premonitions of grand success and daring to climb toward the dizzy height she had reached, and draw one iota of applause that was as the very breath of her being.

So supreme was her power, so madly was she worshiped, that in all the operas of the day there was but one female role of any importance, or that would attract attention. She was the one resplendent star, the one recognized goddess of song, and another was not permitted near, save as a foil and to be dwarfed and extinguished by the matchless splendor of her light.

Thus but one could occupy the throne. Rivalry was forbidden, and any aspirant was forced to pass through an ordeal few had the strength and nerve to bear, even were their lips touched with melody and their voices trained in all the technique of the art divine.

Many had tried,—to fail. Many a heart had beat high

with anticipation, when treading the stage for the first time, to leave it broken and in tears. Many a fair beginning had been the ending, and many a name brilliant with supposed triumph had been lost to the world forever.

Yet despite all her power and imperious dictation, Rosina Stalz never felt secure in her position. She knew that the public was ever fickle,—the Parisians are so, especially; that as she had stepped into the shoes of another, the day was not far distant when another would do the same by her, become the reigning favorite, and her wreath of flowers be but faded and scentless.

This jealous fear and curiosity made her put aside all other engagements, to attend trial rehearsals, and when it was told her that it was only a young girl, and a stranger, her sneer became even more pronounced, and she repeated: "Yes, let her sing and have the effrontery to come to the very stage I am rightly treading! To-morrow! Yes, I will be present to laugh at her weak efforts, though I ought to pity"—and her voice sank in musical cadence.

The hour of the trial came. The stage was "set" with little regard to the proprieties or "properties," was as it had last been used. The light was dim and uncertain. There was nothing of the glamour that usually won the eye, nothing to brighten and to cheer.

Rosina Stalz sat in a proscenium box, grand in her beauty, grand in all the accessories of dress and jewels. Her eyes were brilliant with the pride of position, and her full, ripe lips parted with annoyance sufficiently to show the line of pearl within. She had passed through the same thing so often that it had lost all expectancy and interest.

A girl, young, childish almost, plain in feature, slight in form, with large blue eyes, and remarkable for nothing except it might have been an abundance of light hair, stood at the back of the stage, irresolutely, and as if summoning up courage.

There was no murmured applause, no welcoming clapping of hands. She was facing, unencouraged, the most terrible of stage ordeals, with nothing to cheer or sustain her. Unknown, unheralded in Paris, lacking in powerful friends to make her cause their own, she had nothing, save it might be the inspiration of genius and the enthusiasm of art, to lift her above the cold surroundings and give her the power to do justice to herself.

Yet there was calmness, composure, even self-reliance in her face and pose, as she stood for a moment to regain her breath and become familiar with the scene, and see if she could not discover a friendly smile. Then, raising her eyes to heaven, as if her trust was there, and to it she looked for guidance and strength, she walked forward to the foot-lights, folded her hands meekly over her breast, and made ready to endure the crucial test and carping criticism.

For an instant her glance rested upon the proud face of the reigning Queen of song, and her warm, girlish heart would have leaped to it gladly, had the icy spell that was numbing it, broken,—had she received a single encouraging smile. But the imperious beauty gave never a token of recognition of the sympathy of her sex, of the *esprit de corps* of artists. The look she received in return was one of idle curiosity, of almost cruel disdain, with just a trace of astonishment at her daring. A wave of the hand, a parting of the lips, a melting into womanhood, would have been as sunlight bursting from dark clouds over desert lands.

It came not. Whatever of soul there might have been in the woman was swallowed up in the jealousy of the *artiste,* and the girl turned away with a sigh to conquer by the strength of her own genius, or be conquered by prejudged conclusions.

The instruments struck up, and the lips of the girl quivering with mental anxiety were opened, and an uncertain sound issued from them. Failure appeared so

pronounced and certain, that no longer test seemed necessary. Then the tones became purer, firmer, and more powerful. There was in them sweetness, something of the freshness and warbling of birds. The articulation was delicate, but perfect. The style was chaste, free and unhackneyed; the rendition now low as the murmuring of tiny rills, and then bursting into a river of song. But it was lacking in floridness, and what was called the "eminence of the Italian dramatic school," was rather rippling than gushing, and a thought uncertain at times from ventriloquial suggestions, unworn by use and lacking in the perfection of tones that long and constant practice gives to the finished artist, and makes of the musical world enthusiastic slaves.

The song finished, the girl paused, half breathless from exertion, and with her usually pale cheeks somewhat flushed with excitement. Her soft blue eyes turned from one to another of her hearers, as for applause, and her heart beat fitfully in the hope of receiving it.

A painful silence rested upon all. There was not a ripple of excitement, no humming of voices ready to break forth in praise, no raising of hands ready to accent feelings of pleasure. Even the manager stood irresolute and with his eyes fixed upon Rosina Stalz, who had paled and grown red by turns, from the first note to the final one of the song.

She leaned forward and beckoned to the manager. He quickly obeyed the summons. She bent still lower from the box and whispered in his ear. He listened respectfully, but with averted eyes and shrugging shoulders, and seemed to hesitate and remonstrate. She was decided and imperative, and as if yielding to a judgment greater than his own, returned to the side of the young girl, and with all the suaveness of his nation gave the decision as to her talents and chances of success: "Mademoiselle," he said, avoiding the questioning of her truthful eyes, "your voice is sweet, but lacks power and

culture. After years of practice you may sing very well in ballads, but I regret to say that both your talents and voice are unfitted for the requirements of the grand opera."

The girl gazed upon him in astonishment, and as if not comprehending his words. He repeated them with many polite and empty phrases of regret, with what was kindly intended as a letting down from the high hopes she had entertained of becoming world famous.

She listened to him in silence, gave one swift glance at the great queen of song, Rosina Stalz, and glided from the stage. The manager attended her to the door of exit from the theatre. She paused, modestly wrapped her shawl about her, and said in a clear, firm, but sweet voice, and without tremor of lip, or tear glistening in her eyes: "Thanks, Monsieur, I bid you adieu. You have pronounced your verdict. I have no appeal from it now. Some day you will implore me to return and sing for you, *but I will never do so.*"

Her words were prophetic, much as both manager and the proud Rosina Stalz laughed at and made merry over them at the time. A few years later they remembered the scene, the words, the trial and their decision, when the world was ringing with her fame as the greatest singer of the country; when crowned heads bowed low to her in homage; when the largest houses were packed to suffocation to hear her sing; when prices the most fabulous were given for a single seat; when every opera director in Paris was at her feet and begging her to come and sing for them, dictating her own terms, no matter how unheard of.

She steadily and firmly refused to listen to any temptations to sing in that great city. The memory of the night when she had been tried there and pronounced a failure, ever arose before her to forbid. She turned a deaf ear to all persuasion and all of golden lucre, and Paris never had the pleasure of listening to the sweet, pure, blue-eyed Jenny Lind.

SOFT-HEARTED BILL.—W. Sapte, Jr.

You're right, sir, I aint much to look at, but I aint a bad
'un to go,
And I think when you know more about me, as yo'll allow
that's so;
You can't much tell by their looks, sir, the wuth of the men
you meets,
And there's many a humble hero as humbly walks the
streets.

There's many a brave heart beatin' inside a tattered shirt,
And 'taint all as get rewarded 'cordin' to their desert;
Why the soldier gets his medal, and his Victoria Crorse,
For things as *I'd* do with my eyes shut—if I had the chance,
o' course.

And, though I says it as shouldn't, there aint no other line
As produces as many heroes from day to day as mine;
Though, perhaps, it's better to say, sir,—for I like to have
things right,—
As produces as many heroes, as mine, *from night to night.*

For we mostly works in the night-time, not being afraid of
the dark,
Which I think speaks well for our consciences, if I may so
remark.
And the risk of wiolent usage! not to mention being shot!
Ah, sir! to be a burglar, I tell you, it takes a lot!—

It takes a lot of courage, and it takes a lot of skill;
And yet there's a many people as always speaks of us ill,
And calls us by 'orrible terms, sir, and showers down
remarks
As they'd shrink to apply to their dawg, sir,—a useless bag
o' barks!

Folks spend a lot of money and they take a lot of pains
To prevent redistribution of their evil-gotten gains;
But it's 'gainst the laws of nature as you householders fight—
And *we* think a law of nature, sir, is naturally right.

And the law as I refers to, and which you can't gainsay,
Is the instinct of helpin' yourself, sir, whenever you sees
your way;
It's implanted in beasts and insects, a part of the general
plan,
And it aint no use to deny, sir, as it's also found in man.

The wealth as rich men gather, why, from what's it all been made?
Well, *I* should call it thievin'—though you'd set it down to trade;
And intrinsically speakin', and takin' a proper line,
The things you trouble to store, sir, is no more yours than mine.

Well, well, sir, we won't argue—no doubt we shouldn't agree,
But I'll hurry along to the story as you expects from me.
It's about a bit of a job, sir, in which myself and a pal
Come to grief through bein' too gentle in dealin' with a gal.

It don't do to be soft 'earted, for that you may take my word!
At least, not in *our* profession—but it's where *I've* always erred;
And many a pal has said to me, "For all your talent, Bill,
Some of these days your tender 'eart'll pull you down, it will."

The crib as we was a-crackin', the time of which I speaks,
Was a London banker's mansion, in which for some three weeks
A decent young chap, whose mother was hintimate with mine,
Had been engaged as assistant in the calves and powder line.

He made things snug for *us*, sir, unlocking the kitching door
When the rest was all a roostin', and also, and what's more,
He dosed the dog in the stable with a bit of flavored meat,
And sent us a plan of the mansion and hevery-think complete.

There was harticles of "virtue" which Stevy Cox and I,
Being truly fond of hart, sir, was sorry to pass by,
But the thing as most demanded our attention and our tools
Was a hiron safe on the landin', full of cash, and plate, and jools.

'Twas locked at night by the banker, but where he kep' the key
Was more than our pal could discover. But Stevy Cox and me
Had opened a safe afore, sir, and knew how the trick was done,
Though hopenin' safes aint ekal to other kinds of fun.

Well, we dodged the peeler easy and opened the kitching door,
And without our boots, like ghosteses, we walks across the floor;

Then the hall—then up the staircase—and there, sir, sure enough,
We found the safe as mentioned, a looking precious tough.

We went for the weakest part of it—the back, sir, close to the top,
And we'd got a wedge fixed nicely when we came to a sudden stop,
For we hears a step, and turnin', we saw upon the stair,
The figure slight of a girl in white, a-comin' towards us fair.

It gave me a precious start, sir; my heart went pit-a-pat,
To see her come down the staircase with no more noise than a cat;
But Stevy was proper angry at bein' so disturbed,
And I saw he was up to mischief, if so be he wasn't curbed.

But *I* never was one for bloodshed, except as a last resort,
And as for striking a lady—well, I didn't think we ort—
And so I says to Stevy, "Lie snug, and quiet keep,
For, can't you see, you dummy, she's a-walkin' in her sleep."

So down we crouched in a corner and watched her sort of glide
Along the moonlit passage, asleep, but open-eyed,
Straight to the safe she went, sir; us tremblin' she'd shift the tools,
And turnin' the handle, she showed us *we'd* been a couple o' fools.

For the thing had never been locked, sir, and we'd wasted arf the night
In trying to prize it open. I could a laughed outright,
Old Stevy looked so vicious—but I hadn't time to grin,
When the blood in my veins on a sudden all turned a kind o' thin;

For there she stood afore us, and, curse me! no mistake!
She was no more asleep than you, sir, but precious wide awake;
And the pipe of a big revolver right in our faces gleamed,
As she up with a 'igh soprano and for assistance screamed.

Then Stevy Cox flew at her with a spring like a mad wild beast,
But she stood as firm as granite, and never budged the least.
Flash! crack! And poor old Stevy come down like a lump o' lead,
And I knowed by the way he'd fallen as my old pal was dead.

And then there was lights and voices, and I see I were out
o' luck,
And it wasn't no use, you see, sir, a-paradin' of my pluck
By attackin' a noomerous 'ousehold, a vicious lookin' set,
So I stands and I lets 'em cord me, and wonders what I'll get.

But that there gal had fainted, and they carried her away,
And I never knowed all about it till I see her in court that
day,
When she told how she'd 'eard a creakin' and had looked
outside her room,
And had seen us two a-workin' indistinctly in the gloom.

And how her pa, being seedy, had gone to bed that night
Without, for once, a-seeing as everythink was right;
And how she knew the pistols was in the safe by day,
And she might perhaps get at them if we didn't twig her lay.

Well, we didn't, as you know, sir; poor Stevy Cox and I,
We come to grief that evening, and poor Stevy come to die.
A matter of fourteen year, sir, was what the judge give me!
But that is one of the risks we run in the trade of burglary.

MIZPAH.—Clement Scott.

And Laban said, This heap is a witness between me and thee this day. Therefore was the name of it called Galeed and Mizpah; for he said, The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another.—Gen. xxxi. 48, 49.

When we are parted—pray! but do not weep;
My spirit in the air is wandering;
Love is an hour of life; with death comes sleep:
The night's a dream; the day a wakening.
The Lord watch over us where'er we stray,
One from another be it night or day,
Be this our covenant apart, alone,
Carve thou this sign upon Love's altar stone.
Mizpah!

Whilst we are waiting—hope, but do not grieve;
There is some sunshine on the darkest day;
Around Love's monument fresh garlands weave;
Despair not thou, my heart—but only pray!
The Lord watch over us, twixt me and thee,
When we are absent, if we parted be.
Be this our covenant, by faith alone,
Carve thou our sign upon Love's altar stone.
Mizpah!

MY BOY FRITZ.*—Ellen Murray.

CHARACTERS.

An old German woman in peasant dress at a station.
A well-dressed lady.

German Peasant.—
Ach! that I cannot speak your tongue so good,
Something I would to say. I cannot know
Which way to go to find my son, my boy.
Lady.—A German, are you not?
Peasant.— Ach! yes, be sure
Most gracious lady, just a peasant, old,
Who would to find her son. (*Holding out a paper.*)
Here is his name,
And this the place he said.
Lady (*after reading*).— Well! come with me;
I know your son, and I will show the house.
Peasant.—Ach! thanks, a thousand. If you are not shamed,
Most gracious lady, by my side to walk,—
You all in silks and laces; ach! so fine,
So pretty! I, a peasant woman, old,
With face just like a withered apple on
Some old crook'd tree, and though my shawl I spread
Out wide as possible, it fails to hide
My dress. It was quite good some years ago,—
My feast-day dress,—patched now, full well, you see.
Lady.—Do not be troubled. Certainly your son
Will like the German dress.
Peasant.— My son! my Fritz!
Ach! but so nice he is. Taller than I,
With yellow curls that shine, and great eyes blue;
And always running here and there, so full
Of fun and mischief.
Lady (*smiling*).— It is many years
Since you last saw him?
Peasant.— Oh! I cannot count,
It is so long, so long. See you, I lived
At Heideldorf, and there his father died
And left me this one boy.—A child, have you?
Lady.—Yes, one,—a wee fair girl, my Margaret.
Peasant.—Ach, then, how mothers love, you know, but not,
With your soft, white hands, how poor mothers work
For children fatherless. Yoked in a cart

* *Written expressly for this Collection.*

I drew beside the ox. I swung the axe
Like any man. I hungered that my Fritz
His fill might eat, and have his schooling, too.
And a good head he had, my Fritz. But then
Just reached fifteen, his sailor uncle came,
Told of America. "You stick a spade
Into the ground and turn up gold," he said;
"While farms, 'twas ask, and have." I let my boy
Go, as he wanted. He would have a farm
And send for me, and so I lost my child.

Lady.—But then he wrote?

Peasant.— Yes! yes! I cannot write;
Our pastor wrote, and then I left the place
To serve a cousin. Ach, the work I had;
It made me old,—that and my want of Fritz.

Lady.—Your son wrote constantly,—wrote every month.
They sent his letters back, at last, with news
That you were dead.

Peasant.— Dead! No! How could it be!
My cousin, Lina Berger, died, not I.
That is my name, too,—Lina. Do you know
It must be that they took her name for mine?
Fritz was *my* son. She never had a child. (*Looking around.*)
What a fine place!—stone lions at the gate!
Why are you turning in? Must I go on?

Lady.—Your Fritz lives here.

Peasant.— So! so! He's servant here.
I hope they're kind to him. Such a smooth grass;
House fit to be a palace. It must be
Such a good place; good wages. But, I pray,
Take me not up to those fine polished steps.
Let me slip round into the kitchen door,
For fear I'd anger them and make him lose
This pleasant place.

Lady.— No fear. They'll not be vexed.
You tremble so. Sit down on this low chair
On the piazza. I would tell you first
More of your Fritz. He grew a tall, strong man,
Gained by his head and hands no little gold,
Bought this nice place, married a wife ——

Peasant (dismayed).— Ach! me!
Ach! a fine lady. She will never let
The peasant mother enter to her house.

Lady (*bending over and kissing her affectionately*).—
'Tis Fritz's wife assures you with this kiss
Her welcome to his mother. Yes, and love,—
A daughter's love for her who made my Fritz
The man he is,—wise, learned, good, and true.
Nay! do not tremble so!
Peasant (*stroking the lady's hand*).—All is so strange!
My daughter! But I am not good enough;
You are so fine.
Lady (*gently*).— Oh, if that troubles you,
Although I like the old-time German dress,
We'll get you a black silk, a soft, large shawl,—
White, with gray palm leaves. You shall be as fine ——
Peasant (*eagerly*).—As the good pastor's wife at Heideldorf?
Lady.—Yes, anything you choose, so you will be
Happy with us. Come in, dear mother, now;
Fritz will be home ere long, and I must send
For my small Margaret to greet and kiss
Her grandmamma.
Peasant (*solemnly, with uplifted hands*).—
Now may God's blessing rest
Upon this house and all that therein dwell;
And with all good things fill thy home and life
And kind heart, sweetest daughter.

JUNIPERO SERRA.*—Richard Edward White.

Within the ruined church at Carmel's bay,
Beside the altar, with rank weeds o'ergrown,
There is a grave unmarked with slab or stone,
Where lies one who, lost sight of in our day,
Yet bides his time; and when have passed away
Our would-be heroes, he will then be known,
And glory's heritage at last will own,
His title to which no one will gainsay.
When life was nearing to an end, 'twas here,
Seeking repose, the Padre Serra came;
Of our fair land he was the pioneer:
And if the good alone were known to fame,
Within our hearts his memory would be dear,
And on our lips a household word his name.

* This and the following selection are taken, by permission, from "The Cross of Monterey, and other Poems," by Richard Edward White, of California.

THE MIDNIGHT MASS.—Richard Edward White.

Of the mission church San Carlos,
Builded by Carmelo's Bay,
There remains an ivied ruin
That is crumbling fast away.
In its tower the owls find shelter,
In its sanctuary grow
Rankest weeds above the earth mounds,
And the dead find rest below.

Still, by peasants at Carmelo,
Tales are told and songs are sung
Of Junipero,* the Padre,
In the sweet Castilian tongue:
Telling how each year he rises
From his grave the mass to say,
In the midnight, mid the ruins,
On the eve of Carlos' day.

And they tell when, aged and feeble,
Feeling that his end was nigh,
To the Mission of San Carlos
Padre Serra came to die;
And he lay upon a litter
That Franciscan friars bore,
And he bade them rest a moment
At the cloister's open door.

Then he gazed upon the landscape
That in beauty lay unrolled,
And he blessed the land as Francis
Blessed Asisi's town of old;
And he spoke: "A hundred masses
I will sing, if still life's guest,
That the blessing I have given
On the land may ever rest."

*The Librarian of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia, furnishes the following brief account of this noted Missionary:

Padre Junipero Serra was a Franciscan Priest of Italian birth, and the founder of many of the earliest Indian Missions in California. He was with the expedition of Galvez in 1769. He founded the Missions of San Diego, San Antonio, Mt. Carmel, San Luis, San Gabriel, Santa Clara, and San Francisco,—in which city are still to be seen "The Presidio," or small fort for protection against the Indians, and the old church called "The Mission Dolores," the first erected buildings. He died in August, 1784, aged seventy-one years.

Ere a mass was celebrated,
Good Junipero had died,
And they laid him in the chancel,
On the altar's gospel side.
But each year the Padre rises
From his grave the mass to say,
In the midnight, mid the ruins,
On the eve of Carlos' day.

Then the sad souls, long years buried,
From their lowly graves arise,
And, as if doom's trump had sounded,
Each assumes his mortal guise;
And they come from San Juan's Mission,
From St. Francis by the bay,
From the Mission San Diego,
And the Mission San José.

With their gaudy painted banners,
And their flambeaux burning bright,
In a long procession come they
Through the darkness and the night;
Singing hymns and swinging censers,
Dead folks' ghosts,—they onward pass
To the ivy-covered ruins,
To be present at the mass.

And the grandsire, and the grandam,
And their children march along,
And they know not one another
In that weird, unearthly throng.
And the youth and gentle maiden,
They who loved in days of yore,
Walk together now as strangers,
For the dead love nevermore.

In the church now all are gathered,
And not long have they to wait;
From his grave the Padre rises,
Midnight mass to celebrate.
First he blesses all assembled,
Soldiers, Indians, acolytes;
Then he bows before the altar,
And begins the mystic rites.

When the Padre sings the *sanctus*,
And the Host is raised on high,

Then the bells up in the belfry,
  Swung by spirits, make reply;
And the drums roll, and the soldiers
  In the air a volley fire,
While the *salutaris* rises
  Grandly from the phantom choir.

"*Ite, missa est,*" is spoken
  At the dawning of the day,
And the pageant strangely passes
  From the ruins sere and gray;
And Junipero, the Padre,
  Lying down, resumes his sleep,
And the tar-weeds, rank and noisome,
  O'er his grave luxuriant creep.

And the lights upon the altar
  And the torches cease to burn,
And the vestments and the banners
  Into dust and ashes turn;
And the ghostly congregation
  Cross themselves, and, one by one,
Into thin air swiftly vanish,
  And the midnight mass is done.

BANGING A SENSATIONAL NOVELIST.

The other day a stout woman, armed with an umbrella and leading a small urchin, called at the office of a New York boys' story paper.

"Is this the place where they fight Indians?" she inquired of the gentleman in charge. "Is this the locality where the brave boy charges up the canyon and speeds a bullet to the heart of the dusky redskin?" and she jerked the urchin around by the ear and brought her umbrella down on the desk.

"We publish stories for boys," replied the young man evasively.

"I want to know if these are the premises on which the daring lad springs upon his fiery mustang, and, darting through the circle of thunderstruck savages, cuts the

captive's cords and bears him away before the wondering Indians have recovered from their astonishment? That's the imformation I'm after. I want to know if that sort of thing is perpetrated here!" and she swung the umbrella around her head.

"I don't remember those specific acts," protested the young man.

"I want to know if this is the precinct where the adventurous boy jumps on the back of a buffalo and with unerring aim picks off one by one of the blood-thirsty pursuers who bite the dust at every crack of the faithful rifle! I'm looking for the place where that sort of thing happens!" and this time she brought the unlucky young man a tremendous whack across the back.

"I think—" commenced the dodging victim.

"I'm in search of the shop in which the boy road agent holds the quivering stage driver powerless with his glittering eye, while he robs the male passengers with an adroitness born of long and tried experience, and kisses the hands of the lady passengers with a gallantry of bearing that bespeaks noble birth and a chivalrous nature!" screamed the woman, driving the young man into the corner. "I'm looking for the apartment in which that business is transacted!" and down came the umbrella with trip-hammer force on the young man's head.

"Upon my soul, ma'am—"gasped the wretched youth.

"I want to be introduced to the jars in which you keep the boy scouts of the Sierras! Show me the bins full of the boy detectives of the prairie! Point out to me the barrels full of boy pirates of the Spanish main!" and with each demand she dropped the umbrella on the young man's skull until he skipped over the desk and sought safety in a neighboring canyon.

"I'll teach 'em!" she panted, grasping the urchin by the ear and leading him off, "I'll teach 'em to make it good or dance. Want to go fight Indians any more? Want to stand proudly upon the pinnacle of the mountain

and scatter the plain beneath with the bleeding bodies of uncounted slain? Want to say 'hist!' in a tone that brooks no contradiction? Propose to spring upon the taffrail and with a ringing word of command send a broadside into the richly-laden galley, and then mercifully spare the beautiful maiden in the cabin, that she may become your bride? Eh? Going to do it any more?"

With each question she hammered the yelping urchin until his bones were sore and he protested his permanent abandonment of all the glories enumerated.

"Then come along," said she, taking him by the collar. "Let me catch you around with any more ramrods and carving knives, and you'll think the leaping, curling resistless prairie fire has swept with a ferocious roar of triumph across the trembling plains and lodged under your jacket to stay!"

FOREVER.—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Those who love truly never die,
Though year by year the sad memorial wreath,
A ring and flowers, types of life and death,
Are laid upon their graves.

For death the pure life saves,
And life all pure as love, and love can reach
From heaven to earth, and nobler lessons teach
Than those by mortals read.

Well blessed is he who has a dear one dead:
A friend he has whose face will never change,
A dear communion that will not grow changed,
The anchor of a love is death.

The blessed sweetness of a loving breath
Will reach our cheek all fresh through weary years;
For her who died long since, ah! waste not tears,
She's thine unto the end.

Thank God for one dead friend,
With face still radiant with the light of truth,
Whose love comes laden with the scent of youth,
Through twenty years of death.

LEGEND OF CRYSTAL SPRING.*—Henry W. Austin.

Medfield, Massachusetts, 1675.

Philip, the Wampanoag, had many just causes for making war on the early settlers in New England. His brother, Wamsutta, while breakfasting at one of his numerous hunting-lodges, was imprudently arrested by a band of Plymouth whites and died of a fever contracted during his unwarrantable detention. After his death, Philip succeeded to the sovereignty and suffered much from the continuous encroachments of the English. For nine years this remarkable man waited, trying to perfect an alliance against the common enemy among tribes that had been hostile for centuries. Then he fell upon New England like a thunderbolt, and his patriotic failure came near being a success, for it is likely, if his allies had not deserted him in the second year of his war, that he would have driven the English out of the country. As it was, his devastation retarded the industrial growth of the colonies fifty years according to their own admissions. His burning of Medfield was a strategic achievement, for the place was strongly garrisoned and Philip had then only a handful of warriors.

The chiefs were seated in a ring beneath the starry sky,
And solemn pipes were passed about ere winged words could fly,
Like arrows, at the target of the silence darkening round,
In which no bird, no breeze was heard, nor any ghost of sound.
But at length, when many a cloud was blown, and night wore on apace,
Arose the chief Canonchet, the fair in form and face,
Whom many a tongue had praised, though young, as a roebuck in the race,
As a pike in the swift water, as an eagle in the fight—
And the dark eyes of his anger outgloomed the deepening night.
"Why do we wait so long," he cried, "and pass the pipe around,
When the wigwams of the paleface, long ago, upon the ground
Should have smoked, instead of us? I am tired of cloudy talk;
My counsel is, to swoop at once, like the lightning-feathered hawk."
He spoke, and the echoes of his voice, like thunder from Noon Hill,
Went bounding down to Medfield town with strange, electric thrill
That stirred the hair of sleepers there who soon would sleep more sound;
But ere his voice had sunk on air—or he upon the ground—
Uptowered the Wampanoag King, whose deep, far-darting eye
Seemed ever in the distance to see his brother die,—
His brother, kind Wamsutta, whom a treacherous white band
Surprised, imprisoned, and bereft of wife and life and land:

* By permission.

Uptowered the great King Philip and spoke in tones as low
And yet as strong as the spring-wind's song that melts the
marble snow:

"Chief of the Narragansetts, thy counsel is most wise;
Too long, too long, for vengeance my murdered brother cries.
Ay, chiefs, 'tis now a hundred moons, a hundred moons and
more,
Since the bright canoe of that great life was wrecked on
Plymouth shore.
Yet blame me not, Canonchet, that I have borne so long
The chain of Pilgrim perfidy, the lash of paleface wrong.
I waited but to sow the seed of a vengeance broad and bright
As the sun's face, when from his place he drives the herds
of night.
I have waited, O Canonchet, and my reward is great,
For all the tribes are ready now to follow Philip's fate;
From where the great, green mountains uplift their ancient
heads
To where the brown Connecticut with the gray ocean weds.
And by that sacred sea, I swear, and by the sacred sun,
The battle shall begin before another day is run;
For I've sent word to all the tribes that now the hour has
come
To speak loud for their country—or be forever dumb;
To speak with arrows and with guns and with the blazing
brand,
Till the tempest of our voices drives the paleface from the
land.
So now, my chiefs, in ambush hid, we'll sleep the night away,
And then swoop down on Medfield town at the breaking
of the day;
For when they least expect him, and easy draw their breath,
Then, on his black steed, 'Vengeance,' will Philip come—
and Death."

So spake the mighty Philip, the Wampanoag King,
And his followers filed to ambush beside the Crystal Spring,
Within a mile of Medfield town, where, on a knoll right
near,
Were the house and barn of Deacon Smith, a Puritan severe.
A farmer he who loved not words, and hated jest or song,
But had no fear of anything except of doing wrong.
And now, when o'er the wild-rose, dawn, that golden rose,
the day
Began her petals to unfold, and the shades were witched
away,

And the frost was kissed to a silvery mist o'er valley, hill and stream—
Good Deacon Smith, that man of prayer, woke from an ugly dream,
And started for the spring to bring some water for his cow;
But halfway there he did not fare, ere the sweat rose on his brow,
For he saw behind the bushes near, some Indians skulking low—
And his heart beat fast as the vision passed, and his manly step grew slow;
But should he stop, or his purpose drop, he knew that they would know
They had been seen; so, with look serene, straight on did the deacon go.
He filled his buckets to the brim; and his face, though pale, was calm:
Then home he strode with his heavy load, singing an ancient psalm.
To throw the Indians off their guard by his carelessness of air,
He sang the whole way up the hill, while he prayed against despair.
He gave the water to his cow. Then to his wife he spoke;
Perhaps more softly than his wont, but yet no tear outbroke:
"Mary, the Indians are close by; so, with our children dear,
Thou must at once to the garrison-house: be quick, but have no fear,
The savages will not see nor seek, so long as I stay here.
Creep down the hill behind the house and follow the old way
Among the birches. Now, good-bye, I must no longer stay;
For if they see me not at work, they may suspect retreat,
And that were certain death to all. Good-bye, dear, we shall meet
Perhaps, in a few hours,—perhaps not till the set of sun;
Perhaps not here; but take thou cheer and say, 'God's will be done!'"
He kissed his wife on lips and brow. He kissed his children twain;
Then, taking up his buckets, to the spring he turned again,
Singing the sturdy psalm with which they charged in Cromwell's day,
While his brave young wife, for her children's life, like the red fox, stole her way
Through the birchen copse to the sleeping town, while yet the day was young;
Where soon the painted foe came down, and loud the hand-bell rung.

Ah! many a house and many a barn went up in clouds of flame,
And many a paleface paler grew, that day, when Philip came
With lightning force, on the coal-black horse, which only he could tame.
But—alas! for the deacon at the spring—he had no chance to fly,
And the fourth time he drawled his psalm, an arrow pierced his thigh,
And the savages hauled him up the hill, in his burning barn to die.

Then round about the house they found signs that his wife had fled;
And the fierce chief, Canonchet, who that battalion led,
Swore that a foe so daring and so crafty, should be saved
For an end of greater torture than the death he had outbraved.
So Canonchet bade them bind him and take him to the rear,
But just upon the moment came Philip riding near.
"What means this fellow lying here, with his scalp still on his head?
Why lives he?" the king thundered; "why is the dog not dead?"
But, when Canonchet briefly told how the deacon had remained,
And, singing, gone about his work while his wife her safety gained,
Then, quoth the Wampanoag King: "I deemed not any knave
In all the lying paleface tribe could be so kingly brave.
Let him go free. His blood to-day Wamsutta doth not crave."
They loosed the cords at Philip's words, and from the deacon's side
Drew forth the arrowhead of stone and staunched the crimson tide;
And then they left him lying safe beside the Crystal Spring,
While they followed, to the burning town, the Wampanoag King.
But there, when that dark day was done, and Philip's fiery track
Still smoldered in the setting sun with many a ruin black,
The Wampanoag and his braves had all been driven back;
And soldiers mute, in hot pursuit, were startled in the calm
Of twilight near, by a voice of cheer, singing the Cromwell psalm.

And many a manly cheek was wet, with pleasure at the sight,
When the brave wife and husband met, within the fort, that night;

Met, nevermore to part on earth, not even for a day;
But to live long amid a throng of children brave as they.
For nevermore the fiery roar of the red foe came down
To break the endless, Sabbath calm, which wrapt that peaceful town,
Where winters went and summers came and people did not die,
But merely ripened, and from life dropt off they knew not why.
E'en so, at last, the deacon passed, his wife and all his kith;
And a secret deep, in the centuries' keep, is the grave of Deacon Smith;
And the Medfield mother, who may wish a froward child to tame,
Uses no more as a spell of power the fierce King Philip's name.

Yet still, still flows the Crystal Spring; and sometimes, lingering near,
Fond lovers pay its legend gray, the tribute of a tear;
And some there be who dare to say that "Philip's outlawed name
At history's final judgment-day a lofty rank may claim."
But though the past, so vaguely vast in time's perspective blue,
Like a red star, by being far, hath gained a golden hue—
Yet just as noble deeds there are, right now, for men to do.

—*The American Magazine.*

SCENE FROM "LÉAH."*—AUGUSTIN DALY.

CHARACTERS.

RUDOLF, the magistrate's son.
LEAH, a Jewish maiden.

SCENE—*A village churchyard at night. Enter Leah, slowly, her hair streaming over her shoulders.*

LEAH (*solus*). What seek I here! I know not; yet I feel I have a mission to fulfil. I feel that the cords of my soul are stretched to their utmost effort. Already seven

* Leah, a Jewess, with certain others of her race, strays into an Austrian village where she meets Rudolf, son of a peasant, who falls violently in love with her. He is afterward deceived into believing that Leah was an adventuress, and that she had accepted money to renounce her love for him. He then makes an offer of marriage to Madalena, to whom he was previously attached. The scene here presented introduces Leah just prior to the wedding.

days! So long! As the dead lights were placed about the body of Abraham, as the friends sat nightly at his feet and watched (*slowly sinking down*), so have I sat for seven days, and wept over the corpse of my love! (*With painful intensity.*) What have I done? Am I not a child of man? Is not love the right of all—like the air, the light? And if I stretched my hands toward it, was it a crime? When I first saw him, first heard the sound of his voice, something wound itself around my heart. Then first I knew why I was created, and, for the first time, was thankful for my life. (*Laying her hand on her brow.*) Collect thyself, mind, and think! What has happened? I saw him yesterday—no! eight days ago! He was full of love. "You'll come," said he. I came. I left my people. I tore the cords that bound me to my nation, and came to him. He cast me forth into the night. And yet, my heart, you throb still. The earth still stands, the sun still shines, as if it had not gone down forever for me. (*Lowering voice.*) By his side stood a handsome maiden, and drew him away with caressing hands. It is she he loves, and to the Jewess he dares offer gold. (*Starting up.*) I will seek him! I will gaze on his face—(*church lit up, windows illuminated, organ heard soft*) that deceitful, beautiful face. I will ask him what I have done that—(*Hides her head in her hands and weeps, organ swells louder and then subsides again to low music.*) Perhaps he has been misled by some one, some false tongue! His looks, his words seem to reproach me. Why was I silent? Thou proud mouth, ye proud lips, why did you not speak? (*Exultingly.*) Perhaps he loves me still. Perhaps his soul, like mine, pines in nameless agony, and yearns for reconciliation. (*Music soft.*) Why does my hate melt away at this soft voice with which heaven calls to me: That grand music— (*Listening.*) I hear voices,—it sounds like a nuptial benediction; perhaps it is a loving bridal pair. (*Clasping her hands and raising them on high.*) Amen—amen! to that benediction, whoever you may be. (*Music stops.*) I, poor desolate one, would like to see their happy faces—I must—this window. Yes, here I can see into the church. (*Goes to window, looks in, screams and comes down—speaks very fast.*) Do I dream? Kind Heaven, that prayer, that amen, you heard it not! I call it back. You did not hear my blessing. You were deaf.

Did no blood-stained dagger drop down upon them? 'Tis he! Revenge! (*Throws off her mantle, disclosing white robe beneath—bares her arm, and rushes to the little door—but halts.*) No. Thou shalt judge! Thine, Jehovah, is the vengeance. Thou alone canst send it. (*Stands beside broken column, rests her left arm upon it, letting the other fall by her side.*)

Enter Rudolf from the little door of the church, with rose wreath in his hand.

RUDOLF. I am at last alone. I cannot endure the joy and merriment around me. How like mockery sounded the pious words of the priest. As I gazed toward the church windows, I saw a face, heard a muffled cry; I thought it was her face, her voice.

LEAH (*coldly*). Did you think so?

RUD. Leah! Is it you?

LEAH. Yes.

RUD. (*tenderly.*) Leah—

LEAH (*with a gesture of contempt*). Silence, perjured one! Can the tongue that lied still speak? The breath that called me wife now swear faith to another? Does it dare to mix with the pure air of heaven? Is this the man I worshiped? whose features I so fondly gazed upon? Ah (*shuddering*)! no!—no! The hand of heaven has crushed, beaten, and defaced them! The stamp of divinity no longer rests there (*walking away*)!

RUD. Leah! hear me!

LEAH (*turning fiercely*). Ha! You call me back? I am pitiless now.

RUD. You broke faith first. You took the money.

LEAH. Money! What money?

RUD. The money my father sent you.

LEAH. Sent me money! For what?

RUD. (*hesitating.*) To induce you to release me—to—

LEAH. That I might release you. And you knew it? You permitted it.

RUD. I staked my life that you would not take it.

LEAH. And you believed I had taken it!

RUD. How could I believe otherwise? I—

LEAH (*with rage*). And you believed I had taken it. Miserable Christian, and you cast me off! Not a question

was the Jewess worth. (*Subdued but vindictive.*) This, then, was thy work; this the eternity of love that you promised me. (*Falls on her knees.*) Forgive me, Heaven, that I forget my nation to love this Christian. Let that love be lost in hate. Love is false, unjust—hate endless, eternal.

RUD. Cease these gloomy words of vengeance. I have wronged you—I feel it without your reproaches. I have sinned, but to sin is human, and it would be but human to forgive.

LEAH. You would tempt me again? I do not know that voice.

RUD. I will make good the evil I have done. Aye, an hundred fold.

LEAH (*bitterly*). Aye, crush the flower, grind it under foot, then make good the evil you have done. (*Fiercely.*) No, no! An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a heart for a heart!

RUD. Hold, fierce woman, I will beseech no more! Do not tempt Heaven, let it be the judge between us! If I have sinned through love, see that you do not sin through hate.

LEAH. Blasphemer! and you dare call on Heaven! What commandment have you not broken? Thou shalt not swear falsely—you broke faith with me! Thou shalt not steal—you stole my heart. Thou shalt not kill—what of life have you left me?

RUD. (*advancing toward her.*) Hold, hold! No more.

LEAH (*repelling him*). The old man who died because I loved you; the woman who hungered because I followed you; the infant who died of thirst because of you; may they follow you in dreams, and be a drag upon your feet forever. May you wander as I wander, suffer shame as I now suffer it. Cursed be the land you till, may it keep faith with you, as you kept faith with me! Cursed be the unborn fruit of thy marriage! may it wither as my young heart has withered; and should it ever see the light, may its brows be blackened by the mark of Cain, and may it vainly pant for nourishment on its dying mother's breast! (*Snatching the wreath from his uplifted hand.*) Cursed, thrice cursed may you be evermore, and as my people on Mount Ebal spoke, so speak I thrice, Amen! Amen! Amen!

Rudolf, who has been standing, as if petrified, drops on his knees, as curtain falls.

A HAPPY COUPLE.—H. Elliott McBride.

In the valley of Craft, a dressmaker lived, a smiling, angelic young lady;
Her name, be it known, was Lucy Ann Jane Robella Belinda McHenry.
She had a blue eye and a finely shaped nose, and her mouth was as sweet as ripe peaches;
Her voice was as soft as a jewsharper's tone, and her form was as straight as a cedar's.
This fair sewing girl had many good beaux,—they fully made up a round dozen:
They came and they wept and besought her to wed, and flee from the dressmaking business.
She firmly held on, and she worked right along, and gave unto all the same answer:
"I cannot—I cannot! Oh! why should I wed? no love boometh round in my bosom.
Oh, why should I wed when my heart and my soul are wrapped in the dressmaking business?
Go home! go away!" thus she spake unto all, "and leave me alone with my sewing;
Don't bother me now with your lover-like talk, your heaving of sighs and lamenting.
I know I'm a beauty, and many will come and ask for my warmest affections,
But I never will wed—oh, never, no, no! until I am sure I am suited.
This giving the hand and keeping the heart is awful and truly terrific;
I never will do it—no, not if I know the swing of my own constitution;
I never will do it—no, not if I get the bent of my own inclination.
So go to your homes and bother no more,—this question is settled forever.
Beside and above, I want you to know, to marry is not my intention;
I live not to love, and I wish but to make a name as a very great sewist.
Oh, why should I marry to bake and to scrub, to tug and to toil in the kitchen?
I'm sure I could ne'er any happier be—I'm sure I don't want the position.
Yes, go to your homes and leave me alone, and say nothing more on the topic;

My mind is made up,—I never will wed, and that's just as
true as the Bible."
Then the beaux went away and cried for a week, and felt
very sad and unhappy;
But Lucy sewed on and stitched right along,—her mind be-
ing free and unworried.
In the fall of the year, Miss Lucy Ann Jane Robella Belinda
McHenry
Went out from her home and stayed for awhile on the
banks of the Buddington river;
And while she was there, she met a young man,—a man by
the name of Tim Flukins.
This Tim, be it known, was a very fine youth; no better
was there in the county;
He didn't drink beer nor brandy nor wine; he didn't smoke
even a toby.
And truly 'twas said he never had done a deed that was
ugly or evil.
And then, let me add, Tim Flukins was just as handsome
and neat as a picture.
Young ladies around had longed for his love, and hoped
they could win his affection.
The only objection that any could raise to having the man
in the family
Was simply the name,—'twas horrid and rough,—"Oh, dear!
such a name as Tim Flukins!"
But Flukins cared not for all of the girls on the banks of the
Buddington river.
His heart was still free, entirely untouched until it was
touched by the sewer.
They both fell in love at the very same hour,—yes, e'en at
the very same moment;
They loved with a fervor both noble and strong,—they
loved with a sweeping affection.
Said Flukins one day: "Miss Lucy Ann Jane Robella Bel-
inda McHenry,
I never before in all my born days have seen such a beauti-
ful creature."
And Lucy surmising an offer would come went straight to
the fussing and blushing.
Then Flukins proceeded to make a fine speech, his voice
being mellow and tender.
"You're a very fine girl, Miss Lucy Ann Jane Robella and
so forth and so forth,

And truly I love you—I love you quite strong—I love you
with fondness, devotion;
I love you as only but once I can love, and more than all
else in creation.
The winter is coming and soon it will be you'll need a strong
arm for protection;
With a great booming love I come to you now with an offer
and proffer of marriage.
Now, Lucy Ann Jane and so forth and so forth, do answer
me squarely and truly,
And say if you'll love me and call me your own and name
a near day that you'll wed me."
Then answered the maiden, this beautiful one, and thus she
replied to her lover:
"Yes, Flukins, my dear, I will keep nothing back, I love you
entirely, completely;
I've loved you clean down to the depths of my heart ever
since my two eyes have beheld you.
Yes, Timothy, dear, I am yours, I am yours; I know we'll
be happy united;
I'll love you forever with fondness and faith that never, no,
never shall waver."
Then Flukins was so overwhelmed with joy he hardly knew
what he was doing;
He jumped from his seat and he laughed and he sang and
his heart overflowed with emotion.
"I vow here," he said, "that my own darling one shall have
no regrets for the bargain.
I'll be very kind, and so tender and true, that her love now
so strong shall be stronger."
The matter closed thus—the bargain was made—the happy
ones soon were united.
And now that I've told the whole story through, the prompter
may ring down the curtain.

MOTHER'S DOUGHNUTS.—CHARLES F. ADAMS.

EL DORADO, 1851.

I've just bin down ter Thompson's, boys,
'N feelin' kind o' blue,
I thought I'd look in at "The Ranch,"
Ter find out what wuz new;
When I seed this sign a-hangin'
On a shanty by the lake:

"Here's whar yer gets yer doughnuts
Like yer mother used ter make."

I've seen a grizzly show his teeth,
I've seen Kentucky Pete
Draw out his shooter, 'n advise
A "tenderfoot" ter treat;
But nuthin' ever tuk me down,
'N made my benders shake,
Like that sign about the doughnuts
That my mother used ter make.

A sort o' mist shut out the ranch,
'N standin' thar instead,
I seen an old, white farm-house,
With its doors all painted red.
A whiff came through the open door—
Wuz I sleepin' or awake?
The smell wuz that of doughnuts
Like my mother used ter make.

The bees wuz hummin' round the porch,
Whar honeysuckles grew;
A yellow dish of apple-sass
Wuz settin' thar in view.
'N on the table, by the stove,
An old-time "Johnny-cake,"
'N a platter full of doughnuts
Like my mother used ter make.

A patient form I seemed ter see,
In tidy dress of black,
I almost thought I heard the words,
"When will my boy come back?"
'N then—the old sign creaked:
But now it wuz the boss who spake:
"Here's whar yer gets yer doughnuts
Like yer mother used ter make."

Well, boys, that kind o' broke me up,
'N ez I've "struck pay gravel,"
I ruther think I'll pack my kit,
Vamose the ranch, 'n travel.
I'll make the old folks jubilant,
'N if I don't mistake,
I'll try some o' them doughnuts
Like my mother used ter make.

DUTY.—SCHILLER.

"What shall I do to be forever known?"
Thy duty ever.
"This did full many who yet sleep unknown."
Oh, never, never!
Think'st thou perchance that they remain unknown
Whom thou know'st not?
By angel trumps in heaven their praise is blown—
Divine their lot.

"What shall I do to gain eternal life?"
Discharge aright
The simple dues with which each day is rife,
Yea, with thy might.
Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise,
Will life be fled;
While he who ever acts as conscience cries,
Shall live, though dead.

FACTS CONCERNING "JAY GOULD."

ADAPTED.

The other morning while Mr. ——, the proprietor of the approaching circus and menagerie of that name, was standing on the steps of the Russ House, in San Francisco, a tall, sun-burned, bald-headed man, with pine burrs in his clothes, and a stick of sassafras in his mouth approached and said:

"Be you the wild-animal man, mister?"

The proprietor of the "Double Mammoth Mastodon Aggregation" admitted that such was the fact.

"Then," proceeded the party from the mountains, "I think I'll get you to make me an offer for a large-sized healthy Californian lion I've got."

"Good specimen, eh?" asked the circus man.

"*Good?* Well I should say so. Measures eleven feet from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail. Caught him myself when a cub. Just four years old to-morrow."

"Hum—good appetite?"

"*Appetite?* Great Scott—appetite! Well, I should smile—that's just the point—that's just why I am parting with Jay—I call him Jay Gould because *he takes everything in.* If it wasn't for his appetite and the queer little things it makes him do, I wouldn't part with Gould for a fortune."

"Savage, eh?"

"Well, no; I don't know as I should call Jay savage exactly,—sorter nibblish, though, he may be. Has a kinder habit of gnawing up things, so to speak. In fact, the neighbors—I live up at Bender's Peak—have gotten to be so fussy and particular of late that I can't so much as unchain J. G. for a little fresh air without their getting grumpy over it!"

"There's no pleasing some people," said the showman.

"I should say not. Now f'r instance, 'bout three months after Jay got to be as big as a boarding-house sofa, I came home one day from a pic-nic and found he had eaten up Aunt Maria, who had been left at home to mind the house—leastwise she was nowhere to be found; and as Jay Gould seemed sorter bulgy-like, and kept coughing up hair-pins and false teeth for a day or two, we kinder suspicioned the whole thing."

"Matrimonial aunt?" inquired the hippodromer, thoughtfully.

"Exactly. My wife took on dreadfully at first and wanted me to shoot Jay right off. But I told her that he probably suffered a good deal as it was, so we'd better call it square."

"And did she?"

"Well she kinder got reconciled after awhile, especially as Jay seemed fond of playing with the children. One morning, soon after that, my wife's mother—whole family lived with me, you see—didn't come down to breakfast. As all her false hair was hanging over a chair-back, and Gould crawled out from under the bed licking his chops we saw the state of the matter at a glance. Well, as you may suppose, the old lady—that's my wife—pranced

around a good deal, and wanted me to get down the breech-loader right away, but just then arrived a gold medal from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, awarded on account of my forbearance in the Aunt Maria business, and so I got her calmed down after awhile."

"Pacified her, eh?"

"Yes, I managed to arrange a reprieve for Jay, somehow. You see, I was always awful fond of pets, and tender-hearted and all that, you understand. I argued that the poor animal didn't know that he was doing wrong—merciful man is merciful to his beast, etc. That smoothed things over for another month."

"What happened then?"

"Well, one day I sent Johnny, our youngest boy, down to the store for some sugar, and he took Gould along with him for company. Now, whether it was because Jay was fond of sugar or not, I don't know, but he came home alone, and as soon as we noticed a peculiar kind of bulge on his ribs, about as big as Johnny, we concluded that the dread archer had marked another Skidmore—my name is Skidmore—for his own. The whole family took on like mad, and Mrs. Skid, was about to shove the powder-keg under Jay Gould and touch it off herself, when I pointed out it wouldn't do to desecrate our offspring's tomb in that way. So I just had the burial service read over the lion, and tied crape around his neck for thirty days. How does that strike you?"

"After that you kept the animal chained?"

"Well, no. The fact is, I set out to get a chain several times, but one thing and another prevented me, until one day last week I actually missed the old lady herself. I looked around for her a couple of days, when somehow of a sudden I sorter intentioned where she was; but all we could get out of Gould was a pair of high-heeled shoes and a chest protector. It was too late! too late! We put the shoes and things in a coffin, and had Jay led be-

hind the hearse to the cemetery. Wanted to have as much present as possible—don't you see? We had the animal all decorated with flowers and things, as fine as you please. Folks said it was the touchingest thing that ever took place in them parts," and the bereaved husband sighed heavily.

"Don't wonder you want to sell the beast," remarked the menagerie man, after a pause.

"Well, I sorter do and I sorter don't," said Mr. Skidmore, abstractedly. "There's so many memories and things clustering around J. G.—seems kinder like parting with one's family burying lot, as it were. On the other hand, though, now the old lady is gone, I sorter feel as if the insect had—well, had outlived its usefulness, so to speak. So suppose I just have his box hauled around to your show after the performance this afternoon, and see if we can't strike a bargain."

"All right," said the manager. "I'm going up Salt Lake way after awhile, and perhaps I can work him off for big money to some of the Mormon Elders."

"There's a mint of coin in him as a family pet," said the other, earnestly, and the widower shouldered his umbrella and drifted sadly down the street.

PURPOSE.

Brother! awake from thy long lethargy;
Walk forth into the world, search out the task
That is allotted thee; tear off the mask
Of morbid thought that ever blindeth thee.
God hath appointed each good man to be
His warrior in the righteous fray; then ask
His benison, and donning sword and casque
March forth to meet the common enemy.
Each good deed done shall be a death-blow given
Unto a sin conceived; each true word said
Shall be a javelin that hath not sped
In vain,—its force doth come from heaven.
Waste not the time; man's inmost spirit saith
"Life without purpose is a lingering death!"

A WATCHMAN'S STORY.—John F. Nicholls.

A rather monotonous life, sir? Well, yes I just reckon you're
right;
It isn't the liveliest calling to watch in a warehouse all night;
For solitude's all werry well, sir, for poets to praise and
uphold,
But it's not werry nice for a watchman when the nights are
so bitterly cold.

Do I mind it? Well, not on the whole, sir; you see I've
got used to it now;
But when I first joined the perfession I couldn't get on
anyhow.
For, you know, I was dreadfully startled the werry first night
I began,
And that seemed to damp all my courage, and make me a
fidgety man.

'Twas a big "fancy firm" that engaged me, when some of
their workmen were sacked;
Their warehouse was simply gigantic, with all sorts of valua-
bles packed.
My duties were easy, though strict, sir, the place was put
under my care,
And I was responsible solely for all of the articles there.

Well, I started my watch about ten, sir; of course, I had
nothing to do;
But in walking about the warehouse, I spent a good hour
or two.
The silence was awful impressive,—there wasn't the sound
of a mouse;
And I sat down to rest for a moment, up there at the top
of the house.

Crash! I sprang to my feet in an instant, as I wondered
what noise it could be;
The sound seemed to come from the basement—I would
travel down quickly and see.
So, taking my lantern in hand, sir, I made a most diligent
search,
But saw nothing strange or uncommon, and all was as still
as a church.

I turned and ascended the staircase, when I felt myself
forced to the ground,
And a man whispered, "Hist! or I'll kill you; don't utter a
single sound!"

Then he whistled a low, long whistle, and I heard the quick
shuffle of feet,
As three men came gliding in, sir, from out of the silent street.

I can't tell exactly my feelings as I lay there expecting death;
I felt that I dared not move, sir; scarce dared to take a breath.
And my heart stood almost still, sir, and my blood seemed
turned to ice,
When the men produced some lashing, and bound me up
in a trice.

They suddenly left me, lying as helpless as man could be,
While horrible thoughts came taunting, oppressing, and
worrying me.
I struggled to burst my bonds, sir, but a prisoner fast I lay,
And I knew no help could reach me till the morn of the
coming day.

Then I fancied that something a-burning attracted my sense
of smell,
And a horrible dread possessed me, I seemed to be under a
spell.
For stronger and stronger the odor seemed rising from under
the floor;
The place was on fire! I could feel it; I swooned, and I knew
no more.

When I came to myself I was lying in a snow-white hospital
bed,
I was bandaged with wool all over, from the soles of my feet
to my head.
A fireman had rescued my life, sir, and not one minute too
soon,
For had he not stumbled upon me, I had never recovered
my swoon.

The villains who served me so badly were some of the men
who were sacked;
They did it just out of revenge, sir, but I'm happy to say
they were tracked.
You wonder I keep to the business? Well, p'r'aps it is funny to
to you,
But, you see, I've a living to get, sir, and I've nothing else
better to do.

THE LIGHT FROM OVER THE RANGE.

"D'ye see it, pard?"
"See what, Rough?"
"The light from over the Range."

"Not a bit, Rough. It's not daybreak yet. Yer sick, an' yer head bothers ye."

"Pard, yer off. I've been sick, but I'm well again. It's not dark like it was. The light's a-comin'—comin' like the boyhood days that crep' inter the winders of the old home."

"Ye've been dreamin', Rough. The fever haint all outen your head yet."

"Dreamin'? 'Twant all dreams. It's the light comin', pard. I see 'em all plain. Thar's the ole man lookin' white an' awful, just as he looked the mornin' he drove me from home; and that woman behind him, stretchin' out her arms arter me, is the best mother in the world. Don't you see 'em, pard?"

"Yer flighty, Rough. It's all dark 'ceptin' a pine knot flickerin' in the ashes."

"No—the light's a-comin' brighter and brighter. Look! It's beamin' over the range bright and gentle, like the smile that used to be over me when my head laid in my mother's lap, long ago."

"Hyar's a little brandy, Rough. Thar; I seen it though my eyes are dim—somehow—hyar, Rough."

"Never, pard. That stuff spiled the best years of my life, it shan't spile my dreams of 'em. Oh, sich dreams, pard. They take me to the old home again; I see the white house 'mong the trees. I smell the breath of the apple-blossoms, and hear the birds singin' and the bees hummin' and the ole plow songs echoin' over the leetle valley. I see the river windin' through the willers an' sycamores, an' the dear ole hills all around, pintin' up to heaven like the spires of big meetin' houses. Thar's the ole rock we called the tea table. I climb up on it an' play, a happy boy again. Oh, if I'd only staid thar, pard."

"Don't Rough; ye thaw me all out, talkin' that. It makes me womanish."

"That's it, pard, we've kep our hearts froze so long we want it allus winter. But the summer comes back

with all the light from over the Range. How bright it is, pard. Look! How it floods the cabin till the knots an' cobwebs are plainer than day."

"Suthin's wrong, Rough. It's all dark, 'cept only that pine knot in the chimbly."

"No, it's all right, pard. The light's come over the range. I kin see better'n ever I could,—kin see the moister in yer eyes, pard, an' see the crooked path I've come, runnin' clean back to my mother's knee. I wasn't allus called Rough. Somebody used to kiss an' call me her boy—nobody'll ever know I've kep' it till the end."

"I hev wanted to ax ye, mate, why ye never had any name but jist Rough?"

"Pard—it's gettin' dark—my name? I've never heard it since I left home. I buried it thar in the little churchyard, whar mother's waitin' for the boy that never come back. I can't tell it, pard—in my kit you'll find a package done up. Thar's two picters in it of two faces that's been hoverin' over me since I took down. You'll find my name thar, pard,—thar with hers and mother's."

"Hers? Will I ever see her, Rough?"

"Not till you see her by the light that comes from over the Range to us all. Pard, it's gettin' dark—dark and close—darker than it ever seemed to me afore—"

"Rough, what's the matter? Speak to me, mate. Can't I do nuthin' fer ye?"

"Yes—pard. Can't ye—say—suthin?"

"What d'ye mean, Rough? I'll say anything to please ye."

"Say—a—pra'r, pard."

"A pra'r! Rough, d'ye mean it?"

"Yes, a pra'r, pard. It's the—last thing Rough 'll ever—ax of ye."

"It's hard to do, Rough. I don't know a pra'r."

"Think back, pard. Didn't yer mother—teach ye—suthin'. One that begins—'Our Father'—an' then—somehow—says—'forgive us'—"

"Don't Rough, ye break me all up—"

"The light's a-fadin'—on the golden hills—an' the —night is comin'—out of the canyons, pard. Be quick —ye'll try, pard. Say suthin'—fer Rough—"

"I—Rough—Our Father forgive us. Don't be hard on Rough. We're a tough lot. We've forgot ye, but we hain't all bad. 'Cause we hain't forgot the old home. Forgive us—be—easy on Rough—Thy will be done—"

"It's comin' agin—pard. The light's—comin'—over the Range"—

"Have mercy on—us, an'—an'—an'—settle with us cordin' to—to the surroundin's of our lives. Thy—Thy kingdom come—"

"Go on, pard. It's comin'."

"Now—I lay me down to sleep."

"That's—good—mother said that—"

"Hallowed be thy name—pray—the Lord his soul to keep."

"That's good—pard. It's all glory—comin' over—the Range—mother's face—her—face—"

"Thine is the glory, we ask—for Jesus' sake—Amen."

"Pard—"

"What, Rough? I'm all unstrung. I—"

"Fare—"

"Rough! Yer worse! What—dead?"

Yes, the wanderings were over. Ended with a prayer, rough and sincere, like the heart that had ceased to throb,—a prayer and a few real tears, even in that lone cabin in the canyon, truer than many a death scene knows, although a nation does honor to the dying; a prayer that pleased Him better than many a prayer of the schools and creeds. A rough but gentle hand closed the eyes. The first rays of the morning sun broke through a crevice in the little cabin and hung like his mother's smile over the couch of the sleeping boy. Only one mourner watched with Rough as he waited for the new name which will be given to us all, when that light comes to the world from over the Range.

PRISCILLA PRIM'S VIEWS ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Written expressly for this Collection.

Fellow-women, I am here to-night to discuss a cause that's human,
And it is the rights of that down-trodden creature known as woman.
Ahem! I do believe the sexes were made all ways equal,
With women a little more so than men, as per my sequel:

I do believe the world to-day would be better without man creatures,
Would be better without his vast conceit and other offensive features.
As a failure man is a great success, almost a superhuman,
And I bless my stars every day of my life that my mother was a woman;

So, you see, I'm in the swim with you all. Ahem! Pray don't clap, sisters,
My father, being a man, I'm weak; my brains are mere air-blisters
Liable to snap at any time and make no end of commotion,
And so you will kindly consider me and restrain your loudest emotion.

Let me see! well, they say that man was created first—I beg you'll veil your
Anger at that; any first attempt is bound to be a failure;
If I were a betting woman I'd bet my very bottom-dollar
That the first attempt is to success as a paper to a linen-collar.

Ahem! Supposing the man came first; the decentest thing about him
Was his rib that made something better, yet which was worse with him than without him.
And then they throw into woman's teeth that miserable apple-story
Which for all the years since the world began has been man's chiefest glory.

Now I'll bet five dollars Adam took Eve and boosted her up, she fearing,
And screaming, and crying; and Adam shaking his fist up at her and swearing.
And I'll go ten better and say I'll bet when she came down, bent up double,
He ate the apple, skin and all, and gave her the core for her trouble.

Bah! what did he do when he was found out? His rights
as a man assuming,
He hid behind her and said "'Twasn't I that took it; it was
the woman."
Yes, a woman fathers every thing mean, and mothers it too,
poor creature;
And shall she stand it any more? I appeal to you! Every
feature
Is working in every face I see; my sisters in affliction,
Let my last words, if not my first, carry a firm conviction—
And they are that we want the ballot, and we'll have it now
or never,
And the man that dares to oppose us be anathema forever!

We'll have a vote if we have to let our back-hair down
behind us,
And swim in a sea of sanguinary gore that's pretty sure to
blind us
To mercy and pity, and all the silly virtues man will grant us
When he wants to get the better of us and make our con-
science haunt us.
And we'll show the world what strength there is in the—
ahem!—the will of woman!
We'll have a vote, every one of us, *if we marry to get it*—we're
human!

THE PRAYER IN BATTLE—John H. Hewitt.

The sun had set behind the mountains, and darkness palled
the vale;
The monarch eagle sought his eyrie, the moon rose cold and
pale.
On sped the rapid Shenandoah over its rocky bed,
And wood-elves gamboled in the waters, though dark were
they and red,—
Red with the blood of human creatures slain on the battle-
field,
Some for the South, some for the North, for each had
scorned to yield.
The moon looked sadly on the river, and lit the dancing
waves;
The tears of night came down in sorrow upon the dead
men's graves;
The curling waters moved in silence, even the leaves were
still;
No sound came from the fallen brooklet, mute was the whip-
poor-will.

In the pale moonlight sat two lovers,—one was a soldier lad
With blanket strapped upon his shoulder, and visage flushed and sad.
Beside him sat a winsome lassie, of years, perchance eighteen;
His sturdy arm her waist encircled, his carbine laid between.
"Willie," said she, "the leaves are falling, the corn is gathered in;
The cold and frosty winds of winter, to kill will soon begin.
Little I fear the blighting north-wind, little I heed the snow,
But cruel war, with death and rapine, will strike a fearful blow.
With the first gleam of morning will roll the muster drum,
And you will march to death and danger, far, far away from home.
Oh, think, while sounds the din of battle, of those you leave behind,—
The friends who've loved you long and dear, whose hearts are true and kind.
Above all, when you are in danger, utter a fervent prayer
That God will shield you from the bullets that whistle through the air."

Then spake the soldier young and fearless, "Sorry am I to say
I never kneel down to my Maker,—oh, teach me how to pray!
My darling mother taught me once, when I was but a child,
To lisp a verse before I slept, but since—I've been *so* wild."
"Then breathe the prayer your mother taught you; it's sure to reach the throne;
A mother's prayer is always pleading, 'twill melt a heart of stone."

The moon threw on the sylvan trysting her melancholy ray;
The sleepy drummer beat the tattoo—the lovers were away.
Proud on the bloody field of Romney, the gallant trooper rode,
His heart-pulse beat with strange commotion, as if 'twas fear's abode;
And, when the bugle "charge" was sounded, he pricked his charger's flanks,
And onward to the blazing battery galloped the serried ranks.
Shot and shell howled through the welkin, bullets whizzed in the air,
And every anxious horseman's features wore a look of stern despair,
For death was rioting in slaughter all o'er the reeking plain;
Unhorsed was one, unhorsed another, never to meet again.

Our gallant friend who loved the moonlight, and loved the maiden, too,
Tried hard a decent prayer to utter, naught could he say or do.
He tried "Our Father"—there he stumbled—a ball whizzed past his ear;
And then he called on old St. Peter—a shell burst in his rear.
He called on Mars, the god of battles; Neptune, to flood the land;
Old Boreas, to start a cyclone and quench war's fiery brand.
The spirit of his sainted mother then flitted through his brain;
He bowed his head toward the saddle, and grasped his charger's mane;
"Yes—Now I lay me down to sleep,"—and then he thought awhile,
"I pray the Lord my soul to keep—(as 'twas when but a child);
If I should die before I wake (or fail to see my love),
I pray the Lord my soul to take (and meet her up above)."
The trooper spurred his noble charger up to the cannon's glare,
He didn't seem to care for danger since he had said a prayer.
The shot flew fast and slaughtered numbers, but he lost not a hair!
He lives to tell the wondrous story of his more wondrous prayer.
And Minnie sits close by her husband,—two young eyes upward peep,
And baby lips, half open, utter: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

THE GHOST OF AN OLD CONTINENTAL*

FRED EMERSON BROOKS.

I'm the ghost of an old continental,
Come back for the fourth of July!
Now don't you go pilin' on questions,
Or, Yankee-like, I shall reply
By askin' you questions. *Whence came I?*
It isn't quite right you should know,
But this much I'll tell you, good people,
I didn't come up from *below!*

* Read by the Author at the Fourth of July Celebration in San Francisco, 1887, dressed as a survivor of the Revolutionary period. The poem is used in this collection by special permission.

I came for a sort of a sojourn,
To see how you're keepin' the day;
If you'd keep it up this way forever,
I reckon I'd just like to stay!
The people and customs have altered,
You'll scarcely believe it is true,
But, searchin' from ocean to ocean,
I found only one thing I knew.

The savage had fled with the forest;
Great cities in haunts of the stag;
I wouldn't have known my own country
If I hadn't caught sight of the flag!
There's a heap more o' stars in the corner;
The blue field you're tryin' to fill
With States that I never yet heard of,
But the old thirteen stripes are there still!

I reckon I'm quite out of fashion,
For, meetin' some city gallants,
They asked where I purchased my wardrobe
And picked up these bicycle pants?
In my day the men wore knee-breeches—
I trust the illusion wont vex;
Those long ones the men are now wearin'
Were worn by the opposite sex!

This bicycle business reminds me
I've got no amazement to spare;
I'd heard of 'em walkin' on water,
But never o' walkin' on air!
They showed me their spinnin'-wheel buggy
And said I could ride, bein' shown,
But never again will I straddle
A wagon that wont stand alone!

The light in the gas-jet is burnin';
The anthracite coal on the hearth;
Blue blood pulses out in petroleum
By probin' the veins of the earth!
By the light of a tallow-dip candle
Our bashful youth courted the lass;
But now when they're doin' their sparkin'
They turn on the *natural gas!*

I met such a singular creature,
Which some one observed was a *dude;*

While gazin' in wonder upon him
He said I was *howidly wude!*
When I was a youngster, the monkeys
Went round on hand-organs content,
While Italy make-a de moosic
De monkey he catch-a de cent!

I wanted an old flint-lock musket
With ramrod and long powder-horn;
They asked me in perfect amazement,
"Wall, stranger, pray when were you born?"
The sight of their breech-loadin' rifles,
And Gatlin' guns turned by a crank,
With bullets stuck into a thimble,
Bewildered this old-fashioned Yank!

I told 'em I reckoned I wasn't
Familiar with new Yankee tricks!
I'd a-settled the whole revolution
If I'd had 'em in *seventy-six!*
Imagine me fightin' at Yorktown,
A-mowin' 'em down on the run,—
As I used to cut swaths in the meadow,—
A-tryin' this new-fangled gun!

The spinnin' and weavin' and knittin'
Are numbered with things obsolete;
A woman now wabbles a pedal
And sewin' is done with the feet!
But speakin' o' wabble reminds me—
One custom they cannot forget:
The women did most of the talkin',
I find they are doin' it yet!

Some monstrous electrical spiders,
It seems, have been plyin' their trade;
The network of wire o'er the cities
Is naught but the web they have made.
And so they keep spinnin' and weavin'
As if human bein's were flies:
Once caught in the toils of its meshes
This buzzin' humanity dies!

This telephone beats all creation,—
A coffee-mill stuck on the wall;
One turn of the crank and the nation
Stands waitin' at your beck and call!

When I go back yonder and tell 'em
The people are talkin' by wire,
They'll say "It's just what we expected—
The devil's had hold of the *Squire!*"

But what will they say when I tell 'em
The navy is runnin' by steam;
The railroad has tunneled the mountain
And bridged every canyon and stream;
Torpedo-sharks swim in the ocean;
The dynamite fiend is well known;
Electrical lights furnish lovers
With nice fickle moons of their own?

Steel pens and type-writers have driven
The old-fashioned quill out of use,
And the genius of authors no longer
Soars round on the wings of a goose!
Your new incubators have taken
The poetry out of the hen,
And Darwin, with strange evolution,
The vanity out of the men!

In my day men came from the cradle;
Evolution don't prosper so well
If that is the best it can furnish,—
The la-de-da dude and the swell.
Far better if Darwin had left 'em
Back where evolution began
Than spoil a respectable monkey
In tryin' to eke out a man!

To watch a balloonist ascendin'
I borrowed an opera-glass,
Observin', when *I* journeyed upward,
I didn't need hydrogen gas!
But, wonder of wonders! they asked me
To ride in a flyin'-machine
And take a trip over the ocean
To visit the jubilee Queen!

Though intended to be a free country,
I fear you will make it too free,
Since foreigners bound to out-breed ye
Are bound to out-vote ye, ye see!
The freedom of ballot's a blessin'
When left to the honor of men,

But giv'n to the scum of creation,
Pray what do you think of it then?
I came down to settle the question
'Bout hangin' the flag in the street;*
Such matters are quickly adjusted
When the *Ghost* and the *Alderman* meet!
I left him this message at partin':
To say the old banner shan't wave
Will wake every old Continental
And raise him right out of the grave.

BY SPECIAL REQUEST.—Frank Castles.

A lady standing with one hand on a chair in a somewhat amateurish attitude.

Our kind hostess has asked me to recite something, "by special request," but I really don't know what to do. I have only a very small *repertoire*, and I'm afraid you know all my stock recitations. What shall I do? (*Pause.*) I have it; I'll give you something entirely original. I'll tell you about my last experience of reciting, which really is the cause of my being so nervous to-night. I began reciting about a year ago; I took elocution lessons with Mr. —— no, I won't tell you his name, I want to keep him all to myself. I studied the usual things with him —the "Mercy" speech from the "Merchant of Venice," and Juliet's "Balcony scene," but I somehow never could imagine my fat, red-faced, snub-nosed old master (there! I've told you who he was), I never could fancy him as an ideal Romeo; he looked much more like Polonius, or the Ghost before he was a ghost—I mean as he probably was in the flesh.

My elocution master told me that Shakspeare was not my forte, so I studied some more modern pieces. He

*There is a city ordinance, in San Francisco, prohibiting the hanging of large banners in the street. At the celebration referred to in the poem, the Fourth of July committee displayed a huge *American Flag* at their headquarters, at the same time applying to the Supervisors for the privilege, which the Chairman of the board (here termed Alderman) foolishly refused, and ordered the police to take it down, whereupon the Chairman of the committee drew his pistol, declaring he would shoot the man who attempted to pull down the flag. The flag *did not* come down.

told me I was getting on very well—"one of my most promising pupils," but I found that he said that to every one.

Well, it soon became known that I recited (one must have *some* little vices, you know, just to show up one's virtues). I received an invitation from Lady Midas for a musical evening last Friday, and in a postscript, "We hope you will favor us with a recitation." Very flattering, wasn't it?

I went there fully primed with three pieces—"The Lifeboat," by Sims, "The Lost Soul," and Calverley's "Waiting." I thought that I had hit on a perfectly original selection; but I was soon undeceived. There were a great many people at Lady Midas', quite fifty, I should think, or perhaps two hundred; but I'm very bad at guessing numbers. We had a lot of music. A young man, with red hair and little twinkling light eyes, sang a song by De Lara, but it did not sound as well as when I heard the composer sing it. Then two girls played a banjo duet; then—no, we had another song first, then a girl with big eyes and an ugly dress—brown nun's veiling with yellow lace, and beads, and ribbons, and sham flowers and all sorts of horrid things, so ugly, I'm sure it was made at home. Well—where was I? Oh, yes!—she stood up and recited, what do you think? Why, Calverley's "Waiting"! Oh! I was so cross when it came to the last verses; you remember how they go (*imitating*)—

"'Hush! hark! I see a hovering form!
From the dim distance slowly rolled;
It rocks like lilies in a storm,
And oh! its hues are green and gold.

'It comes, it comes! Ah! rest is sweet,
And there is rest, my babe, for us!"
She ceased, as at her very feet
Stopped the St. John's Wood omnibus.'

Well, when I heard that I felt inclined to cry. Just imagine how provoking; one of the pieces I had been practising for weeks past. Oh, it *was* annoying! After that there was a violin solo, then another—no, then I

had an ice, such a nice young man, just up from Aldershot, *very* young, but *so* amusing, and so full of somebody of "ours" who had won something, or lost something, I could not quite make out which.

Then we came back to the drawing-room, and an elderly spinster, with curls, sang, "Oh that we two were Maying," and the young man from Aldershot said, "Thank goodness we aren't."

Afterwards I had another ice, not because I wanted it, not a bit, but the young man from Aldershot said he was *so* thirsty.

Then I saw a youth with long hair and badly-fitting clothes. I thought he was going to sing, but he wasn't; oh no! much worse! he recited. When I heard the first words I thought I should faint (*imitating*):—

"Been out in the lifeboat often? Aye aye, sir, oft enough.
When it's rougher than this? Lor' bless you! this ain't what *we* calls rough."

How well I knew the lines! Wasn't it cruel? However, I had one hope left—my "Lost Soul," a beautiful poem, serious and sentimental. The æsthetic youth was so tedious that the young man from Aldershot asked me to come into the conservatory, and really I was so vexed and disappointed that I think I would have gone into the coal-cellar if he had asked me.

We went into the conservatory and had a nice long talk, all about —— well, it would take too long to tell you now, and besides it would not interest *you*.

All at once mamma came in, and I felt rather frightened at first (I don't know why), but she was laughing and smiling. "O, Mary," she said, "that æsthetic young man has been so funny; they encored 'The Lifeboat,' so he recited a very comic piece of poetry, that sent us all into fits of laughter, it was called 'The Fried Sole,' a parody on 'The Lost Soul' that you used to recite."

Alas! my last hope was wrecked; I could not recite after that! I believe I burst into tears. Anyhow, mamma hurried me off in a cab, and I cried all the way home,

and—and—I forgot to say good-night to the young man from Aldershot. Wasn't it a pity?

And you see that's why I don't like to recite anything to-night. (*Some one from the audience comes up and whispers to her*). No! really, have I? How stupid! I'm told that I've been reciting all this time. I am so sorry; will you ever forgive me? I do beg pardon; I'll never do it again! (*Runs out.*)

SOUND THE REVEILLE.—I. EDGAR JONES.

Wake the world to new conditions,
Free from moss-grown superstitions,
Free from old decayed traditions.
Sound the reveille!

Hail the morn foretold in story!
Souls, awake to deeds of glory!
Leave old fancies, dim and hoary.
Sound the reveille!

These the days for noble doing,
High ideals and thoughts pursuing,
Noblest inspirations wooing.
Sound the reveille!

Wake, to meet the calls of duty;
Wake to progress and its beauty;
Harvests wait you, full and fruity.
Sound the reveille!

This the age when thought is growing,
Fires of noblest purpose glowing,
Streams of knowledge strongly flowing.
Sound the reveille!

Dally not with fools and factions,
Soft allurements, vain distractions;
March close-linked in thoughts to actions.
Sound the reveille!

Shun poor baubles, gilt or varnished,
Let your heads and hearts be garnished
Rich with honor, pure, untarnished.
Sound the reveille!

Ours the world's pathfinding nation;
Ours all people's inspiration;
Strong in faith and consecration.
Sound the reveille!

Scorn mere words and idle tattle,
Demagogues with empty rattle;
Deeds, not words, win every battle.
Sound the reveille!

On! fulfil the dreams of ages
Genius wrote on wisdom's pages,—
Prophecies of bards and sages.
Sound the reveille!

Liberty has crowned our nation;
Ours the van, the honored station;
Sound aloud God's proclamation.
Sound the reveille!

Wrong breaks ranks, and right is leading;
God commanding, progress pleading;
Sleep not on, unstirred, unheeding.
Sound the reveille!

Up! awake! the hours are fleeting,
Friends advancing, foes retreating.
Forward, march! The drums are beating.
Sound the reveille!

GENIUS.—Elmer Ruán Coates.

In certain brains, there is an inborn might
That elevates them to a height supreme.
'Tis oft inherited from brilliant mind;—
And then, we find this wondrous, inborn might
Without descent from gifted parentage.
No matter whence, how soon 'tis recognized!
In early youth, its leverage is felt,
And little comrades of the childish sport
Acknowledge it and pay it reverence.

He, who is favored with this precious gift,
Is logical without the aid of rules;
Is really learned, though he's little read.

He is a focus, essence, and this life,
By his high judgment, is resolved to facts
Which he can gather and apply with ease.
Let it be music; he can sound the chords
That strike mere talent with astonishment.
Let it be painting; he can give results
That soon discourage men of minor mould.
If it be poesy; he wings a flight
That vibrates every nerve with ecstasy.
Or, if in reason; he has found the depth,
While others flounder on the foamy crest.
He stands upon the mountain top of thought,
His eye inductive viewing all beneath.
He is a centre in the sphere of mind,
And sees, at once, the whole circumference.

By this great gift, the "blockhead" of the school,
With sudden bound, is in some college chair.
By this great gift, the child of poverty
Is representing in the senate hall.
Through this rare power, men unknown to-day,
Are famous ere the morrow sun shall set.
Proud potentates do homage to this gem,
The ladies love and twine the laurel wreaths,
The attribute is praised in prose and verse,
While painter, sculptor would eternify.

How lives the man of this endowment rare?
An overtension, tender nerve exposed,
An oscillation 'tween a want and wealth,
Vibration 'tween a gloom and ecstasy,
A chord with some, a discord with the most,
In sudden love with each affinity.
He is a motor, spur, and balance-wheel,
Sometimes in need of that same wheel himself.
They call him deep, and brilliant, strangely odd,
A great, unfathomed eccentricity.
All plainly see a bold dividing-line.
Now silent, he appears a thoughtless child,
Then, in a flash, volcanic, grand, sublime.
He moves around a wonder to the mass,
Yet moulding, guiding, urging friend and foe.
If unobtrusive, he is patriarch.
By that mysterious, magnetic force.
He's tolerated, hated, idolized.

And thus he lives, developing the age
And giving dignity to history.

In certain brains, there is an inborn might
Promoting self, and every one who heeds.
This power that electrifies the world,
This flame that gives the vital, zenith charm,
This ever-worshiped, mighty master-force
Is—GENIUS.

STORM AT SEA.—CHARLES DICKENS.

A dark and dreary night; people nestling in their beds or circling late about the fire; Want, colder than Charity, shivering at the street corners; church-towers humming with the faint vibration of their own tongues, but newly resting from the ghostly preachment "One!" The earth covered with a sable pall as for the burial of yesterday; the clumps of dark trees, with giant plumes of funeral feathers waving sadly to and fro: all hushed, all noiseless, and in deep repose, save the swift clouds that skim across the moon, and the cautious wind, as, creeping after them upon the ground, it stops to listen, and goes rustling on, and stops again, and follows, like a savage on the trail.

Whither go the clouds and wind so eagerly? If, like guilty spirits, they repair to some dread conference with powers like themselves, in what wild region do the elements hold council, or where unbend in terrible disport?

Here! Free from that cramped prison called the earth, and out upon the waste of waters. Here, roaring, raging, shrieking, howling, all night long. Hither come the sounding voices from the caverns on the coast of that small island, sleeping, a thousand miles away, so quietly in the midst of angry waves; and hither, to meet them, rush the blasts from unknown desert places of the world. Here, in the fury of their unchecked liberty, they storm and buffet with each other, until the sea, lashed into passion like their own, leaps up, in ravings mightier than theirs, and the whole scene is madness.

On, on, on, over the countless miles of angry space roll the long heaving billows. Mountains and caves are here, and yet are not; for what is now the one, is now the other; then, all is but a boiling heap of rushing water. Pursuit, and flight, and mad return of wave on wave, and savage struggle, ending in a spouting-up of foam, that whitens the black night; incessant change of place, and form, and hue; constancy in nothing, but eternal strife; on, on, on, they roll, and darker grows the night, and louder howl the winds, and more clamorous and fierce become the million voices in the sea, when the wild cry goes forth upon the storm, "A ship!"

Onward she comes, in gallant combat with the elements, her tall masts trembling, and her timbers starting on the strain; onward she comes, now high upon the curling billows, now low down in the hollows of the sea, as hiding for the moment from its fury; and every storm-voice in the air and water cries more loudly yet "A ship!"

Still she comes striving on; and at her boldness and the spreading cry, the angry waves rise up above each other's hoary heads to look; and round about the vessel, far as the mariners on her decks can pierce into the gloom, they press upon her, forcing each other down, and starting up, and rushing forward from afar, in dreadful curiosity. High over her they break; and round her surge and roar; and, giving place to others, moaningly depart, and dash themselves to fragments in their baffled anger. Still she comes onward bravely. And though the eager multitude crowd thick and fast upon her all the night, and dawn of day discovers the untiring train yet bearing down upon the ship in an eternity of troubled water, onward she comes, with dim lights burning in her hull, and people there, asleep; as if no deadly element were peering in at every seam and chink, and no drowned seaman's grave, with but a plank to cover it, were yawning in the unfathomable depths below.

—*Martin Chuzzlewit.*

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY UNVEILED.

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Unveil the statue vast and tall,
The flaming torch within its hand,
Upon the island pedestal,
In the fair harbor let it stand,
And flame upon the shore and sea
The white light of sweet liberty.

For aye may heaven reflect its glow
To all the world, from zone to zone;
That nations near and far may know
That justice sits upon the throne;
That freedom rules with love and light
Since God, our King, "defends the right."

May the oppressed in lands afar
Behold the signal of the free,
And know that they have seen the star
Which shines for all, from sea to sea,
And that the flag of light unfurled
Whispers of progress to the world.

France and her gallant Lafayette
We'll honor with a grateful glow,
Whene'er we see the coronet
Of light upon the figure's brow.
The heroes of the flag of flame
Led on to liberty and fame.

From tapering masts of alien ships
That sail across our harbor bars,
The flag of peace which floats and dips
Will honor with salutes our stars
That shine aloft with streaming light
To guide the wandering craft aright.

May freedom's torch illume the world
And flash on fields by tyrants trod,
Like the red shafts of lightning hurled
By the unerring hand of God.
Freedom is the inheritance
Of nations moving in advance.

FOREIGN VIEWS OF THE STATUE.*

FRED EMERSON BROOKS.

On the deck of a steamer that came up the Bay,
Some garrulous foreigners gathered one day,
To vent their opinions on matters and things
On this side the Atlantic,
In language pedantic.
'Twas much the same gathering that any ship brings.

"Ah, look!" said the Frenchman, with pride his lips curled;
"See ze Liberté Statue enlighten ze world!
Ze grandest colossal zat evair vas known!
Thus Bartholdi, he speak:
Vive la France—Amerique!
La belle France make ze statue, and God make ze stone!"

Said the Scotchman: "Na need o' yer spakin' sae free!
The thing is na sma', sir, that we canna see.
Do ye think that wi'oot ye the folk couldna tell?
Sin' 'tis Liberty's Statye,
I ken na why thatye
Did na keep it at hame to enlighten yoursel!"

The Englishman gazed through his watch-crystal eye:
"'Pon 'onor, by Jove, it is too beastly high!
A monstwosity, weally, too lawge to be seen!
In pwoportion, I say,
It's too lawge faw the Bay.
So much lawger than one we've at 'ome of the Queen!"

An Italian next joined the colloquial scrimmage:
"I dress-a my monkey just like-a de image,
I call-a 'Bartholdi'—Frenchman got-a spunky—
Call-a me 'Macaroni,'
Lose-a me plendy moany!
He break-a my organ and keel-a my monkey!

"My-a broder a feesherman; hear-a what he say:
No more-a he catch-a de feesh in de Bay.
He drop-a de sein—he no get-a de weesh.
When he mak-a de grab-a,
Only catch-a de crab-a.
De big-a French image scare away all de feesh!"

* By permission.

"By the home rule!" said Pat: "and is *that* Libertee?
She's the biggest owld woman that iver I see!
Phy don't she sit down? 'Tis a shame she's to stand.
But the truth is, Oi'm towld,
That the sthone is too cowld.
Would ye moind the shillalah she howlds in her hand!"

Said the Cornishman: "Thaät's no ä 'shillalah,' ye scaämp!
Looäks to I like Diogenes 'ere wi' 'is laämp,
Searchin' haärd fur a 'onest maän." "Faith, that is true,"
Muttered Pat, "phat ye say,
Fur he's lookin' moi way,
And by the same favor don't *recognize* you!"

"Shust vait unt I dolt you," said Hans; "vat's der matter;
It vas von uf dem mermaits coomed ouwd fun der vater:
Unt she hat noddings on; unt der vintry vind plows,
Unt fur shame, unt fur pidy,
She vent to der cidy,
Unt buyed her a suit fun der reaty-mate clo's."

"Me no sabee you Foleners; too muchee talkee!
You no likee Idol, you heap takee walkee.
Him allee same Chinaman velly big Joshee.
Him Unclee Sam gal-ee;
Catch um lain, no umblallee!
Heap velly big shirtee—me no likee washee!"

"Oh!" cried Sambo, amazed: "Dat's de cullud man's Lor'!
He's cum back to de earf; somefin' he's lookin' for.
Allus knowed by de halo surroundin' he's brow;
Jess you looken dat crown!
Jess you looken dat gown!
Lor' 'a' mussy, I knows I's a gone nigga' now!"

Said the Yankee: "I've heerd ye discussin' her figger;
And I reckon you strängers haint seen nuthin' bigger.
Wall, I haint much on boastin' but I'll go my pile:
When you furreners cum
You'll find her to hum!
Dew I mean what I say? Wall somewhat—I should smile!
—*The American Magazine.*

Part Twenty-eighth.

Each of the Four Numbers of "100 Choice Selections" contained in this volume is paged separately, and the Index is made to correspond therewith. See EXPLANATION *on first page of Contents.*

The entire book contains nearly 1000 pages.

100

CHOICE SELECTIONS

No. 28.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.—C. W. Thompson.

Bird of the heavens! whose matchless eye
Alone can front the blaze of day,
And, wandering through the radiant sky,
Ne'er from the sunlight turns away;
Whose ample wing was made to rise
Majestic o'er the loftiest peak,
On whose chill tops the winter skies,
Around thy nest, in tempests speak—
What ranger of the winds can dare,
Proud mountain king, with thee compare!
Or lift his gaudier plumes on high
Before thy native majesty,
When thou hast taken thy seat alone,
Upon thy cloud-encircled throne?

Bird of the sun! to thee—to thee
The earliest tints of dawn are known,
And 'tis thy proud delight to see
The monarch mount his gorgeous throne;
Throwing the crimson drapery by,
That half impedes his glorious way;
And mounting up the radiant sky,
E'en what he is,—the king of day.

Bird of Columbia! well art thou
An emblem of our native land;

With unblenched front and noble brow,
Among the nations doomed to stand,
Proud, like her mighty mountain woods;
Like her own rivers, wandering free;
And sending forth, from hills and floods,
The joyous shout of liberty!

Like thee, majestic bird! like thee
She stands in unbought majesty,
With spreading wings, untired and strong,
That dares a soaring far and long,
That mounts aloft, nor looks below,
And will not quail though tempests blow.

EUNICE.—Robert C. V. Meyers.

Written expressly for this Collection.

When Philip Grey, whose wild adventurous soul
Had urged him from the South land and his love
To seek the open sea beyond the North,
Was rumored dead,—the news brought home by one
Who died in breathing it, so spent was he
By frozen life in lands where death is king,—
The woman Philip loved and who had vowed
To be to him a wife and nothing less,
Fell prone unto the feet of him who brought
In dying frame the word of Philip's death.
For days she lived in other sphere than this,
Some sphere where consciousness hath never been,
The sphere where dreams, and songs, and perfect love
Hold back somewhat the tides that wreck our lives.

And when one morn she ope'd her eyes again—
Eyes heavy with her grief and Philip's death,
She was as one new born,—as one who came
In mature age an hour ago from birth;
Not mouthing with the idiot's curdled smile,
Not raving with the maniac's burning speech,
But childlike with a faith few understood.
"I have been absent," said she, far away
Beyond both time and distance. Yea, I know
You call my Philip dead; and yea, I know
He waiteth for me in the northern floe,
Will wait all time for me, e'er young as when
He listed with me in these summer lands.

Aye, he hath found the sea beyond the cold—
The sea that leads to love's eternal shore,
And waits to have me with him. And I go."

Another week, and she had left her bed;
Another still, and she was wild to speed
To the all-frozen North. Of course 'twas nay!
From father and from friends. She smiling said,
"Well, I am weak and but a woman, and
A woman conquers, yielding. So I yield.
But I shall go, some day; if months or years,
It is the same to me, for Philip waits."
She went about the house, a smiling lack.
Her father—he was rich above most men—
Would give her gold and jewels, which she took,
Nor spent nor wore, but hoarded. Smiling on,
She shunned the world, and loved to sit apart
And dream, they said, of days that used to be;
Demurred not, heeded not the irritant
Father who would make her happy if he could,
But claimed his happiness in making hers
As he thought best. She said but, "Philip waits."

A year, yes, two, and still it was the same.
And then a suitor rose. Her father urged:
"A man of power and kindness, Eunice; and
I am grown old and soon must pass and leave
You all alone in a rude jibing world
That even now assails your sentiment.
Take him, and make me happy." Up she flashed:
"I go to him," she said, and to him went,
And laid before him all he knew before.
"You know that Philip died," her lover urged,
His love surmounting all else; but she smiled.
"I only know he waits, my young, sweet love,"
She murmured, and he left her. Then was wroth
Her father. "Thankless daughter, idiot,
His wealth was great," he said. "My father," then
She spake, "I might have wed him for the wealth
To fit out ships to search for Philip, but
I feared God's anger." "How!" he cried irate;
"Now know I why you hoarded gifts and gold
I gave you." "Yea," she answered, "to buy ships
To search for Philip." In his grief and rage,
Her father smote her: "Leave me, imbecile!"

And smiling, with a red welt down her cheek
She left her father's house, and went out in
The world to slave for hire, and saved the wage
Her roughening hand had brought her. Nevermore
Did she her father see, but smiled as though
'Twas little that she missed.
So years went by;
Friends went with years—the world for sponsor took
The word of friends, and called her weak of wit,
And smiled to see her smile, and jeered sometimes.
And then her father died. She had no tears.
His will was opened; he had left her but
A narrow strip of land far to the west,
Under the golden horn. For a short day
Her face was clouded: "I thought I had been rich,
But now there is not much to buy my ships
To take me to the land where Philip waits.
Waits! Ah, so can I." The smiles returned,
And she and work were one from morn till night.
Time passed; she sank in humbleness until
She was but a mere woman whose scarred hands
Dusted the carvings of the parvenu
For weekly hire but coldly cast at her.
They called her "Smiling Eunice" for a score
Of lagging years,—a silent, foolish dame,
One who said little, while her hands wrought much.
Unto the score of years add a decade,
And still she wrought, a silent tireless drudge.
And then arose a fury in the land,
A war of prices, and a war of thought;
The sun was in the earth and must be digged;
A man might be a beggar yesterday,
To-day become a prince if deep enough
He digged to reach the sun-light; gold was found
Far in the West, and men spread God's name out
To let a little "l" in,—made it gold;
And worshiped the new word, forgot the old,
And glittered with expectancy, and loved
The earth and that beneath it, while above
Shone down the Bethlehem star from the glad heaven
Where He had gone who died to save mankind
From love of earth, and bring them to Himself.

One day a strip of California land
Was placed upon the market; when the night

Had fallen, in her hands a woman held
Crisp papers representing riches such
As Sheba's queen had been at loss to spend.'
And this was Eunice—it had been her land!
And was she idiotic? Nay, no more,
When in her hands the crispy papers lay.
They called her "Princess," "Queen," aye, anything
That means a woman ruled by what she rules.
And she? "I know you not," she said, and went aside,
And hid herself, and saw but two or three
Of all the beggars that her riches called
Into abased existence.

At fever-pitch
Was all the land, when suddenly was heard
The foolish news that a great ship was manned
And on the point of sailing to the North.
Few heeded, for all thought was toward the West.
And then one day there sailed away from warmth
A black deep vessel with its sturdy crew
Thoughtlessly going in the path of death.
For days and months it sailed; it left the sun
And ploughed amid the shadows of the North,
Felt griding ice-hands, heard the hollow groans
Of prisoned airs of heaven held within
The frozen waters; passed beyond the waves,
Lay bedded in perpetual ice where raised
Were dingy huts of the squat Eskimo
Whose greasy chops shone with the fat that fed
The flickering warmth within him. Then from down
The ship's side came a figure swathed in furs,—
Eunice seeking Philip. What the need
Is there to tell of all that her befell,
As, sex too late discovered, on she fared,
Saying, "Philip waits to take me o'er
The sea beyond the North that leads to love
Eternal. A man you thought me when I hired
Your service; know me now a woman when
I claim your manhood's strength." Search she did,
And search in vain it proved. "No further," said
The sailors. And the Iceland tribes: "Beyond
Is naught but death." "Save Philip and the sea
That leads to love," said Eunice. One by one
They dropped behind her. "She is mad," they said,
"And woe's the day we entered woman's hire."

At last there were but six grave men with her,
Whom science bade brave death, who sought to prove
More than men yet had proved, as Eunice sought
To prove that Philip waited. But at last
E'en these, too, halted. "Nay," cried she, "then must
I go alone." "Not so," they said; "see you
To-morrow morn the sun will rise again
After its months of shadow. There are signs
Of a most dreadful convulsion in the ice.
We cannot go a mile more,—not for all
The science and the gold within the world."
"Nay, nay," she pleaded, with her hands upheld,
"Stay but a little longer." "Not a day,"
They said. "Then but a night," urged she, "a night;
Stay till the dawn awakens—stay until
The sun comes up from out the nether-world.
See, I am weak, a woman old and drear,
A loveless woman in a world of love,
A woman with great store of shining gold,
The which she gives to them that will but stay
Beside her till the sun comes up once more.
I know the light will show me what I seek—
I know that Philip waits—oh, stay, oh, stay!
And tell the world the strangeness that ensues
When comes the sun to break the Arctic night
So long and more than drear."
As once before,
Years, years ago, she fell when word was brought
That Philip was no more, now down she sank.
They looked at her. "She is too ill to move,"
They said; "she dies e'en as her lover died."
They watched her in the frozen darkness, as
She lingered in the sphere where she had gone
The when they told her that her lover died,—
The sphere of dreams and songs and perfect love.
For hours 'twas thus, for dreadful hours. There
Had fallen a deep silence; the rank oil
Burned in the lamp whose flame shot sullen up;
No breath of air in the dead outside cold;
No word between the watchers crouching low.

Suddenly Eunice waked. "Philip is here,"
She said, and back the watchers drew almost in fright—
She was so like a spirit. "Philip!" cried
She, "hear you not his voice?" Then they heard

A dull and sullen roar, a shaking dread,
A crash! And Eunice tottered to her feet.
"Philip is here," she cried; "he waits for me,
To take me o'er the sea beyond the North.
Up! Let me go!" She tore upon the skins
Outstretched to bar the cold, tore, till they lay
Down crumpled at her feet. And then there was
A miracle—the sun had come again
And shone upon the frozen sea and called
A million suns up from the ice to kiss
Their brother in the sky. But Eunice with
A cry of "Philip! Philip!" dashed from the hut
And faced the rising light. They followed her,
She sped before them, her thin, gray hair fallen down,
Her withered arms outstretched, crying the name
Of him she loved, of him she'd waited for
Until she was a woman old and mad.
Their hands were close upon her, when she stopped—
There was a crevice in the glittering ice
Made by last night's throes. She looked—she fell,
And "Philip! Philip!" rang her thrilling voice,
And, "Philip! Philip!" shot the loved name
Across the miles and miles of solid sea.
She fell and clasped the crevice, then was still.

They reached her; she moved not. They lifted her—
To let her fall again, for Philip had
Waited indeed. Deep in the crevice, 'neath
A glaze of glassy ice they saw a man,
Fair, beautiful in youth—'twas Philip Grey!
There had he lain for all these many years,
Frozen, waiting for this one small day;
There was he fair and young; and there was she,
Old, worn and haggard—but cold and still
As he her face laid next. Who dares to say
He had not found the open sea beyond
The closed North,—the sea that led to love's
Eternal shore! Who dares to say he had
Not waited there for Eunice, as young as when
She knew him in the days when she was young!
Who dares to say she had not seen for years
The sight that touched these other eyes to-day!
Who dares to say but that, hand clasped in hand,
Philip and Eunice crossed the sea and stood
Upon the shore where He who died for love

Waits ever but to bless the souls who come
In wealth of truth and love to lean upon
His heart as they have leant upon His word—
So close they felt His heart-beats through their hope!

In the clear crevice Eunice old they laid
Beside young Philip, face to face, and heart
To heart, and in the sunlight moved away,
Awe in their souls, toward the liquid South.

DEVOTION TO DUTY.—D. N. Shelley.

Young men of America! You on whom rests the future of the Republic! You, who are to become not only our citizens but our law-makers: Remember your responsibilities, and, remembering, prepare for them.

As the great universe is order and harmony only through the perfection of its laws, so in life and human government, the happiness and prosperity of a people depend on the orderly subservience of act and thought to the good of the whole.

Be great, therefore, in small things. If it is your ambition to be a citizen reverenced for his virtues, remember that nothing is more admirable than devotion to duty, and the more admirable as that duty leads to self-sacrifice in others' behalf.

When Pompeii was exhumed, a few years ago, after lying under the cinders of Vesuvius about eighteen hundred years, the body of a Roman soldier was discovered at the Herculaneum gate of the city. He evidently had been placed there as a sentinel—and there, amid the accumulated horrors of that August day, he unflinchingly remained.

He stood at his post while the earth rocked and shivered beneath his feet. He stood at his post while the grim old mountain towering above him was thundering from base to summit. He stood at his post while the air, surcharged with smoke and ashes, was impenetrable to the sight,

though lit up with a lurid glare scarcely less than infernal by the flames bursting and roaring all around him. He stood at his post while the men, women and children of the doomed city were screaming with affright and agony, as they surged through its narrow streets in their maddening efforts to pass the gates to the open country. He stood at his post till enveloped in the mantle of a fiery death!

O hero of the dead city! Step out from your ashen shroud and exalt us by the lesson of your death. When the very earth rocked beneath your feet, and the heavens seemed falling, you stood on guard,—a sentinel to the gate that protected the city; and standing there were entombed,—a sacrifice to duty. Awful death, but oh, how sublime is its lesson! Who would not honor such heroism? Build there a mausoleum, for one greater than princes and kings has hallowed that spot, and humanity itself will worship there.

Emulate this heroism. In whatever position of life you are placed, be true to the trust reposed in you; then the Republic is safe. Go forth with a heart glowing, not with the fires of a lordly ambition, to ride to power over opposition and against the wishes of your fellowmen, but with the flame of an honest purpose to be a good citizen and an ornament to the State that gave you birth.

Then, indeed, shall you be great.

POETICAL COURTSHIP.—L. P. Hills.

By permission of the Author.

Some years ago, in an Eastern town,
There lived a girl named Susan Brown,
Who, through the country up and down,
Obtained considerable renown;
Not for any special grace
Of intellect, or form, or face;
For certainly it would be vain,
To deny that she was extremely plain.

Her form was remarkably short and stout,
Her complexion was like a speckled trout,
Her eyes were the color of well skimmed milk
And her hair like a snarl of crimson silk,
Tinged with the vivid tint that lies
In the glowing autumn sunset skies;
In fact, so red, I've heard it said,
That often in the night, it shed
Upon the darkness such a glow
The roosters all began to crow.
For, seeing the light shine out in the night,
So exceedingly red and uncommonly bright,
The birds, which isn't at all surprising,
Supposed, of course, the sun was rising,
And so they crowed with all their might.

But Susan had one saving grace,
Aside from mind, or form, or face;
For every one in the village knew
Her paternal parent was rich as a Jew;
In fact, possessed of a million or two;
And so, each impecunious bach'
Thought, for a matrimonial match,
Susan would make a most elegant catch.

Now, in the selfsame village, where
Lived the heiress of this millionaire,
There dwelt a youth, surpassing fair,
With coal black eyes and raven hair,
Named, Charles Augustus James St. Clair;
His accomplishments were many and rare,
And he bore himself with a courtly air,
Which a modern school-girl would declare
Was quite *distingue* and *militaire*.
And as far as anyone could see,
Only a single fault had he,
Which was impecuniosity;
For the truth must be told,
That, in silver and gold,
Like Mr. Lazarus of old,
He was as poor as poor could be,—
Poor as a pauper, without a cent;
Poor as a church mouse—during Lent;
Or even poorer still than that,
Poor as a country parsonage rat.

Yet, despite his poverty, all the same,
This youth with the long euphonious name,
Declared his soul was all aflame
With a passion which no power could tame,
For the girl with the golden hair and fame;
And when the village gossips came
To whisper slyly in his ear
That Susan Brown was rather queer,
Or, when some envious maiden said
That Susan's temper, like her head,
Was a perfect snarl, and a fiery red,
He only smiled his blandest smile,
Childlike it seemed, though full of guile,
And snapped his fingers at their warning.
And all their sage advices scorning,
Declared that he would woo and win her,
Although "Old Nick" himself were in her.

Alas! my muse must here proclaim,
That, in the matrimonial game,
'Tis often wealth, not worth, that wins,
And gold we see, like charity,
Can hide a multitude of sins.

But to resume: one Sabbath night,
When moon and stars were shining bright,
Our Charles Augustus James St. Clair
Arrayed himself with special care,
In a broadcloth suit, glossy and new,
(For which he had paid with an I. O. U.)
And sallied forth to meet the maid
On whom his future hopes were staid,
Determined, without more debate,
That night he would decide his fate.

While silently wandering on his way,
And carefully pondering what to say,
He framed a speech, brim full of lies,
Such as we know all ladies prize,
Of features fair, and glossy hair,
And mental graces rich and rare,
And ruby lips and sparkling eyes.

And being æsthetic, and somewhat poetic,
And having a voice that was very magnetic,

He arranged a chime of pleasing rhyme
Which he meant to recite at the proper time,
In a style that should be extremely pathetic.

Precisely at the hour of eight
He entered at the garden gate,
And Susan met him at the door
While a welcome smile her features wore,
Which made the young man feel much more
Encouraged than he'd been before.

Together, side by side they sat,
And engaged awhile in friendly chat
About the weather and things like that,
Till our hero thought the time was pat
For him to test the lady's heart
With his declamatory art.

So, with what composure he could command,
He gently took the lady's hand,
While his right arm sought her waist, but he found
That it wouldn't go more than half way round;
So, changing his tactics, he softly pressed
Her glowing head to his manly breast,
And began, with a lofty rhetorical flight,
His poetic tale of love to recite.

But alas! his frail, rhyme-laden boat
Refused on memory's sea to float;
For he got no further than: "Dear Miss Brown—"
When he found his speech turned upside down,
While the words lay criss-cross in his brain
Like trees just after a hurricane;
And he grew perplexed, and exceedingly vexed,
Like a parson who has forgotten his text,
To know the—thing he ought to say next.
But well he knew it would never do
To stop his speech until he was through,
So, trusting to luck, he blundered ahead,
And these are about the words he said:
"O radiant, fair, and beauteous Miss,
Thine azure lips were made to kiss!
And a very world of meaning lies
In the golden depths of your glossy eyes,
While your ruby hair, so sparkling bright,
Shines on my path like a beacon light."

But there he stopped as well he might,
For in a rage the lady rose,
And with one hand seized his classic nose,
While the nails of the other plowed the skin
Of his cheek, from the temple to the chin;
And she yelled in his affrighted ear,
In a voice most terrible to hear:
"I'll teach you, you base, ill-mannered bear,
To be making light of my auburn hair!"
And then she gave his ears a box,
And madly tore his raven locks,
Till he rent the skies with his piercing cries,
While tears of an enormous size
Rolled down in torrents from his eyes.
But at length, by an effort of wild despair,
And depriving his head of a handful of hair
He managed away from her grasp to tear;
And without an adieu, away he flew,
At a galloping pace, which I tell you
Would rival Tam O'Shanter's mare.

Now, the watch-dog saw the flying man,
As down the garden walk he ran;
And, with a natural belief
That he was an escaping thief,
Pursued him to the garden wall,
Where, never slacking his speed at all,
With one wild leap he left the ground,
And cleared the wall at a single bound.
But alas! as he went, he left beneath,
The tail of his coat in the watch-dog's teeth;
And then and there, in that terrible tear,
Ended forever the love affair
Between the gallant young St. Clair,
And the girl with the very auburn hair.

MORAL.

Young men, whenever you go to propose,
Pray be contented with simple prose;
For, if you attempt to grow sublime,
By putting your sentiments into rhyme,
You'll surely get muddled every time;
And ten to one, you'll lose your bride,
And, perhaps, the tail of your coat beside.

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow our troubles will all be ended,
To-morrow dull care will be swept away,
No longer will sorrow and joy be blended,
The clouds will be banished that dim to-day.

The struggle and strife will cease to-morrow,
And life will be joyous, and bright, and free,
The worry will end, and the pain and sorrow—
And all the world will be filled with glee.

Now, why do you sit there blankly staring,
As if these assertions had struck you dumb?
The prophecy's safe, though it may seem daring,—
To-morrow, we all know, will never come.

WHAT THE DIVER SAW.—Horace B. Durant.

It was night on the deep, and the dancing wave
Seemed gemmed with the starry light,
As homeward at last, the brave ship sped,
Like a bird in her eager flight;
All was slumber below, as the watch, to and fro,
Trod the deck of his vessel alone,
Or paused for awhile, with a thoughtful smile,
To listen the night wind's moan.

He thought of the time when his native clime,
Should greet his return once more,
No longer to toss o'er the treacherous main—
His toils and his dangers o'er;
While the sleepers dreamed in their berths beneath,
Full many a happy dream,—
Of home and their loved ones waiting them there,
Of cottage and vale and stream.

The morning awoke o'er the tropical isles,
And glanced o'er the lonely sea;
But never again on that vessel smiled—
Nor ever to port came she.
There were anxious groups on the harbor sands,
That waited and watched in vain;
But never the lost to their gaze returned
From over the misty main.

Full many a year, since that sorrowful time,
Forgotten had rolled away,
When searching for treasure 'neath ocean of Ind,
A diver went down, one day;
He traversed the sands of the lonely waste,
While breakers above him tossed,
Till a rocky reef like a mighty wall,
His path 'neath the waters crossed.

As nearer he drew to the frowning ledge,
Lo, there at its shadowy side,
A vessel appeared 'mid the waters dark,
And swayed in the quiet tide!
The spars and the shrouds of that ghostly bark,
Loomed forth on his startled eye,
While the tattered shreds of her rotting sails,
Still hung from her masts on high.

Like a phantom she seemed, in the sombre depths,—
As solemn and still as a grave;
And his heart grew still with a sudden thrill,
For a moment, beneath the wave;
When at last he climbed to the slimy deck,
He seemed in a living tomb;
While the echoes he woke, some horror there spoke—
Some mystery under the gloom.

Still onward he trod, till he came at last
To the door of the cabin closed,
Determined to scan, like a fearless man,
The secrets that there reposed;
Just then with a groan the door unclosed,
As slowly the vessel swayed,
While a scene to make e'en a diver quake,
In a moment was there displayed.

What horrors unthought filled that awful spot!
Aye, well might he quail in dread;
For, as waiting him in that crowded space,
Stood many a score of dead.
There were sturdy men in that drowned throng,
And others in manly prime;
There were aged forms with their flowing locks,
All white with the frosts of time.

There were children, too, with their sunny curls,
And a smile that was not of earth;

There were boyish troops and girlish groups
All missed from many a hearth;
There were maidens fair, with their streaming hair,
And beauty still on the cheek;
Their beseeching eyes still raised to the skies,
And their lips that seemed to speak.

A moment in terror the diver gazed,
And they seemed to gaze on him—
Some with glassy stare, some with frenzied glare,
And others with wan eyes dim;
Lo! towards him they move—their trample he hears!
Still nearer they come where he stands;
He retreats, they pursue; he fancies he feels
The clutch of their drowned hands!

At that moment, once more the vessel swayed,
With a groan closed the cabin door;
And that ghostly sight, from the diver's view,
Was hidden forevermore!
Like one half awake from some horrible dream,
The diver his steps retraced;
Nor more went he down where the sunken reefs frown,
To search in their wrecking waste.

Yet ever as life, with its toil and its strife,
With its sunshine and shadow flees,
That vision is vivid in memory still,
And that drowned crew he sees;
Still he fancies a wail of the lost he hears,
As his hollow footsteps go
O'er the slimy deck of the foundered wreck
That was lost there years ago.

ONLY A SONG.

It was only a simple ballad,
Sung to a careless throng;
There were none that knew the singer,
And few that heeded the song;
Yet the singer's voice was tender
And sweet as with love untold;
Surely those hearts were hardened
That it left so proud and cold.

She sang of the wondrous glory
That touches the woods in spring,
Of the strange, soul-stirring voices
When, "the hills break forth and sing;"
Of the happy birds low warbling
The requiem of the day,
And the quiet hush of the valleys
In the dusk of the gloaming gray.

And one in a distant corner—
A woman worn with strife—
Heard in that song a message
From the spring-time of her life.
Fair forms rose up before her
From the mist of vanished years;
She sat in a happy blindness,
Her eyes were veiled in tears.

Then, when the song was ended,
And hushed the last sweet tone,
The listener rose up softly
And went on her way alone.
Once more to her life of labor
She passed; but her heart was strong;
And she prayed, "God bless the singer!
And oh, thank God for the song!"

A SPIRITED OBJECT LESSON.

Barnes, the schoolmaster in a suburban town, read in the *Educational Monthly* that boys could be taught history better than in any other way by letting each boy in the class represent some historical character, and relate the acts of that character as if he had done them himself. This struck Barnes as a mighty good idea, and he resolved to try it on. The school had then progressed so far in its study of the history of Rome as the Punic wars, and Mr. Barnes immediately divided the boys into two parties, one Romans and the other Carthaginians, and certain of the boys were named after the leaders upon both sides. All the boys thought it was a big thing, and

Barnes noticed that they were so anxious to get to the history lesson that they could hardly say their other lessons properly.

When the time came, Barnes ranged the Romans upon one side of the room and the Carthaginians on the other. The recitation was very spirited, each party telling about its deeds with extraordinary unction. After a while Barnes asked a Roman to describe the battle of Cannæ. Whereupon the Romans heaved their copies of Wayland's Moral Science at the enemy. Then the Carthaginians made a battering-ram out of a bench and jammed it among the Romans, who retaliated with a volley of books, slates, and chewed paper-balls. Barnes concluded that the battle of Cannæ had been sufficiently illustrated, and he tried to stop it; but the warriors considered it too good a thing to let drop, and accordingly the Carthaginians sailed over to the Romans with another battering-ram, and thumped a couple of them in the stomach.

Then the Romans turned in and the fight became general. A Carthaginian would grasp a Roman by the hair and hustle him around over the desks in a manner that was simply frightful to behold, and a Roman would give a fiendish whoop, and knock a Carthaginian over the head with Greenleaf's arithmetic. Hannibal got the head of Scipio Africanus under his arm, and Scipio, in his efforts to break away, stumbled, and the two generals fell and had a rough-and-tumble fight under the blackboard. Caius Gracchus tackled Hamilcar with a ruler, and the latter, in his struggles to get loose, fell against the stove and knocked down about thirty feet of stove-pipe. Thereupon the Romans made a grand rally, and in five minutes they ran the entire Carthaginian army out of the school-room, and Barnes along with it, and then they locked the door and began to hunt up the apples and lunch in the desks of the enemy.

After consuming the supplies they went to the windows and made disagreeable remarks to the Carthaginians

who were standing in the yard, and dared old Barnes to bring the foes once more into battle array. Then Barnes went for a policeman, and when he knocked at the door it was opened, and all the Romans were found busy studying their lessons. When Barnes came in with the defeated troops, he went for Scipio Africanus, and pulling him out of his seat by the ear, he thrashed that great military genius with a rattan until Scipio began to cry, whereupon Barnes dropped him and began to paddle Caius Gracchus. Then things settled down in the old way, and next morning Barnes announced that history in the future would be studied as it always had been; and he wrote a note to the *Educational Monthly* to say that in his opinion the man who suggested the new system ought to be led out and shot. The boys however do not now take as much interest in Roman history as they did on that day.

THE PARSON'S VACATION.—Louis Eisenbeis.

By permission of the Author.

Though his limbs were very tottering, and 'twas hard to travel there;
The old man went to meeting, for the day was bright and fair,
But he hungered for the gospel, so he trudged the weary way,
On the road so rough and dusty, 'neath the summer's burning ray.

By and by he reached the building, to his soul a holy place;
Then he paused, and wiped the sweat drops off his thin and wrinkled face;
But he looked around bewildered, for the old bell did not toll;
All the doors were shut and bolted, and he didn't see a soul.

So he leaned upon his crutches, and he said, "What does it mean?"
And he looked this way and that, till it seemed almost a dream;
He had walked the dusty highway, and he breathed a heavy sigh—
"Just to go once more to meetin', ere the summons comes to to die!"

But he saw a little notice, tacked upon the meeting door,
So he limped along to read it, and he read it o'er and o'er;
Then he wiped his dusty glasses, and he read it o'er again,
Till his limbs began to tremble, and his eyes began to pain.

As the old man read the notice, how it made his spirit burn!
"*Pastor absent on vacation, church is closed till his return.*"
Then he staggered slowly backward, and he sat him down to think,
For his soul was stirred within him, till he thought his heart would sink.

So he mused aloud, and wondered,—to himself soliloquized:
"I have lived to almost eighty, and was never so surprised,
As I read that oddest notice, stickin' on the meetin' door—
'Pastor off on a vacation'—never heard the like before!

Why, when I first jined the meetin', very many years ago,
Preachers traveled on the circuit, in the heat and through the snow;
If they got their clothes and vittals, (twas but little cash they got,)
They said nothin' 'bout vacation, but were happy in their lot.

Would the farmer leave his cattle, or the shepherd leave his sheep?
Who would give them care and shelter, or provide them food to eat?
So it strikes me very sing'lar, when a man of holy hands
Thinks he needs to have vacation, and forsakes the tender lambs.

Did St. Paul git such a notion, did a Wesley, or a Knox?
Did they in the heat of summer, turn away their needy flocks?
Did they shut their meetin' houses, just to go and lounge about?
Why they knew that if they did, Satan certainly would shout.

Do the taverns close their bar-rooms, just to take a little rest?
Why 'twould be the height of nonsense, for their trade would be distressed.
Did you ever know it happen, or hear anybody tell,
Of Satan takin' a vacation, shuttin' up the doors of hell?

And shall preachers of the gospel pack their trunks, and go away,
Leavin' saints and dyin' sinners git along as best they may?

Are the souls of saints and sinners valued less than sellin' beer?
Or do preachers tire quicker than the rest of mortals here?

Why it is, I cannot answer, but my feelin's, they are stirred;
Here I've dragged my totterin' footsteps for to hear the gospel word,
But the preacher is a-travelin', and the meetin'-house is closed;
I confess it's very tryin', hard indeed to keep composed.

Tell me, when I tread the valley, and go up the shinin' height,
Will I hear no angel singin'—will I see no gleamin' light?
Will the golden harps be silent—will I meet no welcome there?
Why the thought is most distractin', 'twould be more than I could bear.

Tell me! when I reach the city, over on the other shore,
Will I find a little notice tacked upon the golden door,
Tellin' me, 'mid dreadful silence, writ in words that cut and burn:
"No admittance; on vacation; heaven closed till we return?"

FIND YOUR LEVEL.—I. Edgar Jones.

You can be a fishing shallop if you cannot be a ship,
If you cannot be a lighthouse be at least a tallow dip;
You can be a valiant soldier though you may not be a host,
You can watch a single headland if you cannot guard a coast;
There is everything that's noble in the wisdom and the grace
Of fulfilling every duty, whatsoever be your place.

If you spend the day in pining and in staring at the sun,
You will find that you are blinded long before the day is done,
Better be the humble limpet that is safe where'er it clings,
Than attempt an eagle's soarings when you lack the eagle's wings.
There are some as swift as swallows, there are others who must creep,
And you never saw a turtle try to take a tiger's leap.

If you cannot be a Paixhan with its thunderous report,
Be content to carry powder in a corner of the fort,
If you cannot rule an army with a great commander's skill,
You can fire a common musket in obedience to his will;

There is but a single compass in the ship, however great,
But each rivet and sail-fibre holds a portion of its fate.

Never try to hold a bushel if designed to hold a peck,
Or outreach the cranes and camels with your half an inch of neck;
Never try to race with dolphins if you cannot even swim,
Or to challenge hawks for vision if your eyes be old and dim;
Never spread a grain of butter over fifty yards of bread,
Or attempt with penny trumpets to waken up the dead.

Not every stick of timber that is fit to make a mast,
Not every structure builded is a pyramid to last,
Not every piece of music is an anthem or a psalm,
Not every growing sapling that is pine or lofty palm;
Yet every mossy atom has its own peculiar grace,
And each its perfect usefulness or beauty in its place.

These truths are old and hoary, yet we need them every day,
To reconcile our longings to the limits of our way;
The only true philosopher is he who learns content,
Though quartered in a palace or but sheltered in his tent;
Whose cheerful soul is ready to encompass what it can,
Nor vex itself in criticising God's eternal plan.

The secret of the journey is to know and bear its length;
The key of every effort is to rightly gauge your strength;
Accepting what is given you with the patience that but asks
The knowledge for its purpose and the courage for its tasks;
Content to struggle bravely and with honor in the strife,
Whether called to lead or follow on the battle-fields of life.

We ask no higher mission than successfully to teach
The vanity of grasping for the things beyond our reach,
Of wasting modest talent in ambition's useless fret,
To reap but bitter failure and the ashes of regret.
Go, study what is in thee, and to be a noble man,
Know first, then *do* thy duty in the great Eternal's plan.

So shalt thou know contentment and contentment's rich increase,
A life endowed with blessings and a spirit filled with peace,
A dearth of disappointments and of hours with pride perplexed,
Of jealousies, heartburnings that so many lives have vexed.
When dead, though prince or peasant, 'tis enough that they should tell,
"He knew his place and purpose, and performed each duty well."

DRIVE ON!—DRIVE ON!—W. M. THAYER.

Tullia, wife of Tarquin, was the incarnation of iniquity. Her name has come down to us associated with deeds that are infamous beyond description.

It is told of her that she was riding through the streets one day, when the dead body of her father, weltering in its gore, was lying across the way. Her charioteer reined up his horses and was about to stop, when the unnatural daughter cried out, at the top of her voice, "*Drive on!*" With the crack of the whip, the fiery steeds sprung forward and dashed over the lifeless body, crushing it to pieces and spurting the blood upon the daughter's dress.

Yet this act is not more heartless and cruel than the acts of many a rum-seller running his traffic in spite of virtue, happiness and tears. Dead men do not stop them, nor live men going down to ruin and shame. Point them to the bloated, staggering wreck of manhood, still dear as life to some broken-hearted wife or mother, and beseech them to stop their traffic, and they cry out, in utter defiance of appeal and threat, "*Drive on!*" and away dashes the Juggernaut of rum through town and city, crushing hearts and hopes, life and limb, rich and poor, high and low.

Every rum-seller in the land is plying his trade in spite of entreaties and appeals more powerful than dead men's mangled forms. If their business were only insult to the dead, even robbing the graves of loved ones, and dragging the mute tenants forth in fiendish derisions, it could be borne. But the traffic lures and destroys the living. It enters blessed homes, and curses them. It degrades manhood, womanhood, every thing. It puts vice in the place of virtue, poverty in the place of riches, misery in the place of bliss. There is nothing fair, noble, just or lovely in mankind that it does not blight and wither. It transforms kind husbands and fathers into demons. It converts sons into brutes, and makes daughters more remorseless than Tullia herself. It not only inebriates but murders sixty thousand of our land annually.

And what a wail of lamentation and mourning ascends from the wretched families which these dead men represent! It is a long, loud appeal from one end of the land to the other for rum-sellers to desist. But they sell on, bidding defiance to God and man, and cry, "DRIVE ON! DRIVE ON!" Pulpits interpose and plead; churches exhort and pray; legislatures enact laws to prohibit the sale; authorities denounce it; prisons threaten; officials arrest and incarcerate; the courts condemn; governments punish. And still the rum-sellers, defying all that is good and true, snap their fingers at public benefactors, and shout madly, "DRIVE ON! DRIVE ON!"

LITTLE JOHNNIE'S "PIECE" ON OWLS.

Wen you come to see 'em close they get offle big eyes, but wen you feel 'em with your fingers, wich they bites, you find they have only got just enuf meat to hold there feathers together. Once there was a man thot he would like an owl for a pet, so he tole the bird man to send him the best one he had in the shop; but wen it was brot home he looked at it and skeweezed it, but it didn't suit. So the man he wrote a letter to the bird man, and said: "Dear sir; I take my pen in hand to inform you I'll keep the owl wich you have sent, tho it ain't like I wanted, but wen it is dead you must make me a other, with little eyes, cos I spose these is about number twelves, but if I pay you the same price for number six's, mebby you can afford to put in more owl."

Owls is very wise, but my sisters yung man says any body cude be wise if they wude set up nites like owls for to take notice. That feller is a cumin to our house agin just as he used to, only more, and wen I ast him wat made him come so much, he said he was a man of science, like me and was studyin orny thology, wich was birds. I ast him wat birds he was studyin, and he said angels,

and wen he said it my sister she look out the winder, and said wot a fine day it had turned out to be, but it was rainin cats and dogs wen she said it. I never seen such a goose in my life as that girl, but Uncle Ned wich has been in Indy and evry were, he says that they are just that way in Maddygasker.

MARGARET'S GUEST.—E. ELIZABETH LAY.

Margaret sat at her work alone,
A silent, sorrowful life she led:
The bloom of her youth and health had flown
And fortune had followed, and friends were dead.

A little cot by the dusty road,
And a few cheap comforts were all she had:
A neighbor or two, and the love of God—
There was no other love to make her glad.

Summer had never a lovelier day;
Her window was open the bright hours long;
And Margaret listened from over the way
The music of household mirth and song.

It seemed an echo of long past years;
And sadly at length she turned away:
"I wish," she sighed through the bursting tears,
"I, too, could have a guest to-day."

She rose and trimmed her nosegay, and then
She set in order the simple room,
And brushed her faded garments again,
And sighed anew, "There is none to come.

"There is none to come; but if I had lived
In Bible times far over the sea,
I'm sure if I'd been so lonely and grieved,
The loving Jesus had come to me.

"I'm sure He had come; and from that hour
I'd never been sick or sorrowful more:
Oh, where is the wondrous love and power
That blessed the needy in days of yore?"

She went again to her task forlorn;
But her feeble fingers were wearily slow,

Till a sweet thought came of her longings born
And moved her lips with a murmur low.

"What if the Savior were with us still,
Walking and talking like other men:
What if His form should come over the hill;
Should pause to speak to a child, and then—

"How I should listen the click of the gate,
The fall of a foot, a knock at the door!
Never was friend with a guest so elate,
Never was visit so welcome before.

"I would set His chair in the choicest place,
And think how to please and serve him best;
But how could I look in His holy face,
Or offer my hand to a sinless guest?

"I'm glad He could hear my heart, and see
All its sinfulness, all its fear;
And if I shook as He spoke to me,
He would know the meaning of every tear.

"The weak frame bent to a heavy task,
The life crushed low by a bitter thrall,
He'd see the worst, but I think He would ask,
And tenderly let me tell Him all,

"All; the sorrow, and struggle, and cross;
The longing for good that might have been,
The pain, the poverty, and the loss,
The terrible waste and woe of sin:

"All? it would weary a patient ear."
And Margaret wept without the sigh:
I'd trouble no farther a friend so dear,
But joyfully wait the kind reply.

"Oh, methinks I can see Him now!—
Strange how my heart grows strong and calm—
Eyes full of pity, and tenderest brow,
Voice of music and words of balm:

"So would we talk of the holiest things—
Sinner and Savior, I at his feet;
All that the friend to the friendless brings,
Till evening has made the day complete.

"Then perhaps he would let me do
Some little service of need or cheer:

My bread and water suffice for two,
Or a royal feast if the Lord is here.

"I know how the household at Bethany felt
When Jesus had tarried a night with them;
And how the sufferer wept and knelt
When she had touched His garment's hem."

The voice dropped low, but soft on her lips
Lay a tender smile like a speechless prayer;
And a solemn light on her eyes' sad deeps,
As though they had looked on a spirit there.

Margaret sat with her vision sweet
Till daylight had faded in dark away;
Then her heart sang over in glad repeat,
"I, too, have had a Guest to-day."

WAITING FOR THE GALLEON.*

RICHARD EDWARD WHITE.

Good Junipero the Padre
With Portala stood one day
By the church at San Diego,
Gazing o'er the tranquil bay
To the mystic line where ocean
And the sky were linked in one,
Waiting for a sign or token
Of an absent galleon.

This same galleon departed
For San Blas three months before,
To return with food and raiment,
For fast dwindling was their store;
And yet, since the time she vanished
From the dim horizon's line,
To the Mission San Diego
Came no token or no sign.

Then spoke Governor Portala:
"Padre Serra, since the day
That the galleon departed
Full three months have passed away;
Now the only safety left us,
Since our store is running low,

*From "The Cross of Monterey and other Poems," by permission.

Is to leave this barren mission,
And march back to Mexico."

Serra stood awhile in silence,
And his eyes welled up with tears;
In that moment seemed to vanish
All the toil and hope of years.
Then he answered thus: "Portala,
You may go, but I remain;
For I know that Heaven will bring us
Back the galleon again.

"But I beg of you, still longer
Your march southward to delay;
Stay at San Diego's Mission
Till at least Saint Joseph's day."
Then the Governor made answer:
"As you wish it, be it so;
If she come not on the feast-day,
I march back to Mexico."

Then the Padre and the soldier
Stood and watched, day after day,
By the church at San Diego,
Gazing o'er the tranquil bay
To the mystic line where ocean
And the sky were linked in one,
Waiting for a sign or token
Of the absent galleon.

'Twas at last Saint Joseph's feast-day,
And Portala, as he passed
From Presidio to Mission,
To the sea a long look cast;
Cloudless, clear, and calm the sky was,
And he smiled, as well he might—
For the ocean lay all tranquil,
And there was no sail in sight.

At the church, the mass is finished,
Tears and prayers do not avail;
Heaven has sent no sign nor token,
In the offing is no sail;
And the little congregation
On their several ways have gone,
And before the humble altar
Padre Serra kneels alone.

Thus he prays: "Though all desert me
I will stay, whate'er may come,
Be it fire, or sword, or famine,
Tears, or pain, or martyrdom.
In my every act, O Father!
I would seek thy guidance still.
If I fail to do thy bidding,
'Tis I misconstrue thy will,

"And am like the weary sailor,
When the landmarks all are hid,
And the lights on shore that guided,
Night, and fogs, and mists amid,
Seeking still to make the haven,
And, all anxious though he be
To reach home, and love, and shelter
Wanders farther out to sea.

"Let me journey not in darkness,
Show a light, O Father mine!
Stretch thy guiding hand still earthward,
Give my doubting heart a sign;
Grant that prayers, and toil, and watching
May not all have been in vain;
If it be but for a moment
Bring the galleon again."

As Junipero the Padre
By the altar bended low,
Suddenly a cannon thundered
From the near Presidio;
Then "A sail! a sail!" was echoed
By the watchers on the shore,
And a ringing cheer of welcome
Hailed the galleon once more.

From the church-door gazed the Padre,
And lo! in the noonday sun,
He beheld, on far horizon,
The long-wished-for galleon;
From her peak the red-cross floating,
With her colors bright and gay,
And her white sail broadly swelling,
As if making for the bay.

While the Indians gazed with wonder,
And the Spaniards cheered or wept,

And the Padre knelt, thanks giving,
Still the galleon onward kept.
But the mists rose from the ocean,
While they wept, or prayed, or cheered,
Hiding from their view the vessel,
So she strangely disappeared.

Then the Padre Serra, rising,
Pointed to the mystic line,
And addressed the wondering gazers:
"Children, saw ye not the sign?
Yet the galleon it was not,
It was but a thing of air,
Penciled on the sky by angels,
As an answer to our prayer."

Then he spoke unto Portala:
"Do you still intend to go
And desert our struggling Mission?"
And the Governor said, "No;
Though my troops now all are ready
For the march, yet I obey
The command sent down from heaven,
And here with you I will stay."

Then the Padre and Portala
Stood and watched, day after day,
By the church at San Diego,
Gazing o'er the tranquil bay;
Till the third day had passed over,
When there suddenly appeared
The good galleon, long wished-for,
And now straight to land she steered.

Hours and hours her course still holding,
Scarce a breeze her sail to swell,
From the dawning, through the noon-time,
Till the shades of evening fell;
Then the *San Antonio*, laden
With supplies, in safety lay,
By the Mission San Diego,
Anchored in the tranquil bay.

Then told Don Juan Perez, Captain
Of the *San Antonio:*
"From the ocean rose this mission
In the noon three days ago;

Yet, though wind filled up our broad sail,
When we tried to reach the land
Something seemed to intercept us
That we could not understand.

"But we steered with broad sail swelling
For the tranquil bay, when lo!
The adobe white-walled Mission
And the gray Presidio,
And the soldiers, Spaniards, Indians,
And the green and pleasant land,
Faded like mirage, or day-dream—
And we could not understand.

"Then we feared, by fogs surrounded,
Still to hug a dangerous coast;
So we drifted out to ocean,
All our course and reckoning lost;
And for three long days we drifted,
While we thought that nevermore
We should see the white-walled Mission,
And our loved ones on the shore.

"On the third day passed the fog-mist,
And the sun gleamed bright and clear,
And the wind filled up our broad sail,
And we knew no longer fear;
And we floated on a current,
Swift as swallow in its flight,
Till the Mission San Diego
Rose again upon our sight."

Thus the Captain, Don Juan Perez,
Told about his long delay
While the *San Antonio*, anchored,
Lay in San Diego bay;
And said Serra: "God has surely
Brought this galleon again,
As a sign that at this Mission
'Tis his will we should remain."

By the Bay of San Diego,
Still the aged Spaniards tell
How the vessel on the feast-day
Was shown by a miracle;
How the California missions
Were preserved by God's command,

And the *San Antonio*, laden
With supplies came back to land;

How each year, at San Diego,
As a proof of this true tale,
On the feast-day of Saint Joseph
There is seen a phantom sail
On the dim line of horizon
As the sail was seen of old—
But, the gossips hint, those only
Who are pure of heart behold.

A DEADLY WEAPON.—George R. Sims.

The devil came up to the earth one day,
And he called on a friend, in a casual way,
For a quiet ten minutes' chatter.
The name of that friend I had best conceal,
And I do it more willingly since I feel
That really it doesn't matter.

They'd a whisky hot—I'm inclined to think
That whisky's the fiend's particular drink—
And then they began debating
A scheme for further attacks on man—
A diabolic, infernal plan—
Which the devil was meditating.

"I want to invent," said the Fiend, with a smile,
"A weapon that's cowardly, fierce, and vile,
For madmen and rogues to play with;
More deadly, more brutal, more cruel, more keen
Than dynamite, dagger, infernal machine,
Or anything Christians slay with.

"I want to improve on the poisoned shaft,
On the hellish weapons of heathen craft,
On Europe's most skilled invention;
It must beat the bullet, outstab the knife,
Its wound must torture while lingers life.
Is there anything you can mention?"

The friend went straight to his desk and took
A weapon that lay by his blotting-book,
And held it above him, crying:
"Here's the deadliest weapon that woundeth men,—

Can the devil improve on a poisoned pen?"
Said the devil: "I don't mean trying."

He took up his hat, and he said "Good-bye"
With a gleam of joy in his fearful eye,
As he thought of the scribes inhuman
Who make of a gift that the gods might own
The deadliest weapon the world has known,
And stab at both man and woman.

A BONNET FOR MY WIFE.—Robert C. V. Meyers.*

[Copyright, 1888.]

CHARACTERS.

Telemachus Frisk, a member of the Bar.
Mrs. Telemachus Frisk.
Alfred Desert.
Emily Everham, his fiancee.
Mrs. Everham, her mother.
Madame Debonaire, a French milliner.

Scene.—*Outer office of Frisk, furnished as reception-room. Door back. An entrance at right of stage. Enter, back, Mr. Frisk, with bandbox.*

Mr. Frisk (*placing box on table, and removing overcoat*). How delighted Fanny will be! And how astonished! Ha! Ha!—it takes a man to perfect a surprise; a woman goes hysterically about it, and at the point of success, her delight over the secrecy divulges everything. As for me, I shall be gruff and uncompromising until Fanny is thrown off her guard; then I shall step in with my neat little speech. Ahem! "My dearest wife, having heard you express admiration for a light-blue evening bonnet with marabout feathers, which you saw yesterday at Madame Debonaire's opening, I this morning, after listening to your encomiums of the head-dress and your telling me that this was your birthday, went to the milliner's and purchased the object of your admiration. And here it is marked with your name." All this I shall say this evening. Fancy her delight! Ha! Ha! Of course

*Author of "The day Before the Wedding," "Did You Ever See a Ghost?" "The Top Landing," and other Comedies and Farces, especially suited for Parlor and Amateur Theatricals, which will be found in Dramatic Supplements appended to the earlier Numbers of this Series. A Descriptive Catalogue sent free.

she will go this morning to have another peep at the bonnet; and imagine her feelings when she finds it gone! (*Laughing. Bell rings.*) Halloa! A client in the office, I suppose. If any one else comes while I am engaged Tom will show them into this reception room; a bandbox must not be seen here. That would look scarcely professional. (*Hides box under table, throwing overcoat over it.*) And now for my client. (*Moving to right. Voice of Mrs. Frisk outside, saying: "Very well, Tom, I shall wait for him."*) Ha! Ha! That's Fanny come to coax the bonnet out of me. I'll leave her here alone, and come back quite a griffin. (*Laughing, hurries out. Enter Mrs. Frisk.*)

MRS. FRISK (*looking around*). Not come yet, I see. Well, I shall wait; Telemachus can afford it, and I feel that it is my duty to society to possess that bonnet. (*Seating herself.*) Here I shall await him; when he comes in I shall smile sweetly and tell him that to-day being my birthday,—I'll accentuate my birthday,—I thought I would pay him a call. I wish I had brought him some roses. (*Enter Madame Debonaire; back. Starts at seeing Mrs. F.*) Ah! Telemachus, I know my duty as a wife. But those roses would have done much.

MADAME D. Peste! A lady here! zen I cannot rectify ze contretemps—ze mistake of my garçon. Enough confusion already in ze matter, I go away until Madame depart.

MRS. F. (*seeing her.*) A client, I presume. Will you not wait, Madame? Mr. Frisk is engaged at present.

MADAME D. I—I-merci, Madame! Pardonnez! I shall not wait. It is of no consequence zat I call, non, non, not of ze consequence.

MRS. F. You called to see?—

MADAME D. Non. Zat is, a box—Parbleu! notings. (*Aside.*) I know not ze lady; I have not ze permission to speak wiz monsieur's clients about ze bonnets monsieur has purchased. Voila! [*Exit Madame D.*

MRS. F. How confused she was! She called for something and nothing; then she called for a box. I should have asked her name and reported to Telemachus. I hate mystery. What kind of a box did she call for? She deserved a box on the ears for not being more explicit. She talks as though— (*Sees overcoat under table.*) Will Telemachus ever learn to put his clothing in the right place! If he had not a good

wife, I don't know what would become of his wardrobe. (*Rising, goes and takes up coat.*) A bandbox! (*Opening it.*) A pale pink bonnet with an ostrich-plume! What is the meaning of this! And he frowned at breakfast, and read the paper while I spoke of a light blue bonnet with marabout feathers! What! a note! (*taking out note pinned to strings, and reading,*) "For my dearest Emily!" I shall swoon! No—no; that client, that creature—she was confused—she came for a box. (*Tragically.*) That lady is "Dearest Emily!" Let me be calm! (*Hysterically tumbling the bonnet into the box.*) Telemachus Frisk, I demand satisfaction! The idea of having in his professional rooms, and on my natal day, a pale pink bonnet with an ostrich plume, marked, "For my dearest Emily!" (*Agitatedly throws box on sofa. As she does so Mr Frisk is heard to laugh outside.*) Listen to that laugh! Is it the laugh of a human being? No; a hyena, a jackal, a hippopotamus, a—a whole menagerie of monsters. But he shall find me calm. (*Throws overcoat over box, seats herself beside it and fans herself vigorously.*) [*Enter Mr. F.*

MR. F. (*aside.*) There she is! Come to coax for the bonnet, dear little woman! Now to be gruff and uncompromising! (*Aloud and gruffly.*) Fanny, is that you?

MRS. F. (*aside.*) I must dissemble; I must be calm. (*Aloud.*) Telemachus, I—I have come—

MR. F. About that confounded blue bonnet, I suppose.

MRS. F. That *was* my object. I now have another reason.

MR. F. (*aside.*) Oh, dear! she has changed her mind, and prefers another color! (*Aloud.*) Frances—

MRS. F. Telemachus (*rising*). Who is Emily?

MR. F. (*feebly.*) Emily whom?

MRS. F. Emily!

MR. F. What do you mean?

MRS. F. What do *you* mean?

MR F. By what?

MRS. F. Emily!

MR. F. Really, Fanny—

MRS. F. Telemachus, who is Emily?

MR. F. Really, Fanny, I do not understand you.

MR. F. This acting is very effective, Mr. Frisk; you would make a delightful low comedian, your methods are so fine—for a *low* comedian.

MR. F. *Your* methods are atrocious. I am thoroughly angry now. What is the cause of this change? I was most amicable, as you were, at breakfast—

MRS. F. You amicable! You were a bear when I spoke of a bonnet. A bonnet! A *bonnet*, I repeat.

MR. F. It is unnecessary to harp on the word; I didn't mistake it for a night-cap. I own I was acting at breakfast; but I contemplated a surprise for you.

MRS. F. You certainly have surprised me. Who is Emily?

MR. F. Hang it, madam, these heroics are positively demoniacal. Emily, indeed!

MRS. F. All I wish to know— (*Enter Madame D.*) Ah, here she is!

MR. F. Here is whom?

MRS. F. Do you pretend to not know her?

MADAME D. Monsieur is engaged. My business—n'importe. I will do myself ze pleasure to call when he is not engaged.

MRS. F. Engaged! He is married! wait, Madame! you said a little while ago, when you came the first time, that you had called about a box.

MADAME D. Oui, madame. But it is not ze pleasure for me to explain—unless monsieur permit ze explaination.

MRS. F. Go on with your "ex-e-plaination."

MR. F. Yes, by all means, go on with the explanation.

MRS. F. This is positively nauseating, this deception. I tell you, Telemachus, that she came for a box. A box!

MR. F. I have none of her boxes. Do I look like a person who appropriates other people's boxes?

MADAME D. Perhap, monsieur, ze lady she is a leetle insane. Pauvre madame! I cannot explain business in a front of leetle insane ladies—I cannot tell ze tre-e-men-dous mistake my garçon, what you call my clerk, he made. Ze mistake may be rectified when ze insane lady is gone away.

MRS. F. (*with energy.*) Emily?

MADAME D. Pardonnez! Does madame address me?

MRS. F. You have business with this gentleman; proceed.

MADAME D. Madame make me to tremble. I—I will call at ze ozer time, monsieur—at ze ozer time. [*Exit hurriedly.*

MRS. F. We will call together at "ze ozer time" then, you French minx. You shall not escape me; I will know what your business is. [*Exit.*

MR. F. Of all the wonders in the world! Emily! And has business with me which she refuses to mention before Fanny! Who is she? She resembles a lady I caught a glimpse of at Madame Debonaire's; but I was paying attention to light blue evening bonnets, and not to ladies. And Fanny's outrageous behaviour! Why what have I done! I-I-It all seems to hinge on a box. What box? There is only one box here, and that is (*looking under table*)—and that box is gone. Is that woman a kleptomaniac, and has she stolen my bonnet? No, Fanny came in first—I heard her. Maybe Tom, the office boy, was in here, and seeing the bandbox, thought it unprofessional, and carried it into the office. Let me investigate. [*Exit Mr. F. Enter Mr. Desert.*

DESERT. The boy told me that Mr. Frisk was here. I shall go mad! I shall go mad (*walking up and down*)! To think of Emily's mamma giving me permission to present to her daughter, as a philopena-forfeit, an evening bonnet which she had admired at Madame Debonaire's; and to think of my getting the thing and putting her name on it, and yet by some mistake her receiving the wrong bonnet marked with a lady's name not her own! I shall go mad! And how kind Madame Debonaire is to try to right it—she says that the mistake must have been made by the salesman, that Mr. Frisk purchased a bonnet at the same time and the mistake (*enter Frisk*)—Oh! Mr. Frisk, I presume?

MR. F. (*looking under the furniture.*) It is not there. Where can it be? I was sure I put it under this table.

DESERT. Mr. Frisk! (*Aside.*) Is the man a lunatic?

MR. F. (*noticing him.*) Eh? Oh! Your pardon, sir!

DESERT. I am here on a rather peculiar errand, Mr. Frisk.

MR. F. Are you? I am not very well, sir, this morning, and peculiar errands are particularly unpleasant. (*Starts off.*)

DESERT. My business is not professional.

MR. F. I never transact any other kind, sir.

DESERT. You must hear me. I am Mr. Desert; I have called in reference to—in fact, a bonnet. (*Mr. F. runs to him.*)

MR. F. Ah! A bonnet! Then Mrs. Frisk has presumed to procure the aid of a strange gentleman, eh?

DESERT. I came here to ask you about a bonnet which you purchased this morning.

MR. F. Does this precede an action in divorce, sir?

DESERT. Divorce! I should like to see the bonnet you purchased, that's all.

MR. F. Should you? By what authority do you presume to come to me to view bonnets? Do I look like a milliner, sir,—a cutter and snipper of ribbons?

DESERT (*wildly*). Man, I am in a terrible mess.

MR. F. Are you? Then I advise you to get out of it, before I assist you forcibly.

DESERT. Mr. Frisk!

MR. F. Mr.—Breakfast—Luncheon, or whatever your refreshing name is.

DESERT. Don't insult me, sir. My name is Desert, and I want my bonnet; and what is more, I mean to have it.

MR. F. Have it, and wear it, for all I care. I believe you are a fit subject for a lunatic hospital, you and your bonnet.

DESERT. And I believe that you have my bonnet.

MR. F. I'll bonnet you! (*They clinch.*) If my wife has retained a lawyer who is *non compos mentis*, she shall take the consequences; I bought a blue bonnet this morning.

DESERT. But took a pink one.

MR. F. What?

DESERT. A pink one.

MR. F. Call me a thief? (*They shake each other. Enter Emily and Mrs. Everham.*)

EMILY. Stop! (*Men separate.*) Stop!

MRS. E. Daughter, is not this outrageous?

EMILY. Mr. Desert, I have been to Madame Debonaire. She informed us that you had come to this lawyer's office; mamma says for legal advice in the matter.

MRS. E. O you terrible man!

MR. F. Legal advice, indeed!

MRS. E. (*to Mr. F.*) As for you, sir, you ought to be ashamed of yourself for undertaking such a case.

MR. F. As this gentleman?

DESERT. Hear me! Hear me!

EMILY. Not a word. Here is our engagement ring (*handing him ring*). All is over between us.

DESERT. Oh, Emily!

MR. F. Emily! why my wife called the other one Emily!

DESERT. Emily, hear me! Hear me! There is a mistake—

MRS. E. Cease! Mr. Desert, you are exposed. I have

no doubt that you present bonnets to all the ladies of your acquaintance; the wrong one coming to my daughter, and with a name on it, proves the strength of my conviction.

MR. F. A name on the wrong bonnet! What name?

MRS. E. It is none of your affair, sir. Good morning Mr. Desert. Come daughter! (*To Frisk.*) Oh, you wretch!

DESERT. Emily, there has been a great mistake.

MRS. E. On our part, in ever believing in you. Come, daughter! (*They go to door, back, when enter, violently, Madame Debonaire and Mrs. Frisk.*)

MADAME D. Help! Help! Mesdames! somebody take ze leetle insane lady away; she follow me, she abuse me, she say I know all about ze bonnet.

EMILY. } Bonnet!
MRS. E. }

MRS. F. And you *do* know all about the bonnet.

MRS. E. Why, madame—

MRS. F. And who are you?

MRS. E. I shouldn't wonder if your name is Fanny—you act as though it ought to be.

MRS. F. And suppose that is my name?

EMILY. What! Then the bonnet was meant for you?

MRS. E. Emily, control yourself.

MRS. F. Emily! Then there are two of you!

MR. F. Fanny, what does this mean?

MRS. E. Oh, he calls her Fanny too. Alfred Desert, I demand to know—

DESERT. Madame Fanny—I mean, Madame Debonaire, I appeal to you! For mercy's sake clear up this mystery; explain this terrible complication if you know all about it.

MADAME D. I? Why I know notings of all about it. Voila! I know zat ze strange madame she follow me, she vi-tu-pe-r-rate me, she talk like ze assassin, ze murdairess—ah, ze vile trouble about ze bonnet which was purchase zis morning.

EMILY. Which was meant for her (*pointing to Mrs. F.*).

MRS. F. Which was meant for her (*pointing to Emily*).

DESERT. Her (*pointing to Mrs. F.*)!

MR. F. Her (*pointing to Emily*)!

MRS. E. (*to Mrs. F.*) Oh, you quintessence of Fannies!

MRS. F. You abuse me in the presence of my husband!

EMILY. Your husband?

MRS. E. Alfred Desert, a married man!

MR. F. Fanny, I insist upon an explanation of this ——

MRS. F. Sir, ask Emily for it; you are nothing to me.

MADAME D. (*to Mrs. F.*) Madame, am I to be made known zat ze gentilhomme he select ze bonnet for ze lady named—

EMILY. Fanny.

MRS. F. Emily.

DESERT. For Emily—for I don't know this other lady.

MRS. E. Don't know your own wife!

MR. F. She is not *his* wife.

MRS. F. Who said I was?

MRS. E. You said so yourself ——

MRS. F. I deny it. I said that my bonnet ——

EMILY. Which was marked "Fanny."

MRS. F. Which was marked "Emily."

DESERT. Hear me! Hear me!

MR. F. Hear me! Hear me!

MRS. F.
MRS. E.
EMILY. } Not a word! Not a word! Not a word!

MADAME D. Ciel! I swoon—I am assassinated!

DESERT. I *did* purchase a bonnet ——

MR. F. So did I. A light blue one with marabout feathers.

DESERT. A pale pink one with an ostrich plume.

MRS. F. Telemachus, you are in league with this man to screen your infamy. But the bonnet was marked "For my dearest Emily."

DESERT. That's mine! That's mine!

EMILY. A horrid guy—light blue with marabout feathers.

MR. F. My bonnet!

MRS. F. A scarecrow of an extinguisher, pale pink with an ostrich plume.

DESERT. My bonnet! My bonnet!

MADAME D. Voila! Behold! Magnifique! I see! I see!

MRS. F. (*to Emily.*) Asperse my taste in millinery!

EMILY. (*to Mrs. F.*) Call the pale pink a scarecrow!

MADAME D. Voila! Behold! I see! I see! I am Madame Debonaire, de Paris, la recherche modiste, la millinaire chic, ze *two* messieurs came to my establishment zis morning ——

MRS. E. Is it possible you are in the plot, too, you shameless creature!

MADAME D. Oh! Oh! I am assassinated! I die!

MR. F.
DESERT. } Madame Debonaire!

EMILY. A guy!

MRS. F. A scarecrow!

MADAME D. Oh! Oh! (*Faints on the box covered by the overcoat on the sofa.*)

MRS. E. Her guilt has overcome her! (*Men help to revive Madame D., while the women speak.*)

MRS. F. I leave the house of my husband forever!

EMILY. Good-bye forever, Alfred Desert!

MRS. E. Come, daughter!

MR. F. }
DESERT. } She revives! She revives!

MADAME D. Mesdames! You *must* listen at me!

EMILY. }
MRS. E. } Well!
MRS. F. }

MADAME D. Ze two—two distingué beau-gal-lants—non, ze charmante genteelmens zey purchase two bonnets at my establishment—Oh, ma cœur! my heart!—zey must certainement, have exchange ze boxes—my garçon, my clerk, he make tre-e-mendous mistake wiz ze boxes (*rising and in so doing drags coat off sofa*).

MRS. F. (*with loud exclamation runs to sofa and holds up crushed box.*) This will make such subterfuges useless (*taking out ruin of pink bonnet*). Behold!

MR. F. That's not *my* bonnet.

DESERT. That is the bonnet I meant to send to Emily. It has a paper with her name pinned to the strings.

MRS. E. And a light blue one came instead, marked "Fanny."

MR. F. My wife's bonnet!

EMILY. Your wife's?

MR. F. Fanny's.

MADAME D. Oui! Oui! (*Emily and Mrs. Frisk scream and clasp their hands.*)

EMILY. Oh, Alfred (*running to Desert*), I see it all!

MRS. F. Oh, Telemachus (*running to Mr. F.*)!

DESERT. Oh, Emily (*embracing her*)!

MR. F. Oh, Fanny (*embracing her*)!

MRS. E. Oh, Madame (*embracing her*)!

MADAME D. (*tearing the pink bonnet.*) Nevaire no more vill I sell une bonnet to ze men, zough zey be old like monsieur Mesusalem.

[*Curtain falls.*

THE OLD HOUSE ON THE HILLSIDE.

H. Elliott McBride.

To-night the scenes of boyhood years come thronging to my gaze;
The firelight's ruddy glow recalls the happy golden days.
I see the school-house in the vale, the rippling brook below,
The village church within the grove, as in the long ago;

The house upon the hillside green, where I so often played;
The swinging vine, the mossy bank, the shady rural glade.
I see the ancient chestnut tree, the walnut in the lane,
The meadows green, the orchard slope, the fields of waving grain.

I see the sun go down again behind yon rugged hill;
I hear the rumbling tick-tack sound come up from Harley's mill.
The night-hawk flies athwart the sky, and sweeping down the vale,
I hear him voice, as years ago, his sad and solemn wail.

The katydids have tuned their harps—the night is coming on;
The sunlight lingered on yon tree, but now 'tis faded—gone;
The shadows deepen in the wood, the hillside trees enclose,
And silently all nature sinks into a calm repose.

I see again that old brown house, its weather-beaten door,
The window facing to the east, the sunlight on the floor.
I see the tall, old-fashioned clock that all the sunny day
So slowly swung its pendulum, and ticked the hours away.

I see my mother's "corner" now, beside the cheerful fire,
And there's the book from which I sought some knowledge to acquire.
My mother! ah, she's gone unto the Father's house on high,
The mansion of the faithful ones, the home beyond the sky.

Again it is the Sabbath morn, and down unto my ear
Is borne the church-bell's solemn call, so sweetly sad and clear;
My little Bible in my hand, the summons I obey,
And up the quiet country road I hasten on my way.

I see the school-house, quaint and old, that nestled in the vale;
The long, low seats, the teacher's desk, the dinted water-pail.

I see the master, kind old man, so ready to advise;
He seemed a father and a friend, although so stern and wise.

And when the snows of winter came, and ice was on the hill,
The boys around were gathered there, although the air was chill.
With sleds in tow, they sought "the slide" so high, so smooth and steep,
And then, with merry shouts of joy, adown the hill they'd sweep.

Away across the meadow-land, beyond the rumbling mill,
There was a pretty rural glade, so quiet, cool and still;
The hillside boys would gather there upon a summer day,
And in debate and speech and song would while the hours away.

The hillside house has passed away,—the trees, the vines, the lane,
All, all are gone, forever gone; I seek them now in vain.
With saddened heart I view the spot, the spot so dear to me,
When life was one long summer day, so joyous, bright and free.

—*Golden Days.*

A COMPOSITE MAIDEN.

When Delia on the plain appears
Awed by a thousand tender fears.
Lord Geo. Lyttelton.

And like my shadow, close yet free,
The thought of her aye follows me.
Dinah Maria Muloch.

Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair.
W. Wordsworth.

Imparting in its glad embrace
Beauty to beauty, grace to grace. *J. G. Whittier.*

For on her cheeks the glow is spread
That tints the morning hills with red. *Bryant.*

Robes loosely flowing, hair as free—
Such sweet neglect much taketh me.
Ben. Jonson.

Doth more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part.
Robert Herrick.

One fleeting moment of delight
I sunned me in her cheering sight,
Joanna Baillie.

Or lingered 'mid the falling dew,
When looks were fond and words were few.
Allen Cunningham.

As if the soul that moment caught
Some treasure it through life had sought.
Thomas Moore.

But, oh, the change! the winds grow high,
Impending tempests charge the sky;
Matthew Prior.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
Sir Walter Raleigh.

But when awhile the wanton maid
With my restless heart had played; *Cowley.*

Then high she held her comely head,
"I cannot heed it now," she said.
Jean Ing low.

"I loved thee once, I'll love no more;
Thou art not what thou wast before."
Sir Robert Ayton.

A heart that stirs is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight is hard to blind.
Charles Lamb.

Ye know where morn exultant springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings.
Thomas Hillhouse.

The lovely toy so fiercely sought
Has lost its charm by being caught. *Byron.*

A GRAIN OF TRUTH.—GEORGE M. VICKERS.

The luxury derived in doing good
Is oft the only recompense men get
For kindly deeds; e'en toil of years is paid
Too oft with ingrate acts, and motives pure
As angel thoughts are powerless to stay
Suspicion's tongue: but, oh, 'tis sweet to know
Our duty has been done 'twixt man and man,
To feel we have been loyal to ourselves;
To know one voice at least proclaims us true,—
The whispered voice of God, within our hearts!

JIM: A HERO.—Robert Overton.*

A CURATE'S STORY.

I started from home one Sunday evening, uncertain on what subject to preach that night to the congregation I was to address. The winter had not yet passed, and the wind blew cold and keen. The doors of churches and chapels were already open, but none save well-dressed people were entering. I passed a large Fine-Art Museum, which on week-days was crowded with *bona-fide* working men and their families, but being Sunday it was now, of course, shut up; while the gin-palaces, being, equally of course, open, were doing a roaring trade. I could see through the bright windows of these gaudy hell-traps, fashionably-attired men, young and old, intelligent mechanics, ragged beggar-men. I could see women—dare I call them such?—with evil eyes made bright, and painted cheeks made hot, with the light and warmth of wine.

What goodly souls, in very truth, are wrecked amid the dangers of this wicked London life! And suddenly I thought to myself, "I will speak to the people to-night about the Life of Christ; I will preach to-night of the Perfect Life."

I felt strangely dejected as I thought of the terrible distance which separates us all from that truly "higher life;" when I thought how far short fall the best of lives when compared with the life of him who lived not for himself. These mournful thoughts were still with me as I ascended the pulpit. The parish where my church was situated was a very poor one, but not so the congregation. Poor people have been frightened away from religion by its intense respectability. So, as I gazed around my "dear brethren," everybody was looking comfortable and self-satisfied. When we knelt for the

*A very superior prose reading by Mr. Overton, entitled "The Three Parsons," will be found in No. 25 of this Series "Me and Bill," (on which is founded the author's popular nautical drama, "Hearts of Oak,") is in No. 26, and "Turning the Points," in No. 27. Each of these presents a peculiar blending of quaint humor, strong pathos and stirring dramatic effect.

General Confession, there was quite a loud rustling of silk and satin from the female "dearly beloved" behind me, and they said they were miserable sinners so sweetly and so nicely. There were no nasty, dirty laboring men present; oh, no!—no threadbare coats, no tattered dresses. But stay, I am saying too much; for just as I was about to announce my text I saw in a draughty seat near the porch a live London arab,—a boy in rags and tatters, a boy with thin, pale, dirty face and dirty hands, with wild unkempt hair and nervous, restless eyes. How he came there I know not, save that God sent him.

Passionately in earnest did I feel that night, full was my heart, and involuntary were the tears which flooded my eyes, as we went through the scenes of the one Life of absolute unselfishness.

Turning over my diary I see almost the very words I used as I brought my sermon to a close; will you forgive me, if I reproduce them here?

"Have I moved one single soul here to live in future above self, nearer to the life we have studied? Have I inspired one heart with the resolution, in however humble and quiet a sphere, to emulate the great example; or even to accomplish, if God see fit to give the opportunity, some high and holy deed—some great, grand act of heroism which shall elevate the life-history of him who achieves it closer to the sublime life on earth of the Hero of heroes, the Man of men?"

A loud rustle of clothes followed the last word; it was the congregation "waking up from the sermon." I did not think I had reached the heart of one man or woman there.

Before leaving the church I made inquiries of the "pew opener" as to the ragged boy I had noticed; I only discovered that he was at present a crossing-sweeper, and that he said his name was Jim.

"Fire! fire!" Loud through the deserted midnight streets rang the sudden alarm.

"Fire! fire! fire!"—and past the vicarage house dashed the engine. I threw a cape over my shoulders

and joined the crowd gathering in the wake of the fast-speeding vehicle.

A house on fire. Fierce flames, leaping from the burning window, were reflected brightly in the winter sky and poured red light on the ground, and the eager faces of the crowd watching the scene.

Suddenly above the roar of the flames rises a scream of anguish: "My child, O God, my child!" It is a woman's voice; and there we see her kneeling on the ground, weeping and wringing her hands. She was the last rescued, unconscious, from the doomed house; but we know, seeing her thus, that her child has been forgotten; we know by the gaze of her eyes that her child is in that burning upper room.

A tremor runs through the crowd. There are brave men and true among that crowd, men whose daily toil brings them face to face with danger and with death; but as they look up to that flaming chamber and see how far short their one ladder reaches, each heart grows sick with despair; what can they do, even though they count their lives as nothing?

"My child—O God—my child!"

The poor mother weeps not alone now; women and even men are crying with her.

A slight movement causes me to turn my head; and just by my side is that ragged boy, still in the tatters in which I saw him first. But a strange light is on the pale face now; a strange light glows in his eyes, fixed where the tearful gaze of the mother is fixed; a light like that which must have filled the eyes of Horatius when he stood forward to keep the bridge; a light like that which must have glowed in the eyes of the men of the Light Brigade as they charged into the "valley of death."

Without a word he springs forward, the light still on his face, still glowing in his eyes. One wild deafening cheer rings out from the crowd; and then with throbbing hearts and bated breath we watch the daring boy. Quickly

he springs up the ladder and steps out on the window-ledge: and then with dizzy eyes we see him clinging to the thick pipe which runs down the front of the house.

As by a miracle he reaches the room. O God! how the seconds linger. But at last we see him again, standing at one of the windows. Then another wild cheer bursts from each heart, for in his arms he bears the child. The gesture he makes is understood; to descend further is impossible: so strong arms are stretched out to receive the child as he lets it fall. Eager fingers unwrap the thick covering which envelops it, and the mother's arms close around her darling—saved!

A cry is raised that further help is coming; but, alas! it comes too late, for with a great crash the house falls in.

Sorely wounded, almost dead, we find poor little Jim, and bear him from the scene of his glorious deed to a quiet chamber in the vicarage.

All that could be done for him had been done; his broken limbs had been set, and his scorched, burnt flesh had been anointed and bound up. All day long some one had kept watch by his side: and now the night had come, and we knew that it would be the last night on earth for the dying hero. I was waiting with him—waiting for the coming of the hour.

It was very quiet outside; the din and bustle hushed, a beautiful night; just such a night, I thought, as I should like to pass away in if we could choose the time of our departure. The sky was clear and calm, bright with the light of a million stars, shedding on the snow so beautiful a radiance that I could well-nigh have believed that the golden gates had been open for a space, and that a reflection of the light of the celestial city was shining down upon this time-worn, weary world. Inside the chamber only the restless movement of the dying boy broke the silence. At last he fell into an uneasy sleep. I held the light above him and gazed into his face, looking almost child-like now, but with the

hand of death already there. Suddenly his eyes opened with a dreamy, far-away look in them. I took his hand in mine and knelt by the bedside, placing my ear close to his white and trembling lips. He was murmuring words of which he seemed unconscious, from which I learnt the inspiration of his grand, heroic act—speaking in broken language of Christ, of his life, and his love, and his self-sacrifice.

Poor Jim, how well you learnt the lesson I had striven to teach that previous Sabbath evening, the lesson which needs such strenuous teaching in this selfish and cynical and luxurious age.

A softer light came into his eyes, and a softer smile played about his lips.

Closer still I bent my head. He was speaking now of the early scenes in the story, at Bethlehem and Nazareth.

When full consciousness returned, he recognized me; and we spoke and prayed together. Then I sprinkled water upon the forehead of this nameless Christian.

Just as the cold gray dawn was breaking, the light of eternity broke upon the spirit of poor little Jim. As I folded his hands and closed his eyes, sightless for evermore to things of earth, I prayed for the same spirit as that which had inspired the heart of that brave dead boy, who knew so little and did so much.

SHOUTING JANE*—S. V. R. FORD.

Our minister, good Dr. Kane, a highly "proper man,"
Announced some extra meetings when "the week of prayer" began,
In order that the saints might be confirmed in hope and zeal,
And sinners brought to penitence and everlasting weal.

These special means of grace were held down in the lecture room—
A place as dark and dreary as an Oriental tomb—
Where, just behind the preacher's desk, there hung, upon the wall,
A map of Old Jerusalem, ten feet by twelve in all.

*By permission.

It was the custom of the church, in special means of grace,
To have "the Fathers" at the front, within the altar place;
And by a bench which stood beside and underneath the map,
They always knelt in time of prayer, and sometimes "took a nap."

Among the sisters of the church was one named "Shouting Jane,"
So called because she "exercised" with all her might and main,
Who had "high pressure satellites," in number not a few,
To the disgust of Dr. Kane and his "low-pressure crew."

One evening Shouting Jane began her customary prayer,
Which grew in length and volume till the Doctor, in despair,
Resolved to bring it to an end, and with unwonted vim
He started up a stanza of the old familiar hymn:

"What various hindrances we meet"—when oh, the fatal truth!
The blessed hymn was written in long metre, while, forsooth,
He'd struck a common metre tune, and all too late he found
The music would not float the hymn, and so it ran aground!

Then Shouting Jane paused quickly in the middle of her prayer,
And springing promptly to her feet as "mad as a March hare,"
Rushed from her pew in double-quick and vanished through the door,
Attended by a retinue of friends, full half a score.

Then some one lifting up the map unhitched it at the top,
Whereat it gave a sudden lurch and coming down *ker-flop*,
Embraced "the Fathers" in its folds, and as they, one by one,
Came crawling out the spectacle created sights of fun.

And with the perspiration fairly dripping from his nose
The Doctor said, "My friends, we'll bring this meeting to a close;
Omitting the doxology, you'll be dismissed with grace;"
And with the benediction they departed from the place.

And then the friends of Shouting Jane went out and boldly said
"It was a judgment of the Lord upon the Doctor's head
For his presumption:" and thenceforth our pastor, Dr. Kane,
Was never known to undertake to sing down Shouting Jane.

THE ROSE OF AVONDALE.—Helen Booth.*

When he hied him home from chase
Of boar and dappled stag, the lord
Of manors wide, with brightening face,
Unto his henchmen spake this word:

"I soon shall greet my daughter fair,
She, the Rose of Avondale,
She, my widowhood's fond care,
She, whose love for me will fail
Only when her bright eyes close
And death makes ice of her warm heart,
She of Avondale the rose,
Of me my parched life's blooming part."

When they came unto the keep
The Rose of Avondale was away—
"Strange!" quoth the lord. "Can it be sleep
Hath made her love a laggard? Nay!"

When they came unto the aisle
Of larches stretching to the hall,
The Rose of Avondale did not smile;
The lord spake to his seneschal:
"Belike she hideth, to surprise
Her father nearer to her home;
We sure will greet her laughing eyes
When to the entrance-hall we come."

When they reached the entrance-hall
There was silence wide and drear;
The lord's cheek blanched, he did not call,
He would not spur his charger near,
He leaped unto the ground: "The Rose
Of Avondale the grief-tears mar,"
He said, "she wrestles with pain's throes,
And I, her father, am afar!"

He entered the dim entrance-hall,
The Rose of Avondale's tire-maiden
Lay dead upon the stone, the wall
With horrid crimson gouts was laden.
"Murder is here!" the lord loud cried,
And "Murder!" echoed through the place—

*Author of the romantic old-time drama for amateurs entitled "At the Red Lion," also the charming little comedy, "After Twenty Years," with song, etc., and other plays and recitations to be found in previous Numbers of this Series.

"My daughter!" and his voice blare wide
As trumpet that would end the chase.

"My daughter!" and his glittering spear
And fifty others sprang on high;
When lo! a shadow staggered near
And held each wildly burning eye.
Into the broad light there came
The deaf and dumb black dwarf who served
The mead,—a man without a name,
A reason that was nought-ward swerved.

With blood the ebon face was smeared,
With blood the misshaped hands were glued,
The speechless lips with blood appeared,
The hobbling feet were bloody hued.
"My daughter!" cried the lord, but he,
The deaf one, smiled, as though in pride
He stood a victor all might see,
His gory hands pressed to his side.

"My daughter!" cried the lord, and yet
The dumb one smiled and laughed outright.
"Murderer!" shrieked the lord, "now let
My daughter's blood within my sight!
Hast killed her tire-maiden and her,
While all alone the hall you kept?
Hell hound!" The dumb one did not stir—
The glittering spear in frenzy leapt,
The glittering spear searched for his heart;
With bitter cry he fell beside
The dead tire-maiden, kissed the dart
That pierced him. Then a low voice sighed,
And from the farther gloom there came
The Rose of Avondale with cry
Of "Father! Father!" like a flame
Rushed through the hall until anigh
The lord, then clasped him. "Oh, my lord,
To-day ere yet you came there was
A band of robbers here; no word
They spoke, but entered in. Alas!
Alice, my tire-maid, first they slew,
Then came they to me. Down I fell
In deadest swoon. I never knew
What happened, but this know I well,
That when my eyes were ope'd again

The dumb black servitor was there
Beside me, and his hands had slain
The foremost of the band, and scare
Had sent the others far; while I,
Unscathed, could not a word of praise
Give to the one who hears not. Die
He would for us. Nay, father, raise
Him up beyond his churlish state,
The deaf, dumb hero of this day.
And where is he?—doth he still wait
Until you bid him come this way?"

Then the lord with grief was wed,
The hot tears from his eyes down drave
For there, upon the stone, lay dead
The deaf, dumb, black and nameless slave.

THE NEW-YEAR LEDGER.—Amelia E. Barr.

I said one year ago,
"I wonder, if I truly kept
A list of days when life burnt low,
Of days I smiled and days I wept,
If good or bad would highest mount
When I made up the year's account?"

I took a ledger fair and fine,
"And now," I said, "when days are glad,
I'll write with bright red ink the line,
And write with black when they are bad,
So that they'll stand before my sight
As clear apart as day and night.

"I will not heed the changing skies,
Nor if it shine nor if it rain;
But if there comes some sweet surprise,
Or friendship, love or honest gain,
Why, then it shall be understood
That day is written down as good.

"Or if to any one I love
A blessing meets them on the way,
That will to me a pleasure prove:
So it shall be a happy day;
And if some day I've cause to dread
Pass harmless by, I'll write it red.

"When hands and brain stand labor's test,
And I can do the thing I would,
Those days when I am at my best
Shall all be traced as very good.
And in 'red letter,' too, I'll write
Those rare, strong hours when right is might.

"When first I meet in some grand book
A noble soul that touches mine,
And with this vision I can look
Through some gate beautiful of time,
That day such happiness will shed
That golden-lined will seem the red.

"And when pure, holy thoughts have power
To touch my heart and dim my eyes,
And I in some diviner hour
Can hold sweet converse with the skies,
Ah! then my soul may safely write:
'This day hath been most good and bright.'"

What do I see on looking back?
A red-lined book before me lies,
With here and there a thread of black,
That like a gloomy shadow flies,—
A shadow, it must be confessed,
That often rose in my own breast.

And I have found it good to note
The blessing that is mine each day;
For happiness is vainly sought
In some dim future far away.
Just try my ledger for a year,
Then look with grateful wonder back,
And you will find, there is no fear,
The red days far exceed the black.

SCHAKE UND AGERS.—I. H. Brown.

A Dutchman's first experience with the ague, told at an Old Settlers' meeting.

Mine frients, It vas a pooty schmart feller vat alvays knows sometimes vat de matter mit him is. Uf you don't bleef dat, shoost holdt your ears vonct, und I help you see it vas true. Dirty nine years ago I come me mit mine vamily to dis coontry. I vas at dat time stronger

as a mool; und I tought I vas schmart as a Yankee; but I soon see dat de sooner a man lifs de more he finds, by jiminy oud—mine frients, I don't scharge you notings for dat discovery.

Vell, I vork me hardt mit chopping und grubbing und plowing from de morning in de night; und pooty soon I get my house de bush out, so I could see neighbor Zhonson's on de prairie.

Von day in de fall I feel me so tired like I vas getting lazy, like dem American fellers. Den I vent to de house und drink vater like I vas a fish. Bimeby, I feel so creepy und stretchy oop my back like as all de boogs und insects und flies in Egypt vas emigrating two vays at vonct, from my neck to de heels of my feet; und my legs got limber und so veak I vouldn't stand oop to see my grandfader. Den I feel like somebody vas a blowin' more as a hoondred vindmills all ofer me in de middle of my back; und I stretch me all around de house.

Pooty soon quvick, I shiver und schake und tremble —b-b-b-b-br-br-br-h-h—; und my teeth rattle till I tink my head und fingers schake my arms off; und Katrina tought I had a fit. She scream her mout oud; und, at de last, she trowed a booket of vater all ofer me. Ach! jiminy gracious! I tought I vas in two ice-boxes, und Lieut. Greely vas pounding me mit de Nord Pole. Den I shook more as before—b-b-b-br-br-br-r-r-r-r-h-h-h; und de dishes fall de cupboard oud on de floor down; und my vife says, "Zhake, uf you don't stop dat shivereer, you knock dem shingles de roof off."

Den I got so cold I poot me to bed in, und rattle my teeth und my toes till I schake dem clothes de bed off; und Katrina pile dem feaders und schuck beds so high as her head, und she climbs de top oop, und calls my hired man Philip to help hold me schtill; und I bleef she vould bring de whole neighborhood uf she could call 'em in, so help me gracious.

At de last I shtop schaking, und pooty soon I got so varm I trow dem peoples de bed off, und call for vater

—vater till I tink I drink de vell oop. Bimeby, neighbor Zhonson comes along, und my vife vas so shcared she tell him I vas goin' to burn oop, und dey didn't have vater enough to put me oud. Dey tell him all about dat Nord Pole expedition und dat Niagara vater-booket falls excursion; und he set him de floor down und laughed like he vould split his collar button. Den he said to me, "You green Dutchman, you had de schake und agers." Und I tought so too.

THE PRINCE'S HUNTING.—HENRY W. AUSTIN.

'Twas in Persia (the legends say so,
And from legends, of course, truth is not far)
Lived a noble prince, whose name I know,
But it doesn't rhyme well—so let it go
To that silent, mystical land below,
Where the used-up pins and the marbles are.

But this prince had a capital, princely way,
(Which princes now have forgotten quite,)
Whenever a courtier chanced to say
A clever thing, the Prince cried "Zeh!"
Which meant that his treasurer should pay
A purse of gold to the witty wight.

Now the Prince, out hunting one summer day,
Saw an old, old man in a homespun suit,
Who was setting out fruit-trees; whereat with gay,
Hallooing laugh, cried the Prince: "I say,
Old fellow, you're throwing your time away—
Do you fancy you'll live till these trees bear fruit?"

"For three-score years and more, God wot,"
Quoth the old, old man, with a mellow smile,
"I have eaten from trees that I planted not;
So, if I of posterity took no thought,
Nor paid my debt to the past, why, I ought
To be hanged for a thief or an ingrate vile."

"Zeh!" drawled the Prince much pleased, and straight
A purse was flung at the old man's feet,

Who smiled, and answered with voice elate:
"You see, kind sir, I don't have to wait;
My trees bear fruit at an early date,
And, truly, such fruit is uncommon sweet."

"Zeh, zeh!" cried the Prince, at the apt reply
Still further charmed, and two purses more
Were tossed to the wit who, smiling sly,
Said: "What! Two crops in one season? Why
Since I was a younker, under the sky,
Such a miracle never was seen before."

"Zeh, zeh, zeh!" laughed the Prince, and his treasurer's hand
Three purses more at the ground let fly:
Let fly, for riches have wings, and—and
The Prince began dimly to understand
He'd better fly, too, lest the wit so bland
Should drain his treasury dry.

So the genial Prince to his Arab steed
Put his golden spurs and galloped away;
Then the old, old man roared out: "Indeed,
Of planting fruit-trees I've no more need;
The whole creation may run to seed;
For I've made posterity pay."

And then, unless history's worse than wrong,
He picked up the purses and pulled off the gray,
Long beard that he had not sported long,
And the wig which had hidden the color strong
Of his red, red hair from the courtly throng
Who envied his luck that day.

Then he laughed, and the mountains many a mile
The musical echo caught,
As he called for his wine-skin and pipe; and while
He was calling lustily, over the stile
Came a maiden bringing them with a smile,
And he kissed her—as he ought.

MORAL.

Ah, me! Time's gray since that summer so gay
When the Prince's deer-hunt cost him dear,
But a golden moral remains—like a ray
Of the sun that laughed in his face that day:
From persons who moralize keep away,
For the Hawk of Humbug is hovering near.

AN IDIOT'S GALLANTRY.—John F. Nicholls.

D'ye see that peculiar object there, standing against the lamp;
That one with gawky limbs, sir, and face of an idiot stamp?
That's Jerry, as brave a young fellow as ever I wish to know,
I'll tell you a story about him, if you're in no hurry to go.

You know he's a little bit silly, his head-piece has always been wrong;
But though he is weak in the brain, sir, his limbs are amazingly strong.
He's simple and quiet enough, sir, unless he is bustled about,
And then without any exertion he puts his tormentors to rout.

You've heard how they often take fancies, peculiar fancies, you know?
Well, Jerry was taken with one, sir, ten days or a fortnight ago.
For a sweet little golden-haired lassie had met him one morning and smiled,
So from then he conceived it his duty to guard and watch over the child.

He found where she lived, in the square, sir, and every day he'd be there,
And watch her go out in the morning with her nurse in a carriage and pair.
The horses were capital "steppers," but Jerry could run like the wind,
And just like a dog he would follow at some little distance behind.

If she didn't go out he would watch, sir, for hours and would never stir;
'Twas well that her friend and protector became so devoted to her;
For the time soon came when she needed his strength and devotion most,
And lucky for her that young Jerry was found at his favorite post.

She went for her drive one morning, with Jerry a-trotting behind,
The pace of the horses was rapid, but he didn't seem for to mind.
When, just as they got to the Park, sir, the horses were seized with a fright,
And, in spite of the coachman, they turned, sir, and bolted with all their might.

Their iron-shod hoofs struck fire, sir, as they dashed towards
Jerry like mad,
And I shivered and muttered a prayer for the simple, idiot
lad.
But still as a statue he stood, sir, till he almost felt their
breath,
When he swerved, then clutched their bridles, and stuck
to them like grim death.

Full many a yard they dragged him, but his sinews began to
tell,
As he tugged at their bits his hardest, and struck at their
heads as well.
They tried, but they couldn't resist him, his blows were far
worse than the whip,
And finally they gave in, sir, to his powerful, vice-like grip.

Jerry took to his heels and ran, sir, when he knew that the
child was saved;
'Twas only for her he had acted, and a horrible death had
braved.
They offered him money; he laughed, sir, and refused in
his simple style,
For the only reward he cared for was the little one's grateful
smile.

Folks say it was purely his madness that caused him to
seize the reins;
I think that a gleam of reason shot into his clouded brains.
He might have got out of the way, sir, but he stood like a lump
of stone,
Then struggled to save *her* life, sir, at the risk of losing his
own.

"KISS ME, MAMMA, I CAN'T SLEEP."

The child was so sensitive, so like that little shrinking plant that curls at a breath and shuts its heart from the light. The only beauties she possessed were an exceedingly transparent skin and the most mournful, large blue eyes.

I had been trained by a very stern, strict, conscientious mother, but I was a hardy plant, rebounding after every shock; misfortune could not daunt, though discipline trained me. I fancied, alas! that I must go through the same routine with this delicate creature: so one day

when she had displeased me exceedingly by repeating an offence, I was determined to punish her severely. I was very serious all day, and upon sending her to her little couch, I said: "Now, my daughter, to punish you, and show you how very, very naughty you have been, I shall not kiss you to-night."

She stood looking at me, astonishment personified, with her great mournful eyes wide open—I suppose she had forgotten her misconduct till then—and I left her with big tears dropping down her cheeks and her little red lips quivering.

Presently, I was sent for. "Oh, mamma, you will kiss me; I can't go to sleep if you don't!" she sobbed, every tone of her voice trembling; and she held out her little hands.

Now came the struggle between love and what I falsely termed duty. My heart said give her the kiss of peace; my stern nature urged me to persist in my conviction that I must impress the fault upon her mind. That was the way I had been trained, till I was a most submissive child; and I remembered how I had often thanked my mother since for her straightforward course.

I knelt by the bedside. "Mother can't kiss you, Ellen," I whispered, though every word choked me. Her hand touched mine; it was very hot, but I attributed it to her excitement. She turned her little grieving face to the wall. I blamed myself as the fragile form shook with self-suppressed sobs, but telling her, "Mother hopes little Ellen will learn to mind her after this," left the room for the night. Alas! in my desire to be severe, I forgot to be forgiving.

It must have been twelve o'clock when I was awakened by my nurse. Apprehensive, I ran eagerly to the child's chamber; I had had a fearful dream.

Ellen did not know me. She was sitting up, crimsoned from the forehead to the throat; her eyes so bright that I almost drew back aghast at their glances.

From that night a raging fever drank up her life; and what think you was the incessant plaint that poured into my anguished heart? "Oh, kiss me, mamma—do kiss me; I can't go to sleep. You'll kiss your little Ellen, mamma, won't you? I can't go to sleep. I won't be naughty if you'll only kiss me! Oh, kiss me, dear mamma, I can't go to sleep."

Holy little angel! she did go to sleep one gray morning and she never woke again,—never. Her hand was locked in mine and all my veins grew icy with its gradual chill. Faintly the light faded out of the beautiful eyes; whiter and whiter grew the tremulous lips. She never knew me, but with her last breath she whispered, "I will be good, mamma, if only you'll kiss me."

Kiss her! God knows how passionate, but unavailing, were my kisses upon her cheek and lips after that fatal night. God knows how wild were my prayers that she might know, if but only once, that I kissed her. God knows how I would have yielded up my very life, could I have asked forgiveness of that sweet child.

Well, grief is unavailing now! She lies in her little tomb; there is a marble urn at her head and a rosebush at her feet; there grow sweet summer flowers; there waves the gentle grass; there birds sing their matins and vespers; there the blue sky smiles down to-day and there lies buried the freshness of my heart.

FALLING IN AND FALLING OUT.—Elmer Ruán Coates.

"Oh, mother, what good neighbors
We are having o'er the way!—
I've never met so fine a girl
As Mary Anna May.
The house is like a palace,
And their manners are in style,
And there's a handsome brother
Who has journeyed up the Nile.

"The mother is a jewel,
And the father is a gent—
I know they're worth a million,
If they have a single cent;
An aunt is in consumption,
And an uncle has the gout,
So there's another fortune,
When these worthy two peg out.

"Now, dear, bewitching Anna
Says our Harry is a dove;
That, while she prizes many,
I'm the only girl to *love*.
They're coming o'er to see us,
What I hope they'll often do,
For Mary Anna, in my heart,
Is next to pop and you."

The elder folks are friendly,
They are not unwisely so,
But Sue and Mary Anna
Were not built upon the slow.
Now one drops into supper,
And the other comes to dine;
Oh, such delightful neighbors!—
And their friendship is divine.

Sue tells her all to Anna,
Anna tells her all to Sue,
They rush and kiss at meeting,
And they vow they will be true.
They gad and shop together,
They would "go it" every day,
And one is in a fever,
If the other is away.

Say nothing of formality,
You'll have them in a rage;
They tell you "free and easy"
Is the order of the age.
'Tis walk across, and talk across,
And squint across, and yell;
'Tis popping in, with flirt and din,
And wearing out the bell.

Seclusion has departed,
There is privacy no more,

The thing becomes a nuisance—
You may say an awful bore;
The parents lose their tempers,
They are living in the fear
That private matters may be found
Within the public ear.

The novelty is ended,
For the pressure, from the first,
Was so intensely awful,
That the boiler had to burst.
One thinks the other "formal,"
And they "stand up for the right,"
Now Sallie Comebetween has made
These loving angels fight!

The little confidentials,
Mary Anna gave to Sue,
Are scattered o'er the neighborhood
With variations, too;
The family material,
Sue gave to Anna May,
Is traveling as freely
And increasing every day.

Like mammies and the daddies,
There is siding with the child,
The brothers talk of shooting,
And the women now are wild;
All hands are looking daggers,
And their neighbors have no doubt
The falling in is equaled
Only by the—falling out.

THREE SUNBEAMS.—I. EDGAR JONES.

A summer sunbeam, peeping through a window pane one day,
Fell full upon the couch whereon a new-born infant lay;
It turned to gold the amber eyes, alight with laughing grace,
And lingered with caressing touch upon the baby face.
The world was new; that sunbeam warmed the mother's hopeful love,
And seemed an augury of joy descending from above.

"How beautiful its golden gleam," the happy mother said;
A hopeful prayer went up to heaven, and then the sun-ray fled.

Another sunbeam, looking through cathedral aisles one day,
Fell on a girl with happy face who knelt as if to pray;
But close at hand a manly form knelt humbly at her side,
And spoke in happy, vibrant tones responses to his bride;
It lingered fondly on this scene, it kissed the happy pair,
And turned to heaven the bit of earth it touched with glory there.
"Oh, gleam of gladness," said the maid; "Oh, sign of coming grace!"
It kissed her joyous lips again, and vanished into space.

Once more the sunbeam, looking through those windows richly stained,
Through tears which from the weeping clouds fell softly as it rained,
Lit up the long cathedral aisles; and there an aged form
With folded hands was resting, still, unmindful of each storm.
The sunlight touched the quiet face, the aged silvered head,
And seemed to print a smile upon the features of the dead.

The little babe, the happy bride, the shrouded form, were one.
Three sun-rays spanned a human life; the tired form slumbered on.
So short is life, so sweet is light; the sunbeam passed away,
And over all the twilight spread its misty veil of gray.

CONVICT JOE.—ALEXANDER G. MURDOCH.

Did I know Convict Joe? Yes, I knew him,
And I ne'er knew an honester lad,
Till he took head and heart to the bottle,
And went with a rush to the bad.
Ah, Joe's was a pitiful case, sirs,
And shows, you'll allow it, I think,
That, granting *his* part in the business,
Joe was less in the blame than the drink.

Was he married? He was; and the thought o't
Brings tears of distress to the eyes;
'Twas awful,—the murderous sequel!
And to Joe a blood-curdling surprise;

For he didn't know what he was doing,
Held in thrall by a fierce, mocking curse;
One drink-maddened blow!—and the end o't,—
Felon-chains and eternal remorse!

But the story? Well, Joe was a shipwright,
And a powerful chap, you may depend;
Could throw any man in a wrestle,
But the drink worsted him in the end.
Taking "bouts" at the dram, he grew fond o't,
And his wife—just the best you could find—
Wept tears when the drink-fit was on him,
As like to go out of her mind.

For Joe, once her love and her idol,
On whom she still doted with pride,
Was bringing disgrace on that dear wife,
And the sweet child that clung to her side.
The household that once was his pleasure,
No longer commanded his heart;
Strong drink was the one god he worshiped,
Whose signboard is Ruin's black chart.

Well, one night, as I said, he came home, sirs,
Just as bad with the drink as could be;
He'd been "off work" and "clubbing" with others,
Having out what is called a "rare spree."
It was late, and his poor wife sat lonely,
Awaiting his wished-for return;
But he scolded her out of his presence,
And bunked on the floor till the morn.

Till the morn did he sleep? No; the madness
That lurks the hot brandy within
Wrought hell in his brain, and thence doomed him,
Ere dawn, to a terrible sin!
He was mad! he was frenzied with horror!
Fiends stung him with venomous hiss!
He grappled with phantoms that dragged him
Towards suicide's gaping abyss!

They were clasping and clinging unto him,
They were tearing the flesh from his heart,
They were on him! around him! within him!
And would not for God's sake depart!
In his hot hands he buried his eyesight,
And held, horror-stricken, his breath,

But still the brain phantoms were round him,—
  Were dragging him downwards to death!

"Wife, wife!" in his horror, he shouted
  And towards his presence she flew;
"Joe, dearest! my husband!" "No, woman!
  Back, horrible monster! *not you!*"
His brain hot with fury, he clutched at
  A hatchet!—one terrible blow!
Next moment, Death's presence stood by him
  With a forefinger pointing at—*Woe!*

He had killed her! but didn't know of it,
  Had thought her no wife, but a fiend
Come to torture his soul in *her* semblance,
  From which his eyes would not be screened.
So, full of wild rage, he had smote her,
  And laughed o'er her corpse where it lay;
Then flung himself down alongside her,
  And slept till the dawning of day.

He slept? Ay, and dreamt of his dead wife!—
  A peaceful and beautiful dream;
He saw her once more in her beauty,
  Set about with Love's heavenly beam;
On his breast, crowned with smiles, she was leaning,
  As his dear wife beloved and caressed;
For the bottle was broken forever,
  And Joe was a *man* with the best.

But 'twas only a dream,—yes, a dream, sirs;
  His poor wife lay dead by his side;
The warm blood still clammily oozing
  From a wound on her head, gaping wide!
While *he* still lay there, all unconscious
  Of the terrible crime he had wrought,
Till the dawn, looking in on that night's work,
  Avenging discovery brought!

Was it only a nightmare? Ah, no, sirs;—
  Rough hands on Joe's shoulders were laid
And voices, all harsh, took his hearing,
  As he started, and stared, half-afraid.
God! what could it mean—the crowd round him—
  Thus to wake in the hands of the law?
Ah, that form stretched all stirless before him!
  Surrounded by horror and awe—

A woman? Yes, only a woman!
No! surely it wasn't his wife?
She seemed dead! and he wrestled for freedom,
As a doomed man will struggle for life.
"It is she! gracious God! Is she dying?
Or dead, sirs?—say, tell if you can?
Unhand me! Who murdered my poor wife?"
And a voice answered—*Thou art the man!*

There was silence, and heart-thrilling horror!
Joe's breath went and came with a gasp;
The neighbors had entered, and found him—
The hatchet blood-stained in his grasp!
"My poor wife! my poor wife! oh, heaven!
Who loved me, alas, sirs, too well—
'Twas the brandy that wrought all the mischief!"
And they dragged him away to the cell!

Why lengthen a heart-moving story?
The law took its just-handed course;
Joe, escaping the terrible gallows,
Was doomed to eternal remorse,—
A lifetime of penal exactments,
Felon-chains, with their soul-searing chime
But, if tears are accepted in heaven,
Joe has wept out all trace of his crime.

KITTENS AND BABIES.—Lizzie M. Hadley.

There were two kittens, a black and a gray,
And grandmamma said, with a frown,
"It never will do to keep them both;
The black one we'd better drown."

"Don't cry, my dear," to tiny Bess,
"One kitten's enough to keep;
Now run to nurse, for 'tis growing late
And time you were fast asleep."

The morrow dawned, and rosy and sweet
Came little Bess from her nap.
The nurse said, "Go into mamma's room
And look in grandma's lap."

"Come here," said grandma, with a smile,
From the rocking-chair where she sat,

"God has sent you two little sisters;
Now! what do you think of that?"

Bess looked at the babies a moment,
With their wee heads, yellow and brown,
And then to grandma soberly said,
"*Which one are you going to drown?*"

THAT FIRE AT THE NOLANS'.*

It would have been evident to even the most careless and unobservant passer-by, that something had happened at the Nolans'. Not that there was anything the matter with the house, for it bore no trace of disaster; but there were many signs which in Shantytown betoken either a fight, a funeral, or a fire. The Nolan mansion was the only building within six blocks that was built on the level of the street; it was, moreover, constructed of brick, and three stories high; decorated paper shades adorned its windows, and its door was emblazoned with a silver plate on which were the words, "Terrence O'C. Nolan." On the particular morning in question, all the occupants of the surrounding white-washed, patched, and propped-up shanties were gathered on the sidewalk in front of it. From the centre window in the second story, Thomas-à-Becket Nolan, aged four years, with his nose flattened against the glass, peered down at the excited groups below. Now and then he would breathe on the pane, and then draw strange characters over its misty surface with his small finger. He was the unconscious object of many remarks.

Old Mrs. Murphy, the centre of an interested knot of neighbors, was listened to with great respect because she had just come from within the house. Michael Coogan, presuming on the fact that he had married a sister of Dennis O'Connor, who was Mrs. Nolan's great uncle, ascended the steps, and rang the bell.

"Stip in, Mr. Coogan," said Mrs. Nolan. "Good

* By permission.

marnin' to yer. I suppose it's askin' afther Tirry ye are, an' the foire. Jist walk this way an' contemplate the destroction.

"The *debree* ain't so much as removed from the flure," she explained as she held open the parlor door and allowed Mr. Coogan to survey the wreck inside the room. Everything in the apartment was broken, and soaked with water; but strangely enough there were no stains of smoke or any other trace of fire to be seen. Pictures and ornaments were all completely demolished, and broken glass covered everything.

"Howly saints!" ejaculated Mr. Coogan, "phat an ixpinsive catastrophe, Mrs. Nolan! It's a tirrible dimonstration yez must have had."

"Ah, that it wuz," she replied, sinking into a damp and mutilated rocking-chair. "Ter think of that beeutiful Axminister carpet, an' those impoorted Daggystan roogs, an' our new Frinch mantel clock that had the goldfish globe over it—all soppin' wet, an' smashed to smithereens. It 'ud be a tremingious calamity for anybody."

"Tremingious!" echoed Mr. Coogan in an awe-struck tone, "that it wud. An' how did the occurince evintuate, Mrs. Nolan?"

"It wuz all along av the new domestic an' those divilish greeners," began Mrs. Nolan in a somewhat agitated manner, shaking her head sadly. "Lasht wake, Katy, our ould gurrl that had been wid us fer noine years, married a longshoreman, an' so I ingaged a domestic be the name av Mary Ann Reilly. She had lost two fingers aff av her lift hand, an' wus rid-hidded an' pock-marked, but she wus will ricomminded, an' so I took her at oncet. Tirry didn't loike the looks av her, at all, at all. 'Bridget,' sez he, 'her eyes are not sthraight,' sez he. 'I don't like google-eyed paple in the house,' sez he. 'Look out, or she'll be afther lookin' at ye or Tummy, an' bewitchin' ye wid her ayvil eye' sez he. But wud ye belave me, Mr. Coogan, she only looked crucked whin she wus nar-

vous or excoited, and *ginerally* her eyes wuz as sthraight as yer own in yer hid. She hadn't bin in the house over two days, d'ye moind, whin I dropped the flat-oiron on me fut, scalded me hand, an' broke two chiney dishes in wan mornin', and that same day Tommy got inter the kitchen an eat up three pounds of raishons, an' wuz shriekin' wid epleptic cowulsions all noight; so I began to put some faith in her bewitchment meself."

"Roight for ye," said Mr. Coogan, nodding approvingly at Mrs. Nolan. "That wuz bad loock enough, so it was."

"Will, that wuz only the beginnin'," continued Mrs. Nolan. "The nixt thing wuz yisterday mornin' whin Tirry cum home wid a baskit ful o' little, round, green bottles. 'Phat's thim?' sez I. 'Is it Christmas-tree toys, or is it patent midicine?'—'Naythur,' sez Tirry; 'It's a family foire department,' sez he, 'Since we have no tilegraft in the house,' sez he, 'an' insoorance is so expinsible, I've been afther buyin' some han' greenades ter put out foires wid.'—'Is it limonade is in 'em, did yer say?' sez I. 'No,' sez he. 'They're greenades, Bridget. The bottles is green, an' they aid ye ter put out a foire,' sez he. So Tirry hung up wan dozen bottles in the parlor near the dure (where that woire rack is Mr. Coogan), an instroocted Mary Ann how to ixtinguish foires wid thim, by throwin' thim at the flames."

"Is it base-ball that it is?" inquired Mr. Coogan.

"No, loike stonin' goats, more," said Mrs. Nolan, and then she resumed her narrative. "Lasht avenin', the lamp wuz lit on the table, Tummy wuz playin by the winder, an' me husband wuz takin' his convanience in his arrum-chair, wid his back to the dure. *I* wuz sittin' near the table a-readin' the mornin' *Hurruld*, an' Tummy all av a suddent lit the winder-shade run up near the top. 'Mudder,' sez he, 'the b'yes have made a big bonfoire in the lot opposite,' sez he. An' from where I sat I could see the reflixion av a blazin' tar-barrel in the

loockin'-glass over the mantel-pace. Jist thin, the dure opened behind me, and Mary Ann come in. *She* saw the reflixion too, an' yelled, '*Foire!*' loike bloody murder. I turns round to look at her, an' she wuz trimblin' wid oxcitemint, an' as google-eyed as a crab. '*Foire!*' yells she, an' wid that she grabs a bottle of greenade, an' lets it fly. *Smash!* goes the bottle, an' doon come our twinty-dollar ingraving av St. Patrick drivin' the shnakes out of Ireland. *Crash!* goes another, and over comes the clock. 'Hullup!' shouts Tirry, an' got out of his chair, but *whang*, wan of the greeners hits him in the hid an' busts all over him. Wid that he fell spachless on the flure an' I thought he wuz kilt entoirely. Tummy crawled under the sofa, an' I scrouch doon behind the table. All this toime that cross-eyed Mary Ann wus screechin' '*Foire! foire!*' an' ploggin' them bottles av greenade round the room. *Bang!* wan hits the vase full av wax fruit, that Tirry got at the fair. *Slam!* another puts out the light, an' clears the lamp off the table an' she foired the rist of the dozen bottles roight an' lift, *whang! smash!* round in the dark. The glass wuz crashin', and the greenade stoof was splatterin' an' splashin' an' tricklin' all over the wall an' furnitoor."

"Mother o' Moses!" interrupted Mr. Coogan. "It's bushels of glass there is iverywhere. How did it ind, Mrs. Nolan?"

"The b'yes over in the lot heard the scraychin', an' crashin,' and they smothered their foire, an' come and bust in the front dure, ter see the foight they thought it wuz. Tirry is in bid, wid a poultice on his hid; an' Mary Ann is a-sittin' in the kitchen, paceable as a lamb, lookin' at the ind av her nose fer occypation. She can pack up an' lave this very day. As fer that young shpalpeen av a Tummy, he ought ter be licked fer littin' up the winder-shade. Take my advoice, Mr. Coogan, an' trust to the foiremin or an ould-fashioned pail av water, an' don't be afther buyin' flasks av cologny-perfume to put out foires wid." —*Life.*

THE STRANGE REQUEST.—Annie R. Johnson.

In a queer old Irish village,
Some one hundred years ago,
Lived a nobleman's fair daughter;
And 'tis said that to and fro
Through the whole land spread a rumor
Of the beauty of her face,
Of her high-born, gentle manners,
And her matchless wit and grace.

Well, there was, in this same village,
A poor little chimney-sweep
Who, by what his broom earned daily,
Could but just contrive to keep
A blind mother from starvation—
For the famine pressed them sore.
Dear, brave boy! Some days he fasted,
So that she could have the more.

Now it happened, one fine morning,
He had swept a chimney down,
And to rest climbed on a store-box,
By the largest store in town;
Where, close by, a band of loungers
Smoked and jested,—just the sort
Of young men who thought it manly,
O'er the black-faced "sweep" to sport.

So their jokes flew back and forward,
Till the boy could "just have cried;"
When, as his good luck would have it,
They stopped short, for one had spied
Lady Norah—the town beauty—
Coming down the long, broad street.
Ah, she was so tall and queenly!
With a face so proud, yet sweet.

Then a gay young lord among them
Frowned—and to the child, said he,
"I will give you fifty guineas
If you'll kiss that girl for me!"
For he thought to so insult her,
Pay her for a private slight,—
He was not received with favor
When he called on her one night.

For awhile the boy looked doubtful,
As the lady nearer drew;
Then stood out upon the sidewalk,
With his figure in full view,
Till she came up close beside him,
When he stammered out: "Please, Miss,
Would you make a poor sweep happy,
By just giving him a kiss?"

Well, she stopped and looked so puzzled,
Gazing at him where he stood.
"It will not harm you, fair lady,
And I'm sure 'twill do me good."
"Bless your heart, I will!" she answered.
"Wipe your lips with this, my child:"
And she tossed her dainty 'kerchief
Toward him, while she sweetly smiled.

Then she stooped down there and kissed him,
With "God bless you," and passed on.
And the young men laughed and jested
At "Lord Guy," when she had gone.
"Now produce those fifty guineas!
We are bound to see fair play!"
They all cried. And so "his Honor"
Had the kiss-debt there to pay.

HEAVENWARD.—I. E. Dickenga.

Not from the grave our journey home begins,
But from the cradle. Our first feeble breath
And tottering steps start us upon a way
That leads beyond. We need not idly wait
For morn to come; the morning dawn is here,
And we may stand between the open gates
And see the beautiful celestial hills
Toward which our feet are pressing.
Death but gives
A clearer vision and a nearer view,
Ending the journey which is here begun.
Then wise is he and in his wisdom blest,
Who will not turn from righteousness aside,
But lives and walks as if he trod indeed
The outer court of the immortal land.

GET ACQUAINTED WITH YOURSELF.

R. J. BURDETTE.

Telemachus, it will do you ever so much good if every once in a while you will go away by yourself for an hour or two and get real well acquainted with yourself. As a man thinketh, so he is. And you will never "know thyself" thoroughly unless now and then you get alone and sit down and talk to yourself, cross-examine yourself; learn what you know; what are your ambitions, your aims, your hopes,—what is your real character; because, my dear boy, your reputation may be one thing and your character quite another. Sometimes it does happen, in this faulty old world, that a really good man, a man whose character is above reproach, may bear the reputation of a rascal; and once in a while—two or three times in a while, in fact—a rascal wears the stolen reputation of an honest man. Go away now and then, my boy, and sit down all by yourself and think. Think of nothing under the sun only yourself. Yes, I know, my son, there are men who never think of anything else, and God never made more useless men; but that is because they do all their thinking about themselves publicly and loud. They never think alone.

You will be honest with yourself when you are alone, my boy. A man is apt to be honest with himself in the dark. He does not pose in heroic postures when he has no audience. When he stands face to face with himself, with no human eye to watch him, and no human ear to listen to his confession, and only his Maker, who knows every secret motive and thought of his life to see and to listen, a man has to be honest. How could he be a hypocrite then?

Get away from the crowd a little while every day, my boy. Stand one side and let the world run by, while you get acquainted with yourself, and see what kind of a fellow you are. Ask yourself hard questions about yourself. find out all you can about yourself. Ascertain

from original sources if you are really the manner of man people say you are. Find out if you are always honest; if you always tell the square, perfect truth in business deals; if your life is as good and upright at eleven o'clock at night as it is at noon; if you are as sound a temperance man on a fishing expedition as you are at a Sabbath-school pic-nic; if you are as good a boy when you go to Chicago as you are at home; if, in short, you really are the manner of young man your father hopes you are, your mother says you are, and your sweetheart believes you are. Get on intimate terms with yourself, my boy, and, believe me, every time you come out from one of those private interviews you will be a better, stronger, purer man. Don't forget this, Telemachus, and it will do you good.

THE LOW-BACKED CAR.—Samuel Lover.

When first I saw sweet Peggy,
'Twas on a market-day;
A low-backed car she drove, and sat
Upon a truss of hay;
But when that hay was blooming grass,
And decked with flowers of spring,
No flower was there that could compare
With the blooming girl I sing.
As she sat in the low-backed car.
The man at the turnpike bar
Never asked for the toll,
But just rubbed his owld poll,
And looked after the low-backed car.

In battle's wild commotion,
The proud and mighty Mars
With hostile scythes demands his tithes
Of death—in warlike cars;
While Peggy, peaceful goddess,
Has darts in her bright eye
That knock men down in the market-town,
As right and left they fly;

While she sits in her low-backed car;
Than battle more dangerous far,—
For the doctor's art
Cannot cure the heart
That is hit from that low-backed car.

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters
By far outnumber these;
While she among her poultry sits,
Just like a turtle-dove,
Well worth the cage, I do engage,
Of the blooming god of love;
While she sits in her low-backed car,
The lovers come near and far,
And envy the chicken
That Peggy is pickin'
As she sits in her low-backed car.

Oh, I'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach and four, and gold *galore*,
And a lady for my bride;
For the lady would sit forninst me,
On a cushion made with taste,
While Peggy would sit beside me,
With my arm around her waist,
While we drove in the low-backed car
To be married by Father Maher;
Oh, my heart would beat high
At her glance and her sigh,
Though it beat in a low-backed car.

THE MILLER'S MAID*.—Fred Emerson Brooks.

Nature, ever fickle jade
Squandered treasure on the Maid
Of the Mill;
Gave her eyes of such rare blue
That her soul kept peeping through
"*Will-he-Nill.*"

*By permission. A very humorous and effective dialect recitation, written and recited by Mr. Brooks, entitled, "Foreign views of the Statue," will be found in No. 27 of this series.

On his handsome chestnut-brown
Sat the heir of half the town,
Reining in his horse enchanted with the vision on the hill;
Fresh from college halls was he;
Fell in love?—Well let me see—
But the story's told much sweeter by the Maiden of the Mill!

"But he knew not what to say,
So he asked of me the way
To the mill;
It was just to make me speak,
For it stood there by the creek
'Neath the hill!
It is difficult to frown
On such loving eyes and brown,
So I raised my arm and pointed just a moment down the hill;
All he did was stand and stare
At my white arms, plump and bare,
Till I had to doubt this handsome fellow's business at the mill!

"Since you have no grist to grind
Why so anxious, sir, to find
Father's mill?
But the mill you'll never see
While you stand and gaze at me—
Think you will?
Then I thought I heard him say,
As he threw a kiss this way:
'I think I see the building at the bottom of the hill!'
But I threw his kisses back
While I bade him get a sack
And take his many kisses to be ground up at the mill!

"Now he brings a grist each day
Which he never takes away
From the mill;
When I ask the reason why
He will smile and make reply:
'When you will!'
It is plain as plain can be
By his grist he's meaning *me*,
For my heart is ground up finer than the corn within the mill;
And he says, his gold he'll share
For the gold that's in my hair!
Will I wed him? Well, I'm human, and I rather think I will!"

THE NIGHT-WATCH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

Soon as her lover to the war had gone,
Without or tears or common-place despair,
Irene de Grandfief, a maiden pure
And noble-minded, reassumed the garb
That at the convent she had worn—black dress
With narrow pelerine—and the small cross
In silver at her breast; her piano closed,
Her jewels put away—all save one ring,
Gift of the Viscount Roger on that eve
In the past spring-time when he had left her,
Bidding farewell, and from Irene's brow
Culling one silken tress, that he might wear it
In gold medallion close upon his heart.
Without delay or hindrance, in the ranks
He took a private's place. What that war was
Too well is known.

Impassible, and speaking
Seldom as might be of her absent lover,
Irene daily, at a certain hour,
Watched at her window till the postman came
Down o'er the hill along the public road,
His mail-bag at his back. If he passed by,
Nor any letter left, she turned away,
Stifling a long-drawn sigh; and that was all.

Then came the siege of Paris,—hideous time!
Spreading through France as gangrene spreads, invasion
Drew near Irene's château. In vain the priest
And the old doctor, in their evening talk,
Grouped with the family around the hearth,
Death for their constant theme before her took.
No sad foreboding could that young heart know.
Roger at Metz was with his regiment safe,
At the last date unwounded. He was living;
He must be living; she was sure of that.
Thus by her faith in faithful love sustained,
Counting her beads, she waited, waited on.

Wakened, one morning, with a start, she heard
In the far copses of the park shots fired
In quick succession. 'Twas the enemy!
She would be brave as Roger. So she blushed
At her own momentary fear; then, calm

As though the incident a trifle were,
Her toilet made; and, having duly said
Her daily prayer, not leaving out one Ave,
Down to the drawing-room as usual went,
A smile upon her lips.
It had indeed
Been a mere skirmish—that, and nothing more.
Thrown out as scouts, a few Bavarian soldiers
Had been abruptly, by our Franc-Tireurs,
Surprised and driven off. They had picked up
Just at that moment, where the fight had been,
A wounded officer, Bavarian was he,
Shot through the neck. And, when they brought him in,
That tall young man, all pale, eyes closed, and bleeding,
Stretched on a mattress,—without sigh or shudder
Irene had him carefully borne up
Into the room by Roger occupied
When he came wooing there. Then, while they put
The wounded man to bed, she carried out
Herself his vest and cloak all black with blood;
Bade the old valet wear an air less glum,
And stir himself with more alacrity;
And, when the wound was dressed, lent aid,
As of the Sisterhood of Charity,
With her own hands. Evening came on apace
Bringing the doctor. When he saw the man
A strange expression flitted o'er his face,
As to himself he muttered: "Yes; flushed cheek;
Pulse beating much too high. If possible,
I must arrest the fever. This prescription
Very oft succeeds. But some one must take note
Of the oncoming fits; must watch till morn,
And tend him closely."
"Doctor, I am here."
"Not you, young lady! Service such as this
One of your valets can——"
"No, doctor, no!
Roger perchance may be a prisoner yonder,
Hurt, ill. If he such tending should require
As does this officer, I would he had
A German woman for his nurse."
"So be it,"
Answered the doctor, offering her his hand.
"Give him the potion four times every hour.
I will return to judge of its effects

At daylight." Then he went his way, and left
Irene to her office self-imposed.

Scarcely a minute had she been in charge,
When the Bavarian, to Irene turning,
With eye half opened looked at her and spoke.
"This doctor," said he, "thought I was asleep;
But I heard every word. I thank you, lady;
I thank you from my very inmost heart—
Less for myself than for her sake, to whom
You would restore me, and who there at home
Awaits me."
"Hush!" she said. "Sleep if you can.
Do not excite yourself. Your life depends
On perfect quiet."
"No," he answered—"no!
I must at once unload me of a secret
That weighs upon me. I a promise made;
And I would keep it. Death may be at hand."
"Speak, then," Irene said, "and ease your soul."
"The war .... oh, what an infamy is war!
It was last month, by Metz, 'twas my ill fate
To kill a Frenchman." She turned pale, and lowered
The lamp-light to conceal it. He continued:
"We were sent forward to surprise a cottage
Strengthened and held by some of yours. We did
As hunters do when stalking game. The night
Was clouded. Silent, arms in hand, in force,
Along the poplar-boarded path we crept
Up to the French post. I, first, drove my sabre
Into the soldier's back who sentry stood
Before the door. He fell; nor gave the alarm.
We took the cottage, putting to the sword
Every soul there." Irene with her hands
Covered her eyes. "Disgusted with such carnage,
Loathing such scene, I stepped into the air.
Just then the moon broke through the clouds and showed me
There at my feet a soldier on the ground
Writhing, the rattle in his throat. 'Twas he,
The sentry whom my sabre had transpierced.
Touched with compassion sudden and supreme,
I stopped, to offer him a helping hand;
But, with choked voice, 'It is too late,' he said,
'I must needs die.... You are an officer—
A gentleman, perchance.' 'Yes; tell me, quick;

What can I do for you?' 'Promise—that you
Will forward this,' he said, his fingers clutching
A gold medallion hanging at his breast,
Dabbled in blood, 'to—' Then his latest thought
Passed with his latest breath. The loved one's name,
Mistress or bride affianced, was not told
By that poor Frenchman. Seeing blazoned arms
On the medallion, I took charge of it,
Hoping to trace her at some future day
Among the old nobility of France,
To whom reverts the dying soldier's gift;
Here it is. Take it. But, I pray you, swear
That, if death spares me not, you will fulfill
This pious duty in my place."
Therewith
He the medallion handed her; and on it
Irene saw the Viscount's blazoned arms.
Then—her heart agonized with mortal woe—
"I swear it, sir!" she murmured. "Sleep in peace!"

Solaced by having this disclosure made,
The wounded man sank down in sleep. Irene,
Her bosom heaving, and with eyes aflame
Though tearless all, stood rooted by his side.
Yes, he is dead, her lover! Those his arms;
His blazon that, no less renowned than ancient;
The very blood-stains his! Nor was his death
Heroic, soldier-like. Struck from behind,
Without or cry or call for comrades' help,
Roger was murdered. And there, sleeping, lies
The man who murdered him! Yes; he has boasted
How in the back the traitorous blow was dealt.
And now he sleeps with drowsiness oppressed,
Roger's assassin; and 'twas she, Irene,
Who bade him sleep in peace! And then, again,
With what cruel mockery, cruel and supreme,
She from this brow must wipe away the sweat!
She by this couch must watch till dawn of day,
As loving mother by a suffering child!
She must at briefest intervals to him
Administer the remedy prescribed,
So that he die not! And the man himself
Counting on this in quiet,—sheltered, housed
Under the roof of hospitality!
And there the flask upon the table stands

Charged with his life. He waits it! Is not this
Beyond imagination horrible?
What! while she feels creeping and growing on her
All that is awful in the one word "Hate!"
While in her breast the ominous anger seethes
That nerved, in Holy Scripture, Jael's arm
To drive the nail through Sisera's head!—she save
The accursed German! Oh, away! such point
Forbearance reaches not. What! while it glitters
There in the corner, the brass-pommeled sword
Wherewith the murderer struck,—and fell desire,
Fierce impulse, bids it from the scabbard leap—
Shall she, in deference to vague prejudice,
To some fantastic notion that affects
Human respect and duty, shall she put
Repose and sleep and antidote and life
Into the horrible hand by which all joy
Is ravished from her? Never! She will break
The assuaging flask.... But no! 'Twere needless that.
She needs but leave Fate to work out its end.
Fate, to avenge her, seems to be at one
With her resolve. 'Twere but to let him die!
Yes; there the life-preserving potion stands;
But for one hour might she not fall asleep?
Then, all in tears, she murmured, "Infamy!"

And still the struggle lasted, till the German,
Roused by her deep groans from his wandering dreams,
Moved, ill at ease, and, feverish, begged for drink.

Up toward the antique Christ in ivory,
At the bed's head suspended on the wall,
Irene raised the martyr's look sublime;
Then, ashen pale, but ever with her eyes
Turned to the God of Calvary, poured out
The soothing draught, and with a delicate hand
Gave to the wounded man the drink he asked.
And when the doctor in the morning came,
And saw Irene beside the officer,
Tending him still and giving him his drink
With trembling fingers, he was much amazed
That through the dreary watches of the night,
The raven locks which, at the set of sun,
Had crowned her fair young brow, by morning's dawn
Had changed to snowy white.

SLEEPY.

"Now wake me up at six o'clock,"
Said he on going to bed.
"To-morrow is my busy day,
I'll get right up," he said.

His patient wife, who previously
Experiments had tried,
Said nothing,—only looked at him,
And softly, sadly sighed.

The night passed on; the morning came.
At six she said, "My own,
It's six o'clock. You know you said—"
He grunted, "Lemme 'lone!"

At seven she gently tried again,
But once again without
The slightest semblance of success,—
He only snapped, "Get out!"

At eight her courage almost failed
And turned to wholesome dread,
For as she spoke, she had to dodge
A boot flung at her head.

She *thought* he *swore* at nine o'clock
And gave up trying then,
And he whose busy day it was
Got up at half-past ten.

Then came the tide of bitterness
That overflowed her cup;
For he remarked, "What! half-past ten?
Why didn't you wake me up?"

A HAPPY FAMILY.

It was Sunday. Mr. Skinner was very tired, and thought he would lie down on the sofa in the back parlor and rest. People never learn by experience, and he was no exception to the common rule. He lay down and crossed his feet with a parade hardly justifiable under the circumstances. His wife came in and saw him.

"Why, Lot Skinner!" she exclaimed. "If I ever heard of the like. Lying down on that new sofa with your boots on, and oh, my goodness, your head on that lace tidy that I had done up last week. You are the most inconsiderate man I ever saw in my life."

Mr. Skinner got up, and his wife smoothed out the tidy and rearranged it.

"The idea of anybody putting a head on that tidy," said Mrs. Skinner, who had no intention of using slang, "I did suppose you had more sense."

"I used to have," said Mr. Skinner, good-naturedly. "I could take a nap if I could find a place to drop down."

"You had better read your Bible," said Mrs. Skinner. She was a good, uncomfortable woman, so clean and neat and orderly that she made her family wretched with her domestic drill.

Something called Mrs. Skinner off then, and when she came back Mr. Skinner was gone. She took a book and sat down, when a thought struck her, and she bounded from her chair as if she had been a cannon-ball.

Yes, it was just as she had feared; her husband had gone up stairs, and she found him stretched out in bed on top of a white counterpane, his grizzly-gray head sunk deep into a white, starched pillow-sham, with these words embroidered in the centre: "Sleep sweet, beloved." He was not only asleep, but snoring, with a look of sweet content on his wide-open mouth.

"Lot Skinner!"

He got up in a manner that would have done credit to a gymnast, and staring at the fearful hollow in the bed and the wrinkled dent in the pillow-sham, said:

"I declare I forgot," looking very foolish. "Alice, haven't I a place where I can lay my head?"

"Don't talk nonsense," said his wife, sharply. "The idea of a sober man going to bed with his boots on."

"Would you rather I'd get—"

"I'd rather you'd get some common sense," she said. "If you must sleep in the daytime, why there's an old

lounge down in the kitchen; no one will disturb you there. Or I suppose I can take off the quilt and the shams, and let you have your nap here, though it's wicked, that's what it is, to sleep on Sunday. It's a bad example to set the children, Lot, and you know it."

"But I am so sleepy," answered her husband; "my head is heavy as lead, and I cannot keep my eyes open."

"Laziness, sheer laziness!" said his wife in a sharp tone.

Mr. Skinner went down stairs and disappeared. The last words his wife heard him say were that there was rest for the weary, but she was picking up the embroidery on the misused sham with a pin, and did not heed him. When she went down stairs he was not in sight, and she busied herself with getting dinner, which on Sunday took the place of supper, and thought no more about him.

She was a distinguished woman, distinguished in the town where she lived as being the cleanest housekeeper in it. No girl could be found neat enough to live with her; all the mottoes in her house were to the effect that cleanliness is akin to godliness. She dusted every article of furniture in the house several times a day; she scrubbed so often that the children had chronic diphtheria; she scrubbed so clean that at last she scrubbed through the kitchen floor into the cellar, and was nearly lost to the community.

It was a perpetual warfare between her and dirt. The front parlor was never opened to the family, and although Mr. Skinner had furnished it he had never sat down in it a moment since. Its air was that of a tomb. After it had been opened to company for an afternoon, the children went around with flannels about their throats and drank ginger tea.

When dinner was ready—and a good dinner it was, too, for Mrs. Skinner was a notable cook—she asked the children where their father was. They did not know. This seemed strange; she questioned closely, but they had not seen which way he went when he passed through the room.

"Didn't he say where he was going?" she asked,

wonderingly, for Mr. Skinner never went out on Sundays without his family.

"He said he was going where he'd have more peace," said little Harry Skinner.

"Well, we won't wait dinner for him," said his wife, and they sat down to eat.

But a spell seemed to have fallen upon them, and when the dinner was over and cleared away, and they were in the sitting-room with their books, there was a sense of dreary loss, and Mrs. Skinner sat with the Bible open on her lap, and wondered why he had gone out, and remembered that he looked queer.

It was in consonance with her habits of living that she got up in the middle of these speculations to catch a wandering and belated fly and induce him to be annihilated.

"Strange," she said, as it grew dark. "I'll take the children and go down to his mother's, and see if he is there; and if he is, I'll just give him a piece of my mind."

But he was not there, and his mother said Lot had looked badly the last time she saw him, and she thought he seemed worried; hoped it wasn't business troubles.

No, it wasn't business troubles; Mrs. Skinner knew that, and she began to wonder if she had cleaned her husband out of his mind. It came over her with sudden force that she had been in the habit of driving him from pillar to post at railroad speed and at the end of a broom or dust brush. He actually found no rest for the sole of his foot in his own house. It might have worked upon his nervous system until he had become suddenly insane. Horrible thought! He might have committed suicide.

She hurried home with the children. All was gloom. She went to his bureau to look for his razor. It was the only fire-arms he possessed—it was gone! Then Mrs. Skinner broke down and cried, and the children cried, and it was, indeed, a scene of desolation, when suddenly the door of that horrible parlor opened, and

an apparition—no, it was Mr. Skinner himself—stood before them looking very sheepish.

"I overslept myself," he said, in a meek, apologetic tone, looking at the clock.

"I should say you did," answered his wife, "and the dinner is all eaten up, but I'll fix you up something nice," and she went out, taking the children with her.

How much of it Mr. Skinner ever knew it is impossible to say, but there was an immediate and satisfactory change that at first amazed and then delighted him. He could lie down anywhere when he was tired, and his wife would throw a shawl over him, and leave him in peace. He has even been seen to lie down on the sofa in the parlor where he took his Rip Van Winkle sleep, and nobody disturbed him. Mrs. Skinner was at heart a woman of sense, and when she realized that one hair of that grizzly-gray head was worth more to her than all the pillow-shams in the world, she put the last one away in the company of a demented assortment of superfluous tidies. And they are, really and truly, and not in any zoological sense, a "happy family" now.

THE PERIL OF THE PASSENGER TRAIN.

MRS. A. D. GILLET.

Let me tell you, boys, of a run we made
On the "West Carolina Line"
When I was a stalwart engineer,
But just past twenty-nine.
There the track winds over the steep Blue Ridge
Where the rocks lie, pile on pile,
And drops down over a fearful grade
Two hundred feet to the mile.

We had pushed up the morning freight that day,
For I had charge of the "Aid,"
With Ben, my fireman, pluckiest lad
That ever the kindlings laid.
To await the express we had side-tracked out
Just east of the gravel train,

Which a gang of convicts, under guard,
Was laboring to fill again.

Just how it chanced I can scarcely tell;
The guards seemed careless grown,
And the engineer for a minute's space
Had left his cab alone,
When a stealthy convict dodged between
And slipped the coupling-pin,
And then, with a stride and a swinging bound,
He lodged himself within.

Quicker than thought his desperate hand
Had jerked the throttle wide,
And before the sentinels looked to see
He was dashing down the slide.
"Ho, guards! the prisoner! shoot him down!"
Went up the frantic yell,
And whizz—bang—bang—! a leaden hail
Of bullets round him fell.

"Don't kill him—hold—don't shoot!" I cried.
"Great God, men, can't you see
No hand could save the passenger train
With that engine running free?
Quick! change the switch! we'll run her down!"
The throttle wide I fling,
And, gathering headway, down that grade
It sprang like a living thing.

We swung like lightning round the curve,
Our fires by kindlings fed,
And saw the fugitive speeding on
Three hundred yards ahead.
Ledges and crags rushed madly past,
As in a fever-dream,
'Twas reckless business down that grade
Under such head of steam.

We shot past yawning chasms black,
So deep we held our breath;
That shelf along the mountain side
Was all 'twixt us and death.
Bounding ahead we scarcely seemed
To touch the iron rails—
God save us now! we've reached a spot
Where nought but prayer avails.

Slow climbing up the winding track,
Just where we could not see,
Coming right on to certain death,
The passenger train must be.
Could she be saved? Hundreds of lives
Hung on that one slim chance;
Oh! couldn't she hear the rushing roar
Telling our swift advance?

"We're gaining—*gaining!*" shouted Ben,
"But look, boss,—yonder—see
That desperate wretch is going to jump,
And leave the engine free.
He's on the tender—there he goes!"
I held my breath to see
That headlong whirl down jagged rocks
Into eternity.

Now one frail chance, and *only* one,
Was all that could remain;
Courage, my boy, we'll catch her yet,
And save the coming train.
I ran out on the pilot-frame,
And measured with my eye—
I'll make that leap to save the train,
Whether I live or die.

She's only thirty yards ahead,
And half-a-minute more
Will tell the tale for life or death,
Just half-a-minute more.
I step back on the running board,
I'm straining every nerve,
I rush—I leap—I cling, thank God!
Around that frightful curve.

I scrambled o'er, the lever grasped,
While smoke and sparks flew round,
The cylinders wheezed like one diseased,
The drivers backward ground.
When, lo! with heavy rumbling roar,
Slow toiling up the height,—
But *saved*, thank God,—the passenger train
Bore grandly into sight.

—*Good Cheer.*

THE BORES.

There's the man who lets you shake his limpy hand—
He's a bore.
And the man who leans against you when you stand—
Get his gore.
There's the man who has a fear
That the world is, year by year,
Growing worse—perhaps he's near!
Bolt the door.

There's the fellow with conundrums quite antique—
He's a bore.
And the man who asks you "What?" whene'er you speak,
Though you roar.
There's the man who slaps your back
With a button-bursting whack—
If you think he's on your track,
Bolt the door.

There's the punster with his everlasting pun—
He's a bore.
And the man who makes alliterative "fun"—
Worse and more!
There's the man who tells the tale
That a year ago was stale—
Like as not he's out of jail,
Bolt the door.

THE SLIM TEACHER OF CRANBERRY GULCH.

"Mister, no doubt you have all the learnin' that's required in a school-teacher, but it takes more than learnin' to make a man able to teach school in Cranberry Gulch. You'll soon find that out if you try. We've had three try it on. One lies there in the graveyard; another lost his eye; the last one opened school and left before noontime for the benefit of his health. He hasn't been back since. Now you're a slender build, and all your learnin' will only make it worse, for our young folks don't stand no nonsense."

This was what one of the trustees of the district said

to Harry Flotoe, when he applied for the vacant post of teacher.

"Let me try. I know I am slender, but I am tough and have a strong will," said Harry.

"Jest as you like. There's the school-house, and I'll have the notice given if you want it done," said the trustee.

"I do," said Harry, "and I'll open next Monday at nine A. M."

The notice was given and there was a good deal of excitement in the gulch and along the flats. More than fifty young people of both sexes made an excuse to drop into the tavern to get a sight at the fellow who thought that he could keep school in that district, and many a contemptuous glance fell on the slender form and youthful face of the would-be-teacher.

Eight o'clock on Monday morning came, and Harry Flotoe went down to the school-house with a key in one hand and a valise in the other.

"Ready to slope if he finds it too much for him," said a cross-eyed, broad shouldered fellow of eighteen.

The school-house was unlocked, and the new teacher went to his desk. Some of the folks went to see what he was going to do, though school was not called.

Harry opened his valise and took out a large belt. Then, after buckling it around his waist, he put three Colt's navy revolvers there, each six barrels, and a Bowie knife eighteen inches in the blade.

"Hello there, he means business!" muttered the cross-eyed chap.

The new teacher took out a square card about four inches each way, walked to the other end of the school-house, and tacked it against the wall. Returning to his desk he drew a revolver from his belt, and, quick as thought, sent ball after ball into the card, till there were six balls in a spot not much larger than a dollar.

By this time the school-house was full of the large boys and girls. The little ones were afraid to come in.

Then the teacher walked half-way down the room with a Bowie knife in his hand, and threw it with so true a hand that it stuck, quivering, in the centre of the card.

He left it there, and quietly put two more of the same kind in his belt and reloaded his yet smoking pistol.

"Ring the bell; I am about to open school."

He spoke to the cross-eyed boy, the bully of the crowd, and the boy rang the bell.

"The scholars will take their seats. I open school with prayer," he said sternly, five minutes later.

The scholars sat down silently, almost breathless. After the prayer the teacher cocked a revolver and walked down on the floor.

"We will arrange the classes," he said. "All who can read, write, and spell will rise. Of them we will form the first class."

Only six got up. He escorted them to upper seats, and then he began to examine the rest. A whisper was heard behind him. In a second he wheeled, revolver in hand:

"No whispering allowed here!" he thundered, and for an instant his revolver lay on a level with the cross-eyed boy's head.

"I'll not do so any more," gasped the bully.

"See you do not. I never give a second warning," said the teacher, and the revolver fell.

It took two hours to organize the classes, but when done they were all organized.

Then came recess. The teacher went out, too, for the room was crowded and hot. A hawk was circling overhead, high in the air. The teacher drew his revolver, and the next second the hawk came tumbling down among the wondering scholars.

From that day on Harry kept school for two years in Cranberry Gulch; his salary was doubled after the first quarter, and his pupils learned to love as well as respect him, and the revolvers were out of sight within a month.

They had found a man at last who could teach school.

DER COMING MAN.—Charles Follen Adams.

I vant some invormashun, shust so qvickly vot I can,
How I shall pring mine Yawcob oup to been der coming man,
For efery day id seem to me der brosbect look der harder
To make dot coming man imbrove ubon dot going fader.
'Twas beddher he vos more like me, a Deutscher blain und rude,
As to been abofe hees peesnis und grown oup to be a dude.

I don'd oxshbect dot poy off mine a Vashington to be,
Und schop mit hadchets all aroundt upon mine abble dree,
So he can let der coundtry know he schmardter vas as I,
Und got scheap adverdising dot he don'd could dell a lie:
Mine Yawcob lets der drees alone undil der fruit dhey bear,
Und dhen dot feller he looks oudt und gets der lion's share.

Some say 'tvas beddher dot you teach der young ideas to shoot;
Vell, I dink dis aboudt id: dot advice id vas no goot!
Dot boy vonce dook hees broder oudt und dhey blay Villiam Tell,
Budt Yawcob vas no shooter—he don'd do id pooty vell;
Dot arrow don'd go droo der core, budt it vent pooty near—
Shust near enough to miss id und go droo hees broder's ear.

He dravels mit his buysickle in effery kind off vedder,
Und dough he vas a demperance poy, somedimes he dakes a "header;"
I don't know shust oxactly vot dot vas,—'tis vorse as bier,—
Shust like he shtrike a cyglone und valk righdt off on his ear!
I ask von time aboudt id, budt dot poy he only grumble,
Und say I beddher try id vonce, dhen maybe I vould "tumble."

Dot Yawcob say dot ve vas boor, und he vants to be richer,
Und dot der coming man must been a virsd-glass pase-pall pitcher;
He says he must be "shtriking oudt," und try und "make a hit,"
Und dells me I vas "off mine pase" vhen I makes fun of it:
Vhen I say he soon must baddle hees canoe "oudt on der schwim,"
He say dot von off Hanlan's shells vas goot enough for him.

Dot Shakesbeer say aboudt der son dot's brofligate und vild—
"How sharper as a serpent's thanks vas been der toothless shild!"

(I got dot leedle dwisted; I mean dot thankless youth
He cuts his poor oldt fader more as a serpent's tooth.)
Und dhen der broverb delis us dot der shild he must obey,
Und dot eef you should shpare der rod you shpoil him
righdt avay.

Vell, Yawcob, he vas pooty good—I guess I don'd gomblain.
I somedimes vish, mineself, dot I vas peen a poy again.
I lets him blay mit pase-pall, und dake headers vhile he can,
I prings him oup mit kindness, und I risk der coming man.
Let neighbor Pfeiffer use der shtick, vhile Otto howls und
dances;
I'll shpoil der rod und shpare der shild, I dink, und dake
der shances.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

WHAT IS HOME?

Oh! what is home? That sweet companionship
Of life the better part;
The happy smile of welcome on the lip
Upspringing from the heart.

It is the eager clasp of kindly hands,
The long remembered tone,
The ready sympathy which understands
All feeling by its own.

The rosy cheek of little children pressed
To ours in loving glee;
The presence of our dearest and our best,
No matter where we be.

And, failing this, a prince may homeless live,
Though palace walls are nigh;
And, having it, a desert shore may give
The joy wealth cannot buy.

Far reaching as the earth's remotest span,
Widespread as ocean foam,
One thought is sacred in the breast of man,—
It is the thought of home.

That little word his human fate shall bind
With destinies above,
For there the home of his immortal mind
Is in God's wider love.

GOOD-BYE, OLD CHURCH.—MILLIE C. POMEROY.

Sexton, we go to-morrow. It is foolish,
But I've been thinking all this weary day,
So full of toil, and din and sad leave-taking,
I couldn't have the heart to go away

Until I came, once more, to this old chapel,
Where I have worshiped half a hundred years;
Lock me within, alone. Let Memory bring me
Its stores with luxury of unchecked tears.

Within this pew, uncarved then and uncushioned,
Sweet sister Grace and I were wont to sit;
The sermon just a weary hour of waiting,
Beguiled by feasting on a hoarded bit

Of candy, caraway, or fragrant mint leaves;
I see my father now, so stern and tall;
I see my mother's face, so pale and patient—
Her Sunday bonnet and embroidered shawl.

I do not know just when the pastor's droning
Took form of words and reached my childish thought,
Winning my heart to rest on the great Helper,
Whose love, through all these years, has failed me not.

'Twas here I stood, with veil and orange blossoms,
Dear John and I, and saw, through coming years,
The pleasure that the future life would bring us—
But only saw the rainbow in its tears.

And here I looked within the tiny coffin
The last, last time upon my baby's face,—
I see it now among the snowy lilies,
So like, so strange,—and doubted the Lord's grace.

Safe in thy arms, O Saviour! Life's long journey,
Which so has bruised my feet and marked my brow,
My angel child was saved. Watch o'er thy mother
My precious babe! The world calls to me now.

So, dear old church, good-bye! The ghosts I've conjured
To walk your aisles to-night, from out the past,
The merry child, the bride, the grief-bowed mother,
Hush them to sleep again, until the last

When slowly up the aisle, within my coffin,
My tired hands lying clasped upon my breast,
They bear my body. Is it wrong to say so?
That picture seems to me, of all, the best.

THE STREET TUMBLERS.—George R. Sims.*

Thank the lady, Johnny, and give the money to dad;
Yes, I'm his mother, lady—don't say, "Poor little lad!"
For he likes the tumblin' rarely, took to it from the first.
Accidents?—nothing to speak of,—a bruise or two at the worst.
It's him as draws the money; he's pretty and looks so smart,
He gets many a bit o' silver, with a "Bless your little heart!"
Danger—because his father flings him up like a ball?
He's been at the game too long, ma'am, to let our Johnny fall.

You'd sooner your child was dead, ma'am, than leading a life like this?

Come here a minute, Johnny, and give your mammy a kiss;
Look at his rosy cheeks, ma'am! look at his sturdy limbs!
Look how his dark eyes glisten! there's nothin' their brightness dims.
We live in the air and sunshine, we tramp through the long green lanes,
We know where to get good shelter, and we never have aches or pains.
We're happy, we three together, as we roam from place to place,
We should die pent up in cities, for we come of a gipsy race.

The rough and the smooth together, it isn't so hard a life.
Yes, I've had my troubles—the biggest, the year I was mother and wife.
'Twas a hard black frosty winter the year that our baby came,
The master had sprained his ankle, and hobbled along dead lame.
He'd had to give up performin', for the agony made him shriek,
And I had a month-old baby, and illness had left me weak.
We couldn't do much for a livin', and we weren't the folks to beg;
The master was fond o' baby, but, my, how he cursed his leg!

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*Author of "The Life Boat," "The Old Actor's Story," "In the Harbor," "The Ticket O' Leave," and other famous Readings, to be found in previous Numbers of this Series.

We wouldn't go in the workhouse, so we just kept trampin' on,
Till the last of our little savin's hoarded for months had gone.
The master he got no better, and I got worse and worse,
And I watched the baby wastin' as I hadn't the strength to nurse.
I was cross and low, and I fretted, and I'd look at the child and think
As p'r'aps it 'ud be a mercy if the Lord 'ud let it sink,—
Sink and die and be buried before it grew to know
What a road life is to travel when the luck's agin' your show.

At last, with the miles of trampin', Jo's leg grew quite inflamed,
And the doctor who saw it told him if he didn't rest he'd be lamed;
You can fancy what that meant, lady, to him as could lie in the street
And toss a weight up and catch it, and spin it round with his feet.
Now we couldn't earn a copper, and at last we wanted bread,
So we had to go to the workhouse for the sake of a meal and bed.
We had to go to the workhouse, where they parted man and wife,
And that was the wretchedest time, ma'am, of all my wand'rin' life.

It's only folks like ourselves, ma'am, as can tell what artists feels,
When they're treated like common loafers that tramps and cadges and steals.
It seemed to us like a prison, with all them heartless rules,
So we started again, but often I'd stop by one o' them pools
That lie in a quiet corner, dark and slimy and still,
And wonder what drownin' felt like—you see I was weak and ill.
I know it was bad and sinful, but my thoughts were strange and wild;
You can pity a homeless mother, who loved her ailin' child.

I hated the healthy babies I saw in their mothers' arms,
I'd look at my pale thin darlin' with a thousand wild alarms,
And think of what lay before us if the master didn't mend,
And our means of earnin' a livin' had come to a sudden end.
I envied the sturdy children when I looked at my poor wee mite;
I sometimes fancy now, ma'am, maybe as my head weren't right;

But I never envied another after a certain day,
As Providence gave me a lesson in a wonderful sort o' way.

It was through your a-sayin' you'd rather your child was
stiff and dead
Than leadin' a life like Johnny, and as put it into my head
To tell you my bit o' story, and how as I came to see
It's better to be contented, no matter how bad things be.
Now look at him yonder, lady—handsome and firm o' limb;
There isn't a mother in England as mightn't be proud o'
him.
Yet the day as I had my lesson I looked at his poor pinched
face,
And I envied a little creature as came of a high-born race.

We'd tramped to a country village, and passin' the village
church
Sat down in the porch a minute, for Joe had begun to lurch
And stagger a bit and murmur, for his ankle was awful bad;
But we hadn't sat down a second when a beadle came up
like mad,
And ordered us off, and bellowed, and went nigh black in
the face;
We saw what was up directly, when a big crowd filled the
place,
And carriages full of ladies came drivin' up to the gate;
I never saw such a christenin'—'twas the heir to a grand
estate.

We were pushed along by the people, and got mixed up
in the crowd,
And I heard 'twas a countess's baby, for the women talked
aloud.
The great folks filled the chancel, all friends of my lord the
earl's,
For this was the first boy-baby, the others had all been
girls.
I heard that one half the county would come to that baby-
boy;
I watched as his grand nurse held him, and I saw the mother's
joy.
Then I thought of the life of pleasure, of the love and the
tender care,
Of the fortune that God had given that white-robed baby-
heir.

Then I looked at my half-starved Johnny, and thought of
his hapless lot,
A lame street-tumbler's baby, by God and by man forgot.

And my heart was filled with passion as I looked at the tiny heir,
And thought, "Ah, if only Johnny had future half as fair!"
I envied my lady countess—no fear had she for her child;
My eyes were red with weepin'—her proud lips only smiled,
And I cried in my bitter anguish, "O God, if my little son
Could have such a fate as Heaven intends for that pampered one!"

So we stood in that church,—two mothers,—she blessed and me accursed,
And my heart was full of envy, when suddenly with a burst
Of music loud and joyous the organ filled the place;
And stoopin', the lovely countess pressed her lips on her baby's face.
And then—it was all in a moment—I heard a sudden cry,
And a shriek from the lady-mother, then a murmur from low and high.
For the baby-heir to the title, guarded from every harm,
Lay dead in its christenin' garments—lay dead on its nurse's arm!

I rushed from the church that moment, my senses seemed to reel,
And I hugged my poor wee baby, with my hand on its heart to feel
The beatin' that seemed like music—then I clasped it to my breast
And smothered its face with kisses till I woke it from its rest.
Then its eyes looked up so sweetly, like an angel's, into mine,
And I thanked the God of mercy for a blessing so divine.
For I had my babe, my darlin'—what matter the workhouse bed?
I could pity the noble lady, whose little child lay dead.

But our luck got round soon after, for I got better so quick
I was able to dance and juggle, and spin the hat with a stick;
And Johnny grew plump and pretty, and learnt to hold the shell,
To lisp out "Ta" for the pennies, and the master's leg got well;
And then when the boy grew bigger he took to the tumblin' so
That he learnt the tricks directly, and was quite a part of the show.
Street tumblin' ain't a fortune, but you know how I came to see
As it's better to rest contented, to be what you've got to be.

BOB JOHNSTON'S VISIT TO THE CIRCUS.

ANDREW STEWART.

Weel, ye maun understan', said Bob, that naething in the worl' wid ser' the guidwife but a veesit to the circus. She had set her heart on that. The bairns, too, had been deavin' me aboot clowns an' tum'lers an' horses, sae, for peacesake, an' to sort o' oil the family macheenery, I set a nicht, an' agreed to tak' the hale rick-ma-tick in to see the show.

I canna say I'm ony great admirer o' circuses—I never wis in ane afore—but this I maun admit, that the performance, sae far as I saw't, was really baith divertin' an' wonnerfu'. There was a'e man in particular that stuid up on the very tap o' a horse fleein' roun' the ring like a comet, an' the claes that man took aff him was a caution. Losh, he seemed to be able to peel himsel' like an ingan, till the rascal at last slipped aff his vera trousers an' stuid in his nicht shirt afore a' the folk. Even this was at last whupt aff, an' there he was a' shinin' in spangles, like a harlequin!

Aifter that a drunk chiel' staggered into the ring, an' the daft gowk insisted on ha'ein' a ride on ane o' the horses, in spite o' a' the man wi' the big whup in the middle o' the ring could say or dae. I saw for mysel' that the creature was nae mair fit to ride on a horse than he wis to flee in the air, but willy-nilly he wid get up on the horse's back till the clown an' the man wi' the big whup in his han' were perfectly tired wi' his thrawness, an' they gied him a leg up to please him an' keep him quate.

It wis jist as I expected. The minute he wis heised up owre he went, richt owre the animal's back, an' doon he cam' wi' a clash on the ither side. Lo'd, I thocht he wid ha'e broken his neck wi' the fa', but no, up he got mair thrawn than ever, an, naething wid pit him aff the notion o' gettin' up on that horse's back an' ridin', richt reason or nane.

The ringmaister was fairly daft to ken what to dae wi' him, an' as I saw a bobby stannin' up on the tap seat o' the gallery, I got up on the selvage o' the ring, an', wavin' my han' to the policeman, I cried—

"Hey! policeman, come doon to the daft eediot. It's as muckle's his life's worth to lippen a man sae far gane in drink on the back o' a horse like that. He'll be kilt, an' that'll be seen."

These sentiments o' mine seemed to find an echo in every breast, for the cheerin' an' lauchin' that set in was something tremendous.

But it was nae use speakin'; the policeman widna stir a'e fit, but stuid an' lauched wi' the lave, an' the man wid be up on the horse's back, dae a' they could to keep him doon. They gied him a heise up again, an' awa' he went plaistered up wi' his legs striddled owre the horse's head. Of coorse he tumbled aff aince mair, an the next time the daft fule stuck himsel' wi' his face to the tail, as if he didna ken a'e end o' the animal frae the ither. Then the horse set aff, an' my vera hair was stannin' on en' at the rascal, wha was hingin' on by the horse's tail. But naething wid ser' the madman but he'd stan' up on the horse's back like's he'd seen the ithers dae, an', to my great astonishment, he actually managed this, an' gaed through some of the comicallest caipers ever you saw. It's weel seen there's a special providence for bairns an' drunk folk.

Aifter this, a maist amusin' wee brat o' a clown made his appearance in the ring, dressed in a suit o' calico o' the maist ridiculous description.

Hooever, I maun say this, that I enjoyed the caipers o' the wee mannie jist as weel's ony o' the bairns, wha were nearly gaun into fits wi' lauchin' at him. But jist at this time ane o' the horses sent a lump o' sawdust an' dirt aff its hoofs into oor Willie's e'e, sae I took him on my knee to try an' get the stuff oot, an' no haud him cryin'. While I was busy workin' awa' wi' my hankie, a' at aince I hears the awfullest roar o' lauchter, an'

lookin' up, what did I see but the wee clown mannie busy kissin' my wife. Dod, flesh an' bluid couldna stan' impidence like that. I like fun jist as weel's onybody, but that was raither much o' a guid thing for me.

"Get oot o' there, ye pentit wee monkey that ye are!" I cried, makin' glaum at the nochty bit creature. "Wid ye daur to speil owre the seats an' kiss my wife before my very lookin' face?" But, lod! he was like a needle, for before I could lay my fingers on him he tumbled like a wullcat back into the ring, an' awa' he went birlin' roun' like a cart wheel, while the folk on every side were screechin' oot at what they dootless took to be gran' fun. Maybe it wis, only I couldna see it in that licht.

Ance rouse the slumberin' lion in Bob Johnston, an', I can tell ye, he's a very deevil to deal wi'. Maggie threw her airms roun' me to keep me doon, but I was neither to haud nor to bind.

"Let go, ye shameless woman!" I cried. "Wid ye ha'e me condone an offence against common decency like that?" Wi' these words I sprang into the ring, an' aifter the impertinent vagabond as hard as my legs could carry me, amid the cheerin' o' the hale circus.

Roun' aboot an' roun' aboot the ring we gaud, the wee clown lookin' the very pictur' o' fear, an' I comin' thunderin' aifter him like thot Greek chiel' Nemesis, I think he's ca'd. The excitement was tremendous. I felt my puff fast leavin' me, but I was jist within airm's length o' the creatur, an' sometimes nearly had him in my grup, but aye as I passed the side o' the ring next the wife, she oot wi' her hands an' tried to grup me by the coat tails an' haud me back.

I was jist in the very act o' layin' my han' o' airn on the scruff o' the creatur's neck, when he dookit his heid like a deuk in a pond, an' awa' I went fleein' owre his heid, sprauchled oot as flet's a flounder, wi' my nose buried aboot a fit an' a hauf amang dirty sawdust, that smelt horribly o' the stable.

The folk a' seemed to think that this was a pairt o'

the regular performance by the way they cheered, an' when the cause o' a' the uproar cam' owre an' lifted me up, lettin' at the same time a neifu' o' sawdust trickle through his fingers as if it had come pourin' oot o' my nose, the lauchter was something tremendous.

I was that way used up for want o' win' at the time that I couldna resent his caipers, an' when the wee creature popped doon on his knees in the middle o' the ring an' begged my pardon for kissin' my wife, lod, I hadna the heart to feel angry, sae I shuik him by the han', an' said, "A' richt, my chappie, I'll forgi'e ye this time, but juist dinna dae't again, or there'll be the deil to pay."

But, lod, it's ill to ken wha's yer frien' in this worl', for, pretendin' the greatest regaird for my feelin's, he began to brush the sawdust aff my coat wi' his han', an' then to tak' my airm an' mairch me roun' aboot the ring, an' every time I turned my back the folk seemed to split their very sides wi' lauchin'.

I could see naething to lauch at, but next moment I sees the wife, wi' the family umbrella in her han', jump into the ring, an afore the clown kent whaur he was stannin', losh, she hit him a crack on the heid that sent him spinnin' owre the ring like a peerie.

"Ye nesty, impident mountebank that ye are!" she cried, shakin' her umbrella at the mannie, wha was sittin' rubbin' his croon in the funniest manner ever ye saw, "I'll learn ye to chalk up yer insultin' figures on my man's back. Come awa' hame, Bob, oot o' this. It wisna to gi'e fun to a wheen haiverin' fules we cam' here."

So sayin', Maggie pu'd me by the airm across the ring oot by the big door whaur the performers cam' in by, an', followed by the bairns, wha by this time had jumped into the ring aifter their respected parents, we mairched oot grandly, wi' the band playin', an' the folk cheerin' an' lauchin' an' ruffin' like to bring doon the hoose.

It wisna till aifter I got oot that I discovered the trick played on me, for the clown, while he was pretendin'

to be dowcin' the dust aff my back, was chalkin' up at the same time a cuddy's heid wi' lang lugs on the back-breadth o' my guid black coat.

The circus man cam' up to the hoose next day, an' offered me five pounds a week if I'd come doon every nicht for a month an' gang through the same performance. He said the Bob Johnston episode was the best thing in the programme, an' he slippit a half-croon into each o' the bairn's han's. But, na, na, I'm for nae mair circus performances.

THE SIMPLE CHURCH.

I've been to Quaker meeting, wife, and I shall go again,
It was so quiet and so neat, so simple and so plain;
The angels seemed to gather there, from off the other shore,
And fold their wings in quietness, as though they'd been before.

The walls were free from paintings and costly works of art,
That in our modern churches seem to play so large a part;
For it seems that all endeavor to please the eye of man,
And lose all thought of plainness in every church they plan.

The windows had no colored glass, to shed a gloom around;
But God's pale sunlight entered unrestrained and all unbound;
And centered in a little spot so bright it seemed to me
A glimpse of brightness somewhat like our future home will be.

There was no learned minister, who read as from a book,
And showed that he had practised his every word and look;
But a sermon full of wisdom was preached by a Friend,
That took firm hold of our thoughts and held them to the end.

He used no long high-sounding words, and had a sing-song way
In drawing out his sentences, in what he had to say;
But he told truth and told it so that every one who heard
Seemed to feel the prompting spirit more than just the spoken word.

There was no pulpit decked with flowers of beauty rich and rare,
And made of foreign costly woods, almost beyond compare;

But plain and simple as the truths that we had that day heard,
The common painted gallery did much to help the word.

There was no bustle, noise, or stir, as each one took his seat,
But silence settled over all, so solemn, and so sweet,
As each one in a quiet way implored for strength to know
The right and wrong in everything and asked the way to go.

It seemed when I was there, wife, so peaceful and so still,
That I was in God's presence, and there to do his will;
This simple, peaceful quiet did more to touch my heart
Than any worship yet had done, with all its show and art.

I'm going there again, wife, and you would like it too;
I know what it has done for me—'twill do the same for you;
And you, when once you've entered through the plain but open door,
Will wonder why you've never tried that simple church before.

THE MASQUE.—Robert C. V. Meyers.*

Written expressly for this Collection.

So this is the grand-duke's workshop where
He dabbles in science for play and pride,
And you are his helper to wrest and tear
From nature the secrets she tries to hide!

How easy it seemed in the masque below—
List! list! how the waltz-music floats up here!
He's dancing with her! That's his waltz, I know!
Well, well, it was mine this time last year.

How easy it was, I started to say,
In the midst of the carnival joy, when I
Knew that she searched for him, dressed as a fay,
With her diamond wand o'er her head held high,

And her tissuey train caught up in a hand
His lips had thrilled not an hour before—
Bah! I dare not think of it!—'Twas easy to stand
And curse him there by the secret door

*Author of "Jamie," "Brother Ben," "Gabe's Christmas Eve," "Lizzie," and other popular recitations found in previous issues of this series. Mr. Meyers has also contributed some excellent Comedies and Farces to the Dramatic Supplements which have been appended to the first twenty Numbers.

Behind which you stood hearing all that I said.
You opened the door, saying "Enter! I know!"
Then soft, 'neath your mask, with a shake of your head,
"The grand-duke would murder you, friend. 'Tis so:

"For he thinks that you love her." "I do!" cried I.
"Hush! hush! they will hear you," you whispered and,
"Come!
I am the duke's first alchemist; nigh
Is a nook where your spleen may be vented!" Dumb

I felt but one word, and that one word was
"Alchemist." I staggered; you led me forth,
That word burning through me. It came to pass
I nodded, showed jewels a dukedom worth,

And you asked for what in exchange! why just,
A proof of your skill,—a faint clear drop
Of a liquid death, a pinch of fine dust
Of immortality. Then—well, stop!

No words more! And, yes, it were well
We agree that I should keep on my mask,
For you've never beheld me, only heard tell
Of me and my love. Come, get to your task—

The waltz will soon end, the banquet be spread,
The grand-duke's place beside mine, you know,—
For I am a guest 'bove the salt and the bread;
A touch on his goblet, then—whiff! so! so!

Now what an art is a chemist's! And this
Beautiful crystal is deadly, you say;
A grain of it mixed with a man will kiss
His soul up from earth to the Judgment Day.

Whew! how your fire roars, what delicate smells,
What exquisite flames, what bright mists glow—
Who'd think that such heavenly sights breed hells!
Quick! quick! the waltz is ending below.

And so this is it—this scrap in my hand—
This death of the duke—this triumph for me!
To-morrow I stand where to-night he may stand,
To-morrow I see her as to-night he may see!

And yet—I feel faint; it is something, I think,
To have death so near in the midst of such life,

And—list to the music! Nay, give me to drink
Of something exhilarant! Yet, stop! In the strife

Of your mind for the fortune I offer you, may
Not a doubt of me live? I know you not, friend;
You're a chemist—the drink that you proffer me, say,
May be something to put all your doubt to an end.

You drink with me! So! That surely is fair.
I drink to—well, why do you pause? Yes, I say
I love her, will win her, and, winning her, wear!
Now—I drink to the duke and his funeral-day!

And then? Let's below—list, how the waltz flows,—
His waltz, the grand-duke's, his swan-song! And here
Are the jewels I promised. What! A base chemist throws
Them away under foot! What! In rage, you?—or fear?

You've lied to me, lied! You're not what you say—
No chemist, no alchemist you? Raise your mask!
The drink that I've taken is poison? Now may
Ananias's fate light on you! You ask

Too much for my credence—you drank of the same!
In ten minutes both shall be dead, say you? See,
You lie! Raise your mask! what's your face? what's your name?
You love her as I love her—while she loves but me?

Dare a low-born alchemist love one such as she?
And she loves me, *me*? I faint! let me look
On your face! Hear the waltz! You fall! Let me see
Your face! God! I sink! You—you the grand-duke!

THE DEATH OF BILL SIKES.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Near to that part of the Thames on which the church at Rotherhithe abuts, where the buildings on the banks are dirtiest and the vessels on the river blackest with the dust of colliers and the smoke of close-built low-roofed houses, there exists, at the present day, the filthiest, the strangest, the most extraordinary of the many localities that are hidden in London, wholly unknown, even by name, to the great mass of its inhabitants.

In such a neighborhood, stands Jacob's Island, surrounded by a muddy ditch, six or eight feet deep, and fifteen or twenty wide when the tide is in, once called Mill Pond, but known in these days as Folly Ditch.

In Jacob's Island, the warehouses are roofless and empty; the walls are crumbling down; the windows are windows no more; the doors are falling into the streets; the chimneys are blackened, but they yield no smoke; the houses have no owners; they are broken open, and entered upon by those who have the courage; and there they live, and there they die.

In an upper room of one of these houses there were assembled three men, who, regarding each other every now and then with looks expressive of perplexity and expectation, sat for some time in profound and gloomy silence.

One of these was Toby Crackit, another Mr. Chitling, and the third a robber of fifty years, whose nose had been almost beaten in, in some old scuffle, and whose face bore a frightful scar which might probably be traced to the same occasion.

They had sat thus, for some time, when suddenly was heard a hurried knocking at the door below.

Crackit went down, and returned followed by a man with the lower part of his face buried in a handkerchief, and another tied over his head under his hat. He drew them slowly off. Blanched face, sunken eyes, hollow cheeks, beard of three days' growth, wasted flesh, short thick breath; it was the very ghost of Sikes.

There was an uneasy movement among the men, but nobody spoke.

"You that keep this house," said Sikes, turning his face to Crackit, "do you mean to sell me, or to let me lie here till this hunt is over?"

Crackit intimated, by a motion of his hand that there was nothing to fear. Scarcely had he done so when he pointed to the window. There were lights gleaming below, voices in loud and earnest conversation, the tramp of hurried footsteps—endless they seemed in number—

crossing the nearest wooden bridge. The gleam of lights increased; the footsteps came more thickly and noisily on. Then, came a loud knocking at the door, and then a hoarse murmur from such a multitude of angry voices as would have made the boldest quail.

"In the King's name," cried the voices without; and the hoarse cry arose again, but louder.

Strokes, thick and heavy, rattled upon the door and lower window-shutters, and a loud huzza burst from the crowd; giving the listener, for the first time, some adequate idea of its immense extent.

"Is the down-stairs door fast?" cried Sikes fiercely.

"Double-locked and chained," replied Crackit, who, with the other two men, still remained quite helpless and bewildered.

"The panels—are they strong?"

"Lined with sheet iron."

"And the windows too?"

"Yes, and the windows."

"Curse you!" cried the desperate ruffian, throwing up the sash and menacing the crowd. "Do your worst! I'll cheat you yet!"

Of all the terrific yells that ever fell on mortal ears, none could exceed the cry of the infuriated throng. Some shouted to those who were nearest to set the house on fire; others roared to the officers to shoot him dead. The nearest voices took up the cry, and hundreds echoed it. Some called for ladders, some for sledge-hammers; some ran with torches to and fro as if to seek them, and still came back and roared again; some spent their breath in impotent curses and execrations; some pressed forward with the ecstasy of madmen, and thus impeded the progress of those below; some among the boldest attempted to climb up by the water-spout and crevices in the wall; and all waved to and fro, in the darkness beneath, like a field of corn moved by an angry wind, and joined from time to time in one loud furious roar.

"The tide," cried the murderer, as he staggered back

into the room, and shut the faces out, "the tide was in as I came up. Give me a rope, a long rope. They're all in front. I may drop into the Folly Ditch, and clear off that way. Give me a rope, or I shall do three more murders and kill myself."

The panic-stricken men pointed to where such articles were kept; the murderer, hastily selecting the longest and strongest cord, hurried up to the house-top. As he emerged by the door in the roof, a loud shout proclaimed the fact to those in front, who immediately began to pour round, pressing upon each other in one unbroken stream.

He planted a board which he had carried up with him for the purpose, so firmly against the door that it must be a matter of great difficulty to open it from the inside, and creeping over the tiles, looked over the low parapet.

The water was out, and the ditch a bed of mud.

The crowd had been hushed during these few moments, watching his motions and doubtful of his purpose, but the instant they perceived it and knew it was defeated, they raised a cry of triumphant execration to which all their previous shouting had been whispers. Again and again it rose. Those who were at too great a distance to know its meaning, took up the sound; it echoed and re-echoed; it seemed as though the whole city had poured its population out to curse him.

On pressed the people from the front,—on, on, on, in a strong struggling current of angry faces, with here and there a glaring torch to light them up, and show them out in all their wrath and passion. The houses on the opposite side of the ditch had been entered by the mob; sashes were thrown up, or torn bodily out; there were tiers and tiers of faces in every window; and cluster upon cluster of people clinging to every house-top. Each little bridge (and there were three in sight) bent beneath the weight of the crowd upon it. Still the current poured on to find some nook or hole from which to vent their shouts, and only for an instant see the wretch.

"They have him now," cried a man on the nearest bridge. "Hurrah!"

The crowd grew light with uncovered heads; and again the shout uprose.

"I will give fifty pounds," cried an old gentleman, "to the man who takes him alive. I will remain here till he comes to ask me for it."

There was another roar. At this moment the word was passed among the crowd that the door was forced at last, and that he who had first called for the ladder had mounted into the room. The stream abruptly turned, as this intelligence ran from mouth to mouth; and the people at the windows, seeing those upon the bridges pouring back, quitted their stations, and running into the street, joined the concourse that now thronged pell-mell to the spot they had left; each man crushing and striving with his neighbor, and all panting with impatience to get near the door and look upon the criminal as the officers brought him out. The cries and shrieks of those who were pressed almost to suffocation, or trampled down and trodden under foot in the confusion, were dreadful; the narrow ways were completely blocked up; and at this time, between the rush of some to regain the space in front of the house, and the unavailing struggles of others to extricate themselves from the mass, the immediate attention was distracted from the murderer, although the universal eagerness for his capture was, if possible, increased.

The man had shrunk down, thoroughly quelled by the ferocity of the crowd, and the impossibility of escape; but seeing this sudden change with no less rapidity than it had occurred, he sprang upon his feet, determined to make one last effort for his life by dropping into the ditch and, at the risk of being stifled, endeavoring to creep away in the darkness and confusion.

Roused into new strength and energy, and stimulated by the noise within the house which announced that an entrance had really been effected, he set his foot against

the stack of chimneys, fastened one end of the rope tightly and firmly round it, and with the other made a strong running noose by the aid of his hands and teeth almost in a second. He could let himself down by the cord to within a less distance of the ground than his own height, and had his knife ready in his hand to cut it then and drop.

At the very instant when he brought the loop over his head previous to slipping it beneath his armpits, the murderer, looking behind him on the roof, threw his arms above his head, and uttered a yell of terror.

Staggering as if struck by lightning, he lost his balance and tumbled over the parapet. The noose was at his neck. It ran up with his weight, tight as a bowstring, and swift as the arrow it speeds. He fell for five-and-thirty feet. There was a sudden jerk, a terrific convulsion of the limbs; and there he hung, with the open knife clenched in his stiffening hand.

The old chimney quivered with the shock, but stood it bravely and the murderer swung lifeless against the wall.

A dog which had lain concealed till now, ran backwards and forwards on the parapet with a dismal howl, and, collecting himself for a spring, jumped for the dead man's shoulders. Missing his aim, he fell into the ditch, turning completely over as he went; and striking his head against a stone, dashed out his brains.

THE OBSTINATE MUSIC-BOX.—S. V. R. Ford.

Written expressly for this Collection.

For forty years the meeting-house at Riverdale had been
Conducted on ye ancient plan by grave and pious men,
Who never failed to strike a blow at such new-fangled whims
As instrumental music, and all "high-falutin" hymns.

They sang the psalms of David, "Rouse's version," with all grace,
Though the angels must have wondered how they kept their tongues in place

Twisting round the crooked rhythmics, helter-skelter, and the more
Since the preacher "lined" the stanzas, though they numbered half a score.

They sang the gravest music. Fugues, where alto chases bass,
And tenor from soprano flies, were held in deep disgrace;
Such tunes as "Mear" and "China" were considered just the thing,
While "Coronation" was esteemed "too light" for saints to sing.

At last, howe'er, the young folks caught the spirit of the times,
And argued that an organ should accompany the rhymes,
While some were rash enough to say that it was their desire
To learn to sing by note, and then to organize a choir.

This was the signal for a strife, and then the fun began:
The minister was horrified, the deacons to a man
Declared that it would desecrate the house of God to bring
An instrument within its walls to help the people sing.

Besides, an organ would involve, upon the Sabbath day,
The labor of two persons, one to pump and one to play;
And thus the fourth commandment would be fractured by the act
Of men professing to preserve the law of God intact.

"The Scriptures bear upon the case," said good old father Jones,
"The Psalmist played the Jew's-harp and perhaps he played the bones;
He had a ten-stringed instrument—a mammoth violin—
And 'Selah' was, for aught I know, an ancient tambourine."

At last the minister announced a meeting of the church,
And Deacon Graves, presiding, said, "My friends we're in the lurch;
The worldly-minded portion of the congregation say
That we must have an organ like the church across the way.

"But I must say I think if we should bring an organ in,
It would profane the house of God and be a mortal sin;
I grant that David played the flute, and harp, and cymbal too,
But then, he did some other things that saints ought not to do.

"For forty year I've pitched the tunes by striking *do mi sol;*
And now a pack of youngsters, under Satan's full control,

Must have an organ and a choir, and desecrate the psalms
A-blatin' and a-squawkin' like a flock of nursin' lambs."

Then deacon Blunt arose and said, "I do not want to hear
A music mill a-grindin' out its quavers in my ear;
I'd like to see old Jubal and his progeny as well
A-hangin' on the willows with the harps of Israel.

"And then the stuff that's sung; just think of urchins pipin' out
'I want to be an angel,' ere their wings begin to sprout;
Or 'Let me go where saints are goin'—not a saint would stay,
But move right out if they should come, and yield the right of way.

"Just give the devil what he asks and, certain as you're born,
It won't be long before he'll want a fiddle and a horn
To lead the singin' with, and next he'll have some fellow toot
A trumpet here, and, at the last, he'll have our souls to boot."

And when the deacons, one by one, had had their little say,
Old brother Smiles arose and said, "'Twould only be fair play
To let the females speak their mind, for it was known to all
That Parson Brooks embraced them too in giving out the call."

Accordingly a prim old maid, whose age was fifty-four,
Arose and shook her curls and said, "I've thought this matter o'er;
Belongin' to the young folks, as I do, I'm free to say
I'd like to have an organ, like the church across the way.

"But it would be, I must confess, a most a rueful thing
To have a choir and mix us up with gentlemen to sing;
They'd be a flirtin' all the time, and actin' awful sweet—
The carryin's on *is* dretful in the choir across the street.

"To jine a choir and perch amongst the men I'll ne'er consent;
Just let me warble in my pew and I shall be content;
Indeed 'my willin' soul would stay in such a frame as this,
And set and sing herself away to everlasting bliss.'"

The outcome of the matter was the deacons had to yield,
Or cause a rupture in the church that never could be healed;
And so they said, "We'll compromise and meet you half the way,
By purchasing a music-box that no one need to play."

Nor will a pumper have to sin away his day of grace,
By working on the Sabbath in this consecrated place;
For, when the thing is once wound up it cannot help but go
(They reasoned better than they knew, the sequel went to show).

And so they bought a music-box whose running gear was made
To grind out forty sacred tunes when it was fully played;
And then the agent set it up and showed them how the thing
Could be tuned up, or stopped at will, all by a secret spring.

At last the time of service came, and everybody went
To hear the music-box perform—this was their main intent—
Although they knew the preacher's mind, and thought he might essay
To minister a stern rebuke to those who'd won the day.

Nor were they kept in long suspense for he was not the man
To spare the rod; and with this hymn the services began:
"How vain are all things here below, how false and yet how fair
Each pleasure hath its poison too, and every sweet a snare."

And then the tune selected by the carnal chorister
Was Antioch, whose joyous strains appalled the minister,
Although the dreadful sacrilege he summoned grace to bear,
For he had learned when trouble came to have recourse to prayer.

But when the stanzas all were sung, and he stood up to pray,
The music-box refused to pause and kept right on its way,
Until it seemed as if the thing would never, never stop,
Although they tried to shut it off, but could not get the flop.

Howe'er, when it had played alone the blessed tune thrice o'er,
It paused, and then the preacher rose, as he had done before,
And lifting up his hands again, said, "Let us pray," when lo!
A click! and then the music-box once more began to go!

And then the young folks giggled out, and pious Deacon Rains
Denounced them as a pack of fools with neither wit nor brains,
And vowed "This box we'll throw out doors and give it lots of room
To jingle out its hateful tunes until the crack of doom."

And as the deacons bore it down the aisle, the old refrain,
"I'm going home to die no more," accompanied the train;
And when they got it out of doors they dropped it in disgust
Beside the roadway, where it stood exposed to heat and dust.
And during all the service hour the worshippers could hear
The echoes of the strains it played in tones distinct and clear;
And when, at last, they were dismissed, and left the house of prayer,
The music-box was wrestling with "Balerma's" solemn air.

Nor could the boys and girls refrain from laughing till they shook,
For thus the sacred lyric ran set to it in the book:
"My never ceasing songs shall show the mercies of the Lord,
And make succeeding ages know how faithful is his word."

And so the deacons won the day. The music-box—ah, well!
How long the pesky thing ran on the legend does not tell;
But when, at last, it paused for good they sold it to a Jew,
And took their pay in cast-off clothes, to send to Timbuctoo!

THE ONLY TRUE LIFE.—HORACE B. DURANT.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."
O words of lasting hope! O golden links,
Whose mighty strength still binds this sinning world
To God! How dark this life, how dreadful death,
How cold the gloomy grave would be, without
Your blessed consolation!

Let the pomp
And pageantry of earth, like fleeting dreams,
Forgotten pass; let mortal wisdom fade
And vanish from the dusty scrolls of time,
Nor leave one trace behind; let stars grow dim
With years, or leave their places void within
The marshaled ranks of night; yea, let the heavens
Themselves depart, and hill and mountain flee
Away in dread, whilst worlds consume amid
Expiring Nature; yet this truth shall live,
Supreme above decay, emblazoned high
Beyond the wreck of elements, and through

The mighty Angel's final trump shall call
To life the slumbering dead.
Ye who have watched
The ebbing tide of life drift further out,
With every weary pulse, amid the mist
Of an eternal wave, until, at last,
All that was dear of earth was shrouded up
From tearful gaze! ye who have stood
Beside the open grave, and heard the dull
And hollow rumble of the falling clay
Upon the coffined clay below, then turned,
With mournful step and lonely heart, and left
Your treasure resting there! ye who with each
Returning May, have sought some cherished spot,
To drop affection's tear above the good,
The brave, the beautiful, that sadly there
Ye buried long ago,—what is your hope,
As back o'er memory's track, there distant comes
The lingering echo of those solemn words,
Repeating—"*Earth to earth, and dust to dust*"—
What then, O mourner, is thy hope?
Hark to
The skeptic's cruel mocking whisper—"*Death*
Is an eternal sleep! Here is the end,
The dark, irrevocable end of all
Thy dream of love. Here all thy severed ties
Shall vainly stretch their lonely, longing arms
Beyond the tomb, and turn in horror back
Upon the frightful verge of nothingness,
And rayless, hopeless night. Here, all that binds
Thee now to one that was, but nevermore
Shall be, is but a heap of clay at best,
That still shall slumber on to mock thy tears,
And make remembrance bitter with the thought—
That all that thou hast loved is lost to thee,
And from all being lost forever!" Back!
Despairing fiend! 'Tis false! Nay, come not near
This hallowed spot, where rest our peaceful dead!
Thy voice is colder than the grave! To feel
Thy drowsy venom creeping o'er the heart,
Were worse than death. *Avaunt!* The shuddering soul
Abhors the very thought; and, as she treads
With finite step a thousand avenues
That lead into the realm of mystery

She grasps the infinite. Her mortal powers,
That strive to scale the battlements of time,
Best prove her immortality.
Look up,
Thou mourner at the tomb. The dead shall live
Again! Like as the flower, that, at the voice
Of spring, bursts from the cold, dark ground, so shall
The loved and beautiful awaken from
The lonely tomb, at voice Omnipotent,
To live forever. Jesus is thy hope,
Thy consolation. Lo, beside thee at
The weeping grave He stands and says, "I am
The Resurrection and the Life."

MY LOVER.—FLORENCE M'CURDY.

I stand in the doorway and wait for his coming
With my soul full of joy and my heart full of song;
Oh where, and oh where is my truant lad staying,
And I wonder, oh why does he tarry so long!

The birds are astir and the golden bees humming,
And my pulse beating fast at the click of the gate;
Serene are the skies and the rosy morn flushing,
And I yearn for my lover, who loiters so late.

The fields are abloom with the sweet-scented clover,
And the robins are building their spring nests above;
While faint on my ear comes the barking of Rover,
As I list for the voice of my lagging true love.

The drowsy, gay black bird his sweet song is singing;
For my lad's merry whistle I listen in vain;
The sheep on the hillside have ceased their low bleating,
And I look for my lover o'er field and o'er lane.

The cattle are lowing, the roses are blushing,
And far down in the meadow my laggard I see,
While fresh on the air his gay laughter is ringing,
And so bright the wild flowers he's gathered for me.

Oh! with rapture and joy my proud heart is beating;
I'll whisper it softly, the name of my lover,
My brave-hearted gallant, for whom I am waiting;
My pride and my darling, my - wee, little brother.

THE TROLL-MAN.—Caroline M. Hewins.

A DANISH LEGEND.

"Ho, skipper on the sea-shore!
Make ready boat and crew;
Be here to-morrow midnight,
And you'll have work to do."

The voice was old and feeble;
The skipper looked around,
And saw a little Troll-man
Come down from Elleshoi mound.

"I have no boat, good Troll-man,
Or money one to buy;
My sailors all have left me—
A luckless man am I."

"Come hither," said the Troll-man,
And ran along the sand,
To where, on rocks uplifted,
A battered wreck did stand.

"To-morrow night at midnight
Come, bring a sailor here;
This vessel shall be ready;
You have no cause for fear;

"The miller in the village
Disturbs us night and day;
He ploughs above our houses;
We can no longer stay.

"The church-bells ring so often,
We cannot bear their din;
They make us think of heaven,
Which we can never win."

The little Troll-man vanished;
The skipper went to ask
A sailor, strong and fearless,
To help him in the task.

Some laughed at him, some shuddered;
At last a neighbor's lad
Said, "Take me with you, skipper,
And I'll fear nothing bad."

At midnight boy and skipper
All anchored found the wreck;
For sails, old rags were flapping;
The Troll was on the deck.

"The wind is fair!" he shouted;
"Make haste to Noroway."
The skipper heaved the anchor;
The wreck moved down the bay.

The skipper sought the cabin;
Of rats and mice 'twas full.
"Take this," outspoke the Troll-man,
And off his hat did pull.

Oh, wondrous change! The skipper
Saw gray-clad, red-capped Trolls,
Who bore upon their shoulders
Full many a sack of coals.

The wreck was swiftly nearing
A pine-encircled fiord;
"Go, sailors," said the Troll-man;
"At midnight come on board.

"In three days more be ready
Just where you found the wreck.
Another cargo waits you;
You'll find me on the deck."

The skipper took the Troll-folk
Once more to Noroway.
"Now," said the little Troll-man,
"You will have earned your pay."

"A sack of coals for master,
Of shavings for his man;
These are the Troll-folk's presents;
They give you all they can."

Next morning when the skipper
Looked down into the hold,
The shavings were all silver—
The coals were turned to gold.

The skipper's fine new vessel
Had for its figure-head
A little withered Troll-man,
Gray-clad, with cap of red.

THE STORY OF LITTLE MOSES.*

EUGENE J. HALL.

There was but a sparse congregation. The preacher "gave out" the opening hymn with a doleful drawl, which the choir sang to the accompaniment of a wheezy old melodeon. He then offered a characteristic prayer. The choir sang another hymn, after which he arose, advanced to the pulpit, opened the big Bible, apparently at random, glanced at it attentively for a few moments, closed it, stepped to the right and raising his eyes and touching the tips of his fingers together, he said in a husky falsetto voice:

"'She took for him an ark of bulrushes.'"

He paused for several moments, then repeated the text.

He walked to the left, gazed with a stare of astonishment at his auditors for several moments and then asked:

"Who was Moses?"

He paused again, then repeated the question. The people present looked questioningly at each other as if each had given up the conundrum.

He returned to the right of the pulpit and placing one hand upon the cushion, leaned forward as if about to take the congregation into his confidence, and said:

"Moses was a che-i-ld—a little che-i-ld—little Moses—Moses."

He drew a red bandanna handkerchief from his coat-tail pocket, wiped his mouth, laid his brilliant-colored handkerchief upon the pulpit and resumed his position at the left. Then continued:

"Who was his motha? Motha—motha. Oh, what a word—Oh, what a word—motha—motha. Who was the motha of the che-i-ld—the little che-i-ld—little Moses—Moses?"

*This specimen of exaggerated pulpit oratory is taken from "Jacqu-minot, a Romance of the Mississippi," by permission. Among Mr. Hall's contributions to this Series is his very popular heroic poem "Kate Shelly," to be found in No. 21.

He wiped his mouth again and returned to the right, then said in a somewhat louder tone:

"She was a sad-eyed and sorrowful woman. Why was she sad-eyed and sorrowful? Be-che-a-use of the che-i-ld, the little che-i-ld—little Moses—Moses."

"'She took for him an ark of bulrushes.'

"Why did she take for him an ark of bulrushes? Be-che-a-use of Pharaoh,—Pharaoh, the ke-i-ng who had commanded the male che-il-dren to be ke-i-lled—the male che-il-dren of the house of Israel.

"Why did he command the male che-il-dren to be ke-i-lled? Be-che-a-use—they increased and multiplied—be-che-a-use they outnumbered the che-il-dren of the Egyptians. Be-che-a-use they ate up the corn and the meal, and the mutton, and the veal so that there wasn't enough to raise the che-il-dren of the Egyptians.

"Moses was a che-i-ld, a little male che-i-ld, of the house of Israel. And when his motha—his sad-eyed and sorrowful motha—heard that he was going to be ke-i-lled—she hid him three months, and when she couldn't hide him any longer, what did she do? O-o-o! what did that motha, that sad-eyed and sorrowful motha, do?

"'She took for him an ark of bulrushes.'"

Then he proceeded to describe the ark, and the manner in which it was constructed, going into many details which occupied several minutes. At last the tiny craft was constructed and freighted with its precious burden,—was ready to be launched, when he grew very pathetic in his discourse.

"O-o-o! what must have been the thoughts of that motha—that sad-eyed and sorrowful motha as she took the che-i-ld—the little che-i-ld—little Moses, Moses—and laid him in the ark of bulrushes? O-o-o! what must have been the thoughts of that motha as she thought of the crockey-de-iles,—the terrible crockey-de-iles, that went creeping and crawling up and down the banks of the river like roaring lions, seeking whom they might

devoua! O-o-o! what must have been the thoughts of that motha, that sad-eyed and sorrowful motha, as she thought of the che-i-ld—the little che-i-ld—little Moses—Moses!"

By this time he had worked himself into a state of religious frenzy. Striding from the right to the left of the pulpit, and returning from left to right, he waved his arms like the floats of a windmill, and shouted:

"O-o-o! what must have been the thoughts of that motha, that sad-eyed and sorrowful motha, as the ark of bulrushes went sailing down the river—as she thought of the fowls and the fishes, and of the che-i-ld—the little che-i-ld—little Moses—Moses."

What could be more peaceful than the launching of the tiny ark of bulrushes upon the placid surface of the sluggish Nile. And yet he described it as if picturing the meeting of mighty armies in conflict, the stampeding of great herds of terrified elephants. He described the finding of Moses and his adoption by Pharaoh's daughter, and his subsequent career. At last he paused almost exhausted, and after wiping his mouth with his red bandanna silk handkerchief, and partially recovering his breath he asked in an almost inaudible voice:

"Where—is Pharaoh—Pharaoh the ke-i-ng? Gone! Where are his palaces? Gone! but where is the che-i-ld—the little che-i-ld—little Moses—Moses? *Here!*"

He emphasized his last expression by giving the Bible a terrific thump with his clenched hand.

"O-o-o! my friends! You may take Pharaoh—Pharaoh the ke-i-ng—and the pyramids—and all Egypt, and put them into the balance, and you can take the che-i-ld—the little che-i-ld—little Moses—Moses, and *weigh 'em all down!*"

Here he raised himself up on the tips of his toes, threw up both hands as if making an insane attempt to punch holes through the roof to let in new light, then sank back upon his seat, while the congregation drew a long sigh of relief.

SAVED.*—Stockton Bates.

All day the sky had worn a lurid hue;
The sun looked down, with bleared and garish rays,
Upon the ocean. No wave disturbed its rest;
It lay like some malarious, stagnant pool.
The turtle crawled far up the glistening beach.
All vegetation drooped. The sluggish wind
But faintly stirred the tiniest branch or leaf—
They all seemed motionless. A stifling heat
Oppressed the breathing throngs that filled the town
The birds were songless, and with folded wings
Sat mutely down; or, with discordant scream,
Flew by and vanished.

Matrons, maids, and men,
Dismayed, each on the other's pallid face
Turned their enlarged eyes, with eager gaze,
As if they questioned what this might portend.
But some pursued their pleasure or their toil,
Nor cared to note how ghastly-hued the sky,
Nor what strange stillness lulled the restless deep,
Or, that the birds seemed frightened in their nests.

But there was one who feared the worst and felt,
With throbbing heart, and strange, mysterious awe,
That some great force of nature was at work.
His soul foreboded ill. Irresolute
He stood a moment, as in doubt, and then,
With lover's haste (love ever fearful is),
He urged his flight until, with panting breath,
Beneath a grove of palms he drew the rein.
A beauteous maiden, tripping through the grove,
Came, with a smile of welcome on her lips;
But when she saw the gaze of dread that hung
Like a dark shadow on her lover's face,
She clasped her hands in anguish; while her heart,
With eager throbbings, sent the gushing blood
To paint upon her cheek the fear it felt.

"What think'st thou, darling?" hastily he spake,
"Dost thou not fear some quick, convulsive throe?
See how yon orange tree doth seem to droop;
And this bright-plumaged bird is sore distressed!

*From "Dream Life and other Poems," by permission of the author.

Come! let us fly to some securer spot,
Some firm-ribbed rock, whose granite walls may stand
Though earth should tremble to its seething core!"

The smile returned unto those pallid lips
As, softly speaking, she replied, "Nay! Nay!
This is but fear, that thy too bounteous love
For me, and for my safety, has aroused:
This strange appearance but betokens storms
That now are marshaling their cloudy hosts,
With which to wage fierce elemental war."

"Aye, true! my fears for thee are quick to rise;
But I have, now, a dark, foreboding dread
Of ill, that bids me urge thee still to fly.
Hush! hark! do ye not hear that ominous sound,
As of swift caisson wheels o'er yonder bridge?
Aye, there it is again! Alea, haste!
God, is't too late?" her lover cried: "See! see!
The mighty ocean sucks its horrid way
Far out from land, leaving its wretched hordes
In agony upon the slimy bed!
Yet may we fly!"

He clasped the maiden close,
And, mounting his impatient, frightened steed,
That needed not the spur, they swiftly fled.
His burden, lovely as the goddess born
Of iris-colored sea foam, drooped her head
Upon his heaving breast.

With terror dumb,
She clung to him, twining her soft arms round
His stalwart form, in close embrace of fear.
As speeds the nimble deer, the noble horse,
With nostrils wide, sped onward—

But the sea
Now rose in one grand, overwhelming wave,
And rolled its desolating waters back,—
Back o'er the slime and ooze, where former tides
Had ebbed and flowed; then up the shelving beach,
And on, with stern, resistless power, until
The wavelets lapped the crouching dust that lay
Before the doorways of deserted homes;
Then higher! higher! till, in rage, it burst
Through every barrier, and rushed along

In wild, chaotic revel, swirling, tossing,
Roaring, hissing, crushing, in its course,
Palace and hovel, drowning shrieking forms
Who vainly strove to fly,—old age and youth,
The stalwart man, the tender maid, the child
Were swallowed up.

He turned, alas! to find
The waters gaining. With a sinking heart,
He urged to quicker pace his wearied steed—
The mountain lay so near, and yet it seemed
As though each step but lengthened the short space
'Twixt death and safety.

"Hark! again that sound
Of rumbling wheels, but louder than before!"
He spoke, and then a tremor shook the ground,
So soft at first it scarcely stirred a leaf,
But quickening into sudden throbs, it swayed
The tall tree tops, and rocked the quivering walls,
Until, in one grand diapason, burst,
With fearful force, the mighty earthquake shock.
Chasms opened wide their horrifying jaws,
Engulfing hapless victims and their homes.
So loud and terrible the horrid din
Of tottering walls and madly surging waves,
That the wild cry of human woe was lost
Amid the mightier agony of earth.

The steep ascent lay near, aye, one leap more
Would save them from a deep and dark abyss—
"Alea! look!" the lover cried, "oh, look!
We're saved!" Then up the rugged mountain side
They passed to safety.

Bearing on his arm
The beauteous form, whose loosened ringlets hung
In rich disorder over neck and breast,
He turned and gazed upon the chaos wild:
Friends, family, fortune, home, all, all were gone,—
All gone except his well-beloved Alea;
And, clasping closer to his aching heart
The lovely being, only spared to him
Of those he'd prized, he sank exhausted down,
Down on the hard, unsympathizing rock,
His soul o'ercome with its great agony.

A WOMAN'S SONG.—Clement Scott.

She took her song to beauty's side,
Where riches are, and pomp, and pride,
There in the world, amidst the crowd,
She found out hearts by sorrow bowed;
And midst a dream of lights and dress
She saw the pain of loneliness.
Her voice's magic held a tear,
She made the weary ones draw near;
And all the passions of the throng
Were melted into peace by song.

She took her song along the street,
And hushed the beat of passing feet;
And tired toilers stopped to fill
Their hearts with music at her will.
She sang of rest for weary feet,
Of sea-moan and of meadow sweet;
Her voice's pleading stilled the air,
And little children wept with her;
So all their sorrow, grief and pain
She softened into love again.

She took her song to those who rest
Safe in the clasp of Nature's breast;
Amid the waves, along the shore,
Washed with salt tears forevermore;
And then she sang. How long! How long!
Before we hear that perfect song—
That angel hymn, that mystic strain,
When those who loved shall love again,
When life's long struggle shall be blest
With music of Eternal Rest!

THE FALL OF JERICHO.—Duffield Osborne.

This vivid and brilliant description, from the stirring romance "The Spell of Ashtaroth," is used by permission of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Slowly the invaders emerged from the groves, but before the last lines had deployed into the plain, the silver trumpets rang out their clear summons that Israel should stand still; and then, for a moment, silence fell over the wide-spreading array. Behind lay the palm

belt, the camp, and the Jordan; before, trampled garden and fallen grove; then impregnable walls, and, beyond all, the land that had been promised them for a heritage, and to which sword and spear must now prove title.

Adriel looked northward, and as he looked the centre of the host seemed to separate to right and left. Out into the open plain marched six priests, two and two. Before them walked a man who seemed to have completed a century of human life. His figure, once tall and commanding, was bent with age. A forehead lofty, but worn and wrinkled, gave an appearance of thoughtfulness to a face placid and kindly. From under the sacred tiara flowed hair whiter than the snows of the north. Hardly in keeping with the age of the wearer seemed the rich and gorgeous garments that clothed his form, or the glittering breast-plate that proclaimed his name and rank,—Eleazar, the son of Aaron, high-priest of Jehovah. All unarmed were the seven, but each bore in his hand a trumpet—not the straight silver clarion that sounded the rally or the charge, but the short curved horn of jubilee, shorn from the head of some patriarch of the flock.

But it was on what followed close behind the sacred escort that every eye was fixed; on which the hardiest veteran bent looks of mingled fear and veneration. Yet it seemed worthy of neither.

Borne on the shoulders of eight Kohathites, whose flowing garments reached to their feet, it seemed only a canopy of dark purple; but the host knew well the object which that canopy shut out from the gaze of man. No living human eye but that of him who wore the jeweled breast-plate had ever looked upon the uncovered outlines of the Ark of God; yet every detail of its material, its workmanship, and its holy and awful contents, was graven deep in the heart of the humblest warrior in the ranks, and by look and silence they did it reverence.

For a moment the bearers and those who went before them paused, and then, turning slowly southward, they

traversed the entire front of the left wing, and again halted before the men of Judah.

But now the escort was increased, for behind the Ark came one hundred picked men from the warriors of Gad, a chosen rearward. Then the order came to Judah that the foremost thousand of the tribe should march before the high-priest; and man after man, line after line, surged forward, eager to assume the holy charge.

Ozias led these chosen troops, and close behind him followed Adriel; but ere the march commenced, Ozias turned and addressed them:

"Hear ye! men of Judah. Joshua, the son of Nun, hath commanded every captain in Israel that he speak to the people saying, Seven times this day shall the walls of the city be encompassed, and no man shall shout or make any noise until the word goes forth. Then shall ye shout and ascend straightway against the city."

Ozias turned again and led the way, and the men of Judah followed close behind him with knitted brows and hands fast straining spear and shield. Eleazar and the priests marched next before the purple canopy, and the rearward of the men of Gad pressed on behind the Ark.

Southward and westward passed the strange pageant, while the armies of Israel rested upon their spears and waited for the signal—nearer to the wall, and skirting its southern confines, while the horns of the priests rang out clear in the air of the early morning.

On the towers wonder and fear struggled against ridicule and contempt. Curses and scornful laughter, jeers and ribaldry were hurled at the guard, at the priests, and even at the Ark of God. Steadily they passed on by frowning battlements, where engines of war stood ready to second spear and sword in stubborn defence. Huge stones hurtled through the air and fell crashing upon the trembling earth, but so skilfully did Ozias choose his distance that rock and arrow fell as far short and as harmless as curse and mockery. Once the circuit was completed and the Jewish lines reappeared against

the background of the palms; again through ruined grove and trampled garden, where every footfall crushed out fragrance from the fallen roses; on while the mid-day sun rose to the zenith and shot down its scorching rays, till shield and helmet seemed to shrivel in its fiery grasp, and sword and spear shot back a reflected defiance.

And now the sun was hastening down toward its bed behind the western horizon. For the seventh time had Ozias and Eleazar led their followers until the city walls had hidden them from the straining eyes of the waiting host. The moment was drawing near; and, as a lion crouching in his sheltering thicket with glaring eyeballs, bristling mane, and lashing tail, watches some tawny rival and his fierce mistress, so Israel waited. Every eye was fixed upon the northward point of the beleaguered walls, until sight well-nigh failed through the very intentness of the gaze. Every hand strained tough spear-shaft or leathern shield-thong until the weariness of more than twenty combats fell upon cord and sinew; and silence,—such a silence over all the vast array, that the very birds that had retired trembling before the human wave that surged through their domains, came forth warbling their even songs—and the host waited.

It was then that two captains strode out before the long lines, and the eyes of men, relieved, forsook for an instant the northern buttresses of the city to look upon Joshua the son of Nun and Caleb the son of Jephunneh.

* * * *

Evening was fast descending.

Suddenly Joshua stepped forward a pace with head bent forward and hand still shading his eyes. Far toward the north and west a small cloud of dust rose slowly, and then the faint glitter of steel shot out from here and there amid its sombre shadow. A low hum went up from the waiting army.

Swiftly the old warrior faced them and raised his hand in warning or in menace, and the half-articulate murmur sunk away.

Again he turned toward the approaching cloud, now closed no longer, but the thousand of Judah pressing forward in full view, with Ozias at the head; weary and footsore yet eager and expectant. With a hurried word to his comrade Joshua strode forward to meet the Ark and its escort, and, as Caleb passed back to the host and gave the long-wished-for word, the troops awoke to action. In dense masses, by household, by family, by tribe, they pressed toward the walls.

The Ark had now reached the centre of the plain, and for an instant the clangor of the rams' horns sank into silence. Then a blast, so long, so concentrated, so shrill, rose from the seven trumpets, that the startled listeners stood trembling; and Joshua, the captain of Israel, once more turned him toward the vast multitude that surged and swayed under the long-borne tension. His form seemed to gain in stature. His face shone with awe and grandeur. Even the armor he wore shot brighter rays than the mid-day sun had drawn from brass or bronze. He lifted his arms high over his head, and, as the first long blast died away, his voice rang clear across the plain with the strength of a hundred men, and sharp and distinct the accents fell upon five hundred thousand listening ears: "Let Israel shout! for the Lord hath delivered them into our hands!"

And then the very heavens seemed to wave and shiver as a roar, long, loud, and deep, rose in a steady swell, drowning the feeble trumpets in one tumultuous blast of gathered voices. Zeal, worship, reverence, the wrath of combat, and last of all triumph were in that shout. The earth reeled and shuddered beneath the awful acclamation, and the voice of heaven—was it the thunder of God or an echo from the vaulted skies themselves?—hurled back the sound.

For an instant every man stood in his place stupefied, spell-bound, with eyes that gazed but saw nothing; and then, with one accord, they looked upon the city, but they saw it not.

A huge cloud of dust, thick, ponderous, impenetrable, hung over the spot; while rumbling echoes and reverberations rolled back from the hills—echoes of other sounds than those to which the heavens and the host of Israel had given birth, the sounds of crumbling walls, of falling masses of masonry; and voices, not the triumphant shout of besiegers, but screams, shrill and prolonged, where intense terror strove with mortal anguish until both seemed to conquer.

And now the words of Joshua, the son of Nun, rose above the dying clamor: "Let Israel advance up into the city, every man before him!"

All day the crouching lion had lain in ambush. Then he had prowled forth from his lair, with lashing tail and eager fangs. Now he sprang! With one mighty impulse the surging mass swept forward into the murky cloud that still enveloped the smitten foe.

And then the freshening breeze of evening came down over the hills and drove before it the last safeguard of a lost race, until, in the yellow twilight, the people saw tower and rampart lying in headlong ruin. Where but a moment before lofty wall and buttress had reared their massive strength heavenward, and had proudly bade the bearer of spear and shield, "Be of good cheer! How shall harm come to ye unless the Gods of Israel can give their warriors wings?"—there were heaps of shattered *debris*, stone, brick, and timber, and among them now and again spear and shield—aye, and grimmer witnesses of destruction. Here an arm reached out from beneath heaps of rubbish; there a broken helmet disclosed a face ghastly and blood-stained; for amid that smoking mass lay the flower of the city's soldiery. Hands that a moment before had strained the hilt of sword or drawn bow-string, and lips that had scoffed and mocked and cursed the armies of the invader, now rested, nerveless and voiceless, beneath the guard on which they had so firmly relied, while over the still seething ruins, over buried hand and silenced lip, rolled the oncoming tide of relentless assault.

A KISS IN THE DARK.—Milton Thompson.

"A kiss in the dark—ha! ha! nothing like it!
Ah yes, 'tis the essence of bliss!"
Thus mused for awhile a young venturesome beau
Quite "gone" on his cousin Clarisse!
He'd oft to his lips pressed her stray billet doux,
And squeezed her gloved hand in the park;
But now he'd discovered a passionate wish
To steal a sweet kiss in the dark!

The Squire's only daughter was charming Clarisse,
A fairy-like, winsome coquette,
Who smiled on the swells in the country around;
But then she would never forget
That in secret her love she'd plighted to one,
Her sweet rosy lips were for him;
To a little flirtation she'd never say nay,
'Twas her innocent girlish whim!

The party assembled all jovial and gay,
Each joining with equal delight
In the song, the dance and the frolicsome game
That woke up the old hall that night!
Close at hand, overhead, the kissing-bough hung,
His lordship, the beau, spied out this;
But futile and galling the efforts he made
To snatch from his cousin, a kiss!

Undaunted he patiently bided his time,
Till Clarisse the stairs should ascend;
Then, ah! then to realize his cherished design,
And past disappointments amend!
"Now, now is my time" he exclaims with a spring,
"It is not a chance I should miss;
For up there—by jove! o'er the staircase she bends
And mockingly throws me a kiss!"

Her quick eye has guessed his intended approach,
She bounds like a deer in its prime;
Whilst he, like a stork in frenzy, let loose,
Clears three and four steps at a time!
Up this flight, down that, through passage and room;
In darkness he keeps up the chase,
Till a door shews itself on the left—she's gone—
He reached it—'tis slammed in his face!

Such a damper his lordship did hardly expect,
Shut out in the darkness of night,
But ere he had time to reflect or to act
He heard a light tread to the right.
"The game's not quite up yet" he chuckling says;
"All is fair in love and in war;
And unless I'm deceived I can plainly hear
The creak of an opening door."

He'd not long to wait, before seeing, though dim,
A head that peeps out, then withdraws:
With bated breath crouches this gallant young lord,
All eager in that silent pause!
A second, the door is flung back with a bang,
The lurker has seized his fair prize,
And with rapture he kisses an upturned face;
But the waist, oh my, what a size!

A deafening shriek—then another more shrill,
And hurrying footsteps come near:
"It's a burglar," the page-boy cries out in alarm,
"He's a-strangling somebody up there;"
As if 'twere by magic, lights flash on the scene;
One look at a round ruddy face,
Tells his lordship, instead of the form of Clarisse,
'Tis the cook in his fond embrace.

Thus baffled, disgraced and bewildered withal,
He blesses Clarisse and that bough;
But the guests quick approaching, he faltering says;
"Oh! where shall I mizzle to now?
'Tis getting too hot for me; here comes the Squire!"
Unclasping the fair damsel's waist,
He darts through a window, then scampers away
Like a thief in precipitate haste!

A word from Clarisse stays the clamorous guests,
They all laugh at his fate, so sad;
While the cook in hysterical accents says—
"After all, it was not so bad!"

Society whispers "His lordship's unwell;"
But late he's been known to remark,
"If you can't kiss a girl in the light, dear boy,
It's risky to kiss in the dark."

AN OLD MAN'S IDYL.—Richard Realf.

By the waters of life we sat together,
  Hand in hand, in the golden days
Of the beautiful early summer weather,
  When the skies were purple and breath was praise;
When the heart kept tune to the carol of birds,
  And the birds kept tune to the songs that ran
Through shimmer of flowers on grassy swards,
  And the trees with voices Æolian.

By the river of life we walked together,
  I and my darling unafraid,
And lighter than any linnet's feather
  The burdens of being on us were laid.
And love's sweet miracles o'er us threw
  Mantles of joy, outlasting time,
And up from the rosy morrows grew
  A sound that seemed like a marriage chime.

In the gardens of life we strayed together,
  And the luscious apples were ripe and red,
And the languid lilac and honeyed heather
  Swooned with the fragrance that they shed.
And under the trees the angels walked,
  And up in the air a sense of wings
Awed us tenderly while we talked
  Softly in sacred communings.

In the meadows of life we strayed together
  Watching the waving harvests grow,
And under the benisons of the Father,
  Our hearts, like the lambs, skipped to and fro;
And the cowslips, hearing our low replies,
  'Broidered fairer the emerald banks,
And glad tears shone in the daisies' eyes
  As the timid violet glistened thanks.

Who was with us and what was round us,
  Neither I nor my darling guessed;
Only we knew that something crowned us
  Out from the heavens with crowns of rest;
Only we knew that something bright
  Lingered lovingly where we stood,
Clothed in the incandescent light
  Of something higher than humanhood.

Oh! the riches love does inherit;
Ah! the alchemy which doth change
Dross of body and dregs of spirit
Into sanctities rare and strange!
My flesh is feeble and I am old,
And my darling's beautiful hair is gray,
But our elixir and precious gold
Laugh at the footsteps of decay.

Harms of the world have come upon us,
Cups of sorrow we yet shall drain;
But we have a secret which doth show us
Wonderful rainbows in the rain;
And we hear the tread of the years go by,
And the sun is setting behind the hills,
But my darling does not fear to die
And I am happy in what God wills.

So we sit by our household fire together,
Dreaming the dreams of long ago;
Then it was balmy summer weather,
And now the valleys are laid in snow;
Icicles hang from the slippery eves,
The wind blows cold, it is growing late;
Well, well, we have garnered all our sheaves,
I and my darling—and we wait.

TWENTY-ONE TO-DAY.—Elmer Ruan Coates.

Within a room, long consecrate to thought,
An ancient time-piece ticked away the hour;
While near, a brilliant and a handsome youth
Appeared as warring with a stronger power.

The click* of warning said 'twas five to ten,
And here a pacing of the floor's begun;
Now still, and gazing at the minute hand,
Said he: "Four minutes, and I'm twenty-one."

A pause. "Three minutes of my boyhood left.
That haunting word!—once more I'll say it: *Boy.*
How now, my heart?—I sighed to be of age,
But now my sigh is not the sigh of joy.

*Most of the old-time clocks give a "click" or "warning" five minutes before each hour.

"I often see, adorned by lingual pomp,
That great word—'Manhood'—'Manhood's mighty tread;
Yet dying boyhood makes me weep and feel
That some will think my innocence has fled.

"When reading of the 'merry, romping boy,'
The 'youthful brow unfurrowed by a grief,'
How I'll recall the license of the 'lad,'
And how my tears will fall upon that leaf!

"We know 'tis man who chains the woman soul,
That years make sages out of boyish worth,
But oh, those trials that develop us!—
The gloomy wisdom that enclouds the earth!

"What joy I've had beside the woodland stream,
Watching the mill-wheel in the moonbeam's light;
Ah! then it wound the music of the rill,
But now, 'twill speak of time, its rapid flight.

"In rosy sunsets, I would view the sky,
Its mountain peaks and palaces of gold;
The panorama now will speak of change,
Departing splendor as we're growing old.

"Dear Kate, the language of the boy's bouquet
Was holy love without a mournful shade;
I fear the language of the man will say,
That, like the flowers, love and friendship fade.

"Two minutes more. Yet, Kate, I'm just the same,
As when the kiss would greet the glowing plan;
But now I'll miss the sanction of thy lips,
You'll blush and say: 'Remember, you're a *man*.'

"I feel as youthful, sensitive and true,
As when a horseman on my father's knee;
I'd ride to-day, but then the world would say:
'How doubly child, when man a child would be!'

"True, I was wild, though not a vicious boy,
Sometimes, in wrong the impulse would engage;
But now my head and heart must never err,—
'He should know better, for he is of age.'

"To-morrow eve, I'll hie to Willow Glen,
For social chat with good old Farmer Dunn;
How sad I'll feel, when he with sigh repeats:
'How time flies onward, after twenty-one!'

"When next I hear the village pastor say:
'God waits to clean the souls of wicked men,'
I fear I'll think me worse than what I am,
Because a man, for I will be one then.

"And there's the law, such is required of man,
The State will seize me. Time, what hast thou done!
Oh, what a Scylla sixty seconds bring,
What change is coming with that twenty-one!

"One minute more. My youthful days, farewell.
Time, take my youth, but let the boy remain:
Oh, grant the soul my mother loves so well
May never feel the burning brand of shame.

"But thirty seconds! Grant that youth and age
In close communing may forever dwell;
Oh! grant that eighty with its palsied frame
May never bid the youthful heart farewell.

"Gone! I'm of age! I'm twenty-one, to-day!
Youth, shall I mourn thee in my race with men?"
A nervous silence, here the lamp went out,
The wind was moaning, and the clock struck ten.

HOLD FAST TO THE DEAR OLD SABBATH.

GEORGE M. VICKERS.

Hold fast to the dear old Sabbath,
To the day of peaceful rest;
Look back to the days of childhood
That its tranquil glories blest;
Hold fast to its quiet pleasures,
All its sweet traditions save,
For the sake of the weary living,
And the memories of the grave.

Hold fast to the dear old Sabbath,
That is neared, like a verdant isle
On the week's dull sea of toiling,
With a thankful, happy smile.
One day give the Great Creator,
Be thy creed whate'er it may;
For the sake of human freedom
Keep the dear old Sabbath day.

MRS. MURPHY'S RECIPE FOR CAKE.*

S. JENNIE SMITH.

And it's me ricipe for cake, yer afther wantin', is it? Sure, Mrs. Mulligan, it's mesilf'll be the proud and happy woman to presint yer wid the same. I wadn't be as mane as thim Frinch cooks for the wurruld. Wad yer belave it, Mrs. Mulligan, I wint wanst to wan of thim Frinch cooks that wurruks in the hotel ferninst us, and axed him for his ricipe for angilic puddin', and wad yer belave it, he looked at me kinder sassy, and axed did I see any grane in his eye. "Not in yer eye particerler," says I, "but there's enough in yer intire body to paint the coort-house."

And it's for a party yer want it, is it? Thin yer tak yer ingradients—Mrs. Mulligan, wid this ricipe ye'll have the most illigentest cake that anny body iver sot their two eyes on.

In a hurry yer are, is it? Will, moind now, yer tak yer ingradients—Mrs. Mulligan, this idintical ricipe is the same as I used for me own fust party whin I met me own blissed Patsy Murphy. "Mary Ann," says he, "did you make thim cakes?" "Yis, sorr," says I, "wid me two hands." "Mary Ann," says he, "a girrul as kin make cakes like thim is the girrul for me," and it wasn't long afther he lid me to the connubial state wid his own darlin' silf.

Now howld on, Mrs. Mulligan, ould Ireland wasn't built in wan day, and I'm comin' to the ricipe. Yer tak yer ingradients and yer put thim in yer dish—sure and do yer know the O'Grady's? The wurrurd ingradient moinds me of them. Yer see there was Tim O'Grady, the consatedest rascal as iver brathed. Will, I was radin' in the paper only yisterday that Tim's coosin's half sister's uncle's brother-in-law's woife's b'y had been committin'—sure now what's this he's been committin'? Indade and I think it's matrimony he's been committin',

* Written expressly for this Collection.

and the jedge guv him tin days or tin dollars, and he tuk the tin days. Tim O'Grady won't howld up his head afther that, I kin tell yer.

Will, now for the ricipe. Yer tak yer ingradients and yer put thim in yer dish, and if yer want a shmaller cake, yer tak liss ingradients, and if yer want a bigger cake, yer tak more ingradients, and indade and I think anny woman as has iver made cake knows all the rist hersilf, and I don't charge nuthin' for me ricipe. Good mornin' Mrs. Mulligan.

THE VOICELESS CHIMES.—Annie Fox.

Many deeds of daring glory figure on the roll of fame—
Mine is but a simple story, and I do not know the name
Of a truly noble woman who to Cromwell stern and grave
Came, with deepest sorrow laden, for a husband's life to crave.
Young in years, yet old in sorrow, weeping bitterly she stood,
"Must he perish on the morrow? you could pardon if you would.
Nothing have I to repay you, but the Lord would love the deed,
And his blessing would attend you richly in the hour of need."

"Nay, thy words are vain," he answered, as before his feet she fell;
"He shall die to-morrow evening, when is tolled the vesper bell;
When the first chime from the belfry wakes the echoes with its breath,
We will place thy rebel husband face to face with God and death.
Yet one privilege I grant thee, thou mayst come to see him die
Yonder, where the grassy hillock meets the azure of the sky.
Go thy way, for thou art favored that this much is granted thee."
Then uprose the gentle woman slowly from her bended knee,
From his tent she glided speechless to her now deserted cot,
She so late a bride, rejoicing in the brightness of her lot.
Cromwell sighed as he beheld her weeping as she went her way,
And he almost felt repentant that his answer had been "Nay."

He'd a daughter very like her, pride and darling of his heart,
And he knew if she were present she would take this woman's part,
For she too would have a husband ere that year away should roll,
And her tears and gentle pleadings swayed the sceptre of his soul.

But our tale is of the woman, how her love devised a plan
To preserve the life so precious from the cruel wrath of man;
Yes, in grief and desperation she resolved a deed to do
Worthy of heroic mention in the annals of the true.

When the shades of eve were falling softly, and the dreaded hour
Near and nearer came, she hastened to the ivy-covered tower.
Up the staircase old and dusty fleetly, noiselessly she climbed,
To the loft from whence the vespers many centuries had chimed,
Heedless of the superstition centred in the gloomy spot,
Or the bats about it flitting, for, in sooth, she saw them not.
What were bats or troubled spirits to the true, devoted wife?
Nothing, in the scalê of balance with his liberty and life.

See, the dusty rope had trembled, it was time to toll the bell,
Then she raised her hand and deftly caught the clapper as it fell;
Not the shadow of a whisper issued from its brazen throat,
For she held its tongue severely, while its thick and dusty coat
Caught the crimson blood that spurted in profusion all around
From the hand so crushed and mangled, o'er the walls and on the ground.
Never once her resolution faltered in the work of love,
But, when one gave out, the other took its place her head above.

And the sexton old and feeble in his deafness struck the chimes
(Knowing not that they were voiceless) as at other vesper times.
Would he never stop? she wondered, shivering as each heavy stroke,
On her mangled hand descended, and the chilly dewdrops broke,
Wrung by torture, from her forehead:—not a murmur or a groan,
But her face was white with anguish, as a figure carved in stone.

Now he stops, but still she holds it lest a random stroke
should fall,—
Signal of his dire destruction, ruthlessly undoing all
That the self-devoted woman suffered, by its faintest breath,
Only to increase the moments and prolong the hour of death.

When her task was done she staggered, almost fainting, to
the wall,
Then adown the winding staircase, where the shadows
darkest fall.
Carefully her way she wended, dark as night the narrow
place,
While the clumsy bats came flitting half-inquiring in her
face;
They the undisputed tenants had for years unnumbered been,
She the only human being they for many days had seen;
But she heeded not their clamor, resolute her steps she bent,
Never stopping till she halted at the door of Cromwell's tent.

Loud his angry voice was asking, "Wherefore is the vesper
chime
Silent? for the day grows darker; it was the appointed time
For our prisoner to perish, it will be too dark ere long."
Then she resolutely stepped amid the busy soldier throng,
And they started from her presence; raven tresses from their
bands
Loosened, round her death-like features fell, whilst from her
bleeding hands
Crimson blood-drops warmly gushing dripped before her
on the floor,
And her face and snowy garments with its dye were spattered
o'er.
She like ghost or troubled spirit forward pressed to Crom-
well's side,
"See my hands," she cried, triumphant, "but for me he
would have died;
They have rung the parting vesper, but you could not hear
the knell,
For a feeble woman's fingers held the clapper of the bell.
Did you think that I should fail him while God's goodness
gives me breath?
Never! I would die to save him; know that 'Love is strong
as death.'
Nay, I do not crave compassion for these wounded hands of
mine,
Give, oh, give me back my husband, and a blessing shall be
thine."

Once again she knelt before him, shedding blood-drops at his feet,
And the tear-drops of emotion in the eyes of Cromwell's suite
Gathered. With a father's pity on her bended head his hand
Placed he, saying, "Rise, my daughter, credit to thy native land;
Go thyself and tell thy husband of the pardon thou hast bought
With thy bruised hands, and Heaven bless thee for the happy thought."

Patient reader, who hast listened to my story old and true,
Is it not a bright example of the deeds that women do?
Evermore it echoes softly down the corridors of time,
How a woman saved her husband by the voiceless vesper chime.

MY LITTLE BO-PEEP.—S. B. M'MANUS.

My little Bo-peep is fast asleep,
And her head on my heart is lying,
I gently rock, and the old hall clock
Strikes a knell of the day that's dying;
But what care I how the hours go by,
Whether swiftly they go or creeping?
Not an hour could be but dear to me,
When my babe on my arm is sleeping.

Her little bare feet, with dimples sweet,
From the folds of her gown are peeping,
And each wee toe like a daisy in blow,
I caress as she lies a-sleeping;
Her golden hair falls over the chair,
Its treasures of beauty unfolding;
I press my lips to her finger tips
That my hands are so tightly holding.

Tick, tock, tick, tock; you may wait, old clock,
It was foolish what I was saying;
Let your seconds stay, your minutes play,
And your days go all a-Maying.
O Time! stand still—let me drink my fill
Of content, while my babe is sleeping;
As I smooth her hair, my life looks fair,
And to-morrow—I may be weeping.

A NEW DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

CLINTON B. FISK.

Extract from an address delivered at the Independence-Day Celebration, Woodstock, Connecticut, July 4, 1888.

Not less than eighty thousand victims go annually to the drunkard's grave from the homes of this land. Pestilence and war combined do not, in this country, equal its destructive energy.

The waste of human life wrought every five years by our two hundred thousand saloons, is equal to the destruction of life by both armies, numbering millions of armed men, during the entire War of the Rebellion. In their hands strong drink is a weapon so fatal that the five hundred thousand drunkard-makers are able to accomplish more in the same period than four times their number could with shot and shell, fire and sword, and all the appliances of modern warfare. The cruelty of war is not measured by the number of those who fall in battle, but by the unutterable wo and bitter anguish of broken hearts and desolated homes. Most emphatically is it true, that the mere destruction of eighty thousand lives every year affords no measure of the relentless cruelty of the liquor power in its war against society. To realize this you must go to the dishonored homes, question the broken hearts, read the voiceless misery in wan and haggard faces, hear helpless children cry for food, see them stricken down by drunken and infuriated fathers, and sometimes even by besotted mothers, witness the debauchery and ruin of youth, and the utter degradation, ignorance, poverty and misery which everywhere and always accompany the victims of the saloon.

Alas! how true and terrible is this indictment of the saloon. Oh, that from every hill-top and valley, from mountain and prairie, from city and hamlet, from lakes to gulf and from sea to sea, there might this day arise the united voice of our sixty millions of people in most solemn Declaration of Independence of this cruel King

whose injuries and usurpations threaten the destruction of our free Government. As did our fathers when they resolved to throw off the absolute tyranny of a bad king, so let us give certain facts to a candid world. This monster, sitting supreme in the politics of this country, has enacted laws authorizing him to open in all our towns and cities slaughter-houses of men, women and children, and of all virtue.

He has enacted laws permitting him to transform men into beasts.

He is the direct cause of nine-tenths of the woes and sorrows which blight and curse our people.

He, hiding his monstrous deformity under the forms of law enacted by his own vassals, over whose heads he cracks the slave-driver's lash in halls of legislation, maintains at our expense an army of miscreants who, at the very doors of our homes and in the shadows of our sanctuaries, prosecute the work of murder and death.

He has despoiled labor, burdened property with excessive taxation, impoverished whole communities, hindered education, corrupted morals, fostered crimes, aided all classes of vice and wrong, and plunged his unhappy victims into shame and degradation.

He would have us transmit to our children a heritage of distilleries, breweries and saloons, and chain to the weary backs of society increasing burdens of paupers, criminals, idiots and insane.

He seizes and debauches innocent children, tears sons from the arms of sorrowing mothers, and bears them away to dishonored graves.

He wrings hot tears from the eyes of widows whose husbands he has sacrificed at the shrine of the drunkards' Moloch.

He sits supreme in the national Congress and makes laws in the country's capital.

He governs Courts of Justice, and makes ministers of the law and legislatures his lackeys.

He silences the preacher in his pulpit and muzzles the editor at his desk.

He wastes, directly and indirectly, in his revels annually more than a thousand millions of our dollars, and marshals in his staggering procession to death and hell a half-million of our people.

He is a cold, heartless, cruel murderer and assassin of the deepest dye.

He counts his victims by millions. His butcheries go on daily and nightly within sight of the portals of our homes. We can hear the shrieks of his victims and the wail of the bereaved.

He is the howling, prowling, destroying wolf, with scorching, fierce breath, descending upon every fold, slaying and devouring our best loved.

Let us rise in our united might as did our ancestors in Old Windham at the call of Israel Putnam on Pomfret Heights in the last century. *Let us hunt this wolf to his den and shoot him.*

The time would fail me to tell the thousandth part of the evils, multiplying and destructive, that flow out of the infamous liquor traffic. Have we the courage this day to issue, and thereto affix our signatures in the pronounced handwriting of John Hancock, our new Declaration of Independence; and with a firm reliance on Divine Providence, pledge our lives and fortune and our sacred honor that from this day henceforth no word or act of ours may be construed into allegiance to this felon King? He must be driven from his places of power and utterly overthrown. The conflict is upon us. It is a life-and-death struggle. Oh, for an uprising of righteous indignation, for an aroused American conscience, for patriotic devotion to home and country like that which gave inspiration and faith to Jonas Parker and his neighbors when they reddened the village-green of Lexington with their blood on that glorious morning a century and more ago, when the old Revolution burst into magnificent blossoms as the shot was fired that echoed round the world; for an enlightened public opinion, the mightiest advocate of any question; for the combined forces of

Christian home, Christian Church and Christian commonwealth in battle array against the traffic in theft and murder,—until it shall be thundered from every political Sinai, national and State, "Thou shalt not, and there shall be no legalized saloon where floats the starry flag of the free." Not until then will the infamous business cease; not until then will we be delivered from its Satanic sorceries. Temporizing policies are a failure. Under all systems of license-regulation or tax, the work of ruin and death goes on. Myriads of homes are poisoned, the prosperity of the nation is undermined, the strength of our race wasted, millions are hurried to early and dishonored graves, and a lurid shadow is cast upon the life beyond. The prohibition of the liquor traffic is the demand of the people, and politicians and statesmen who fail to heed it are treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath. Prohibition is in the air. The nation's heart is beginning to throb to its music. Its coming is whispered on every breeze. The rising tide breaks all along the shore and each succeeding white-fringed billow washes further up the strand.

"'Tis weary watching wave on wave,
And yet the tide heaves onward;
We build, like corals, grave on grave,
But pave a pathway sunward.
We're beaten back in many a fray,
But newer strength we borrow;
And where the vanguard rests to-day
The rear shall camp to-morrow."

Nothing can resist the onward march of a genuine reform. Every such movement enters into and becomes a part of the Messianic purpose to set judgment in the earth. Agitation on this question is the duty of the hour. Let it go on from press, platform and pulpit, in the prayer-meetings and at the ballot-box, until every patriot who loves his country, every Christian who loves his God, every philanthropist who loves his race, every father who loves his child, every son of the Republic will, a marshaled host, uplift the Constitution as a banner of

reform and under its folds march to the ballot-boxes of the land, and under an avalanche of freeman's ballots bury beyond resurrection the American saloon. Then shall our whole Union become the citadel of sobriety, the national name be purged of this great shame, and our glorious banner be the flag of hope for all mankind as it floats over a sober, free and happy people.

THE JEALOUS WIFE.*—Fred Emerson Brooks.

John loved his young wife as the flower loves dew,
  She felt she could not live without him,
He vowed that to her he would ever be true—
He vowed as the rest of young husbands do,
  She vowing she never would doubt him.

In luxury's lap both the lovers were reared,
  For both of their papas had "saved;"
Both handsome—she worshiped and he much endeared;
He had only one fault,—a very stiff beard
  Whenever he failed to get shaved.

One morning John left, through a habit pernicious,
  His overcoat down in the hall:
"Ahem!" quoth the wife, "the occasion's propitious
To test John's fidelity; though not suspicious,
  I'll peep in his pockets, that's all!

"A bundle of letters? and tied with a bow?
  The perfume is attar of roses!
Ah, they're from his mother who worships him so;
Although not inquisitive, I'd like to know
  Just how she begins, and how closes.

"'*My own precious love!*' Just what I used to say!
  '*From Helen, your own until death!*'
Why, that's not his mother's name—'Caroline May'?
And why has he torn off the envelopes, pray?
  Suspicion quite shortens my breath!

"The goose that I am—'tis some sweetheart of old!
  Oh, I'm not suspicious or weak!

*As read by the Author in his popular Original Recitals. The poem is used here by special permission.

How foolish to doubt him,—the date would have told;
And yet they're not musty, there's no trace of mould—
Great heavens! they're dated this week!

"They're burning with love! Oh, my poor heart will break!
While I'm scarcely more than a bride,
My John to prove false!—Oh, the villain, the rake!
I'll quickly repair to my chamber and take
That last step in life,—*suicide!*

"I'd leap from the window—but as it's not dark
I'd look such a fright in the fall!
I'd die by his pistol, but when cold and stark
There'd be on my temple a black powder-mark,
And a horrid great hole from the ball!

"My corpse mutilated would spoil the effect,
For I must look lovely in death!
Cut my throat with his razor?—Oh, let me reflect—
'Twould sever my windpipe, and then, I expect,
I never could draw my last breath!

"Should I drown myself down where the water runs clear,
By the mill in the deep, placid race,
The fishes would eat me!—no! no! then I fear
I'll have to hang up to the big chandelier,
But then I'll turn black in the face!

"I might light the fire with the kerosene can
And go where all treachery ceases!
I'd do it with dynamite were I a man—
No! no! I'd die easy, by some other plan
And not leave my corpse all in pieces.

"I'll ask the French druggist, just over the way,
For something to poison the cat.
The gripings and spasms are dreadful, they say,
But poison I'll take without any delay,
Though it do puff me up like a rat!

"Oh tell me, thou prince of all druggists and leechers,
What poisons you keep in this place
For rats, those unhappy—I mean pesky creatures,
To let them die easy, not puff up their features,
Nor make them turn black in the face!"

"Ah! madam, I geeve you ze grandest powdaire
Zat make ze rat sweetaire ven deat;

Zo mooch you feel sorry you keel him, *by gaire!*
Ze rat die so zgently, you see him, you svear
He vas only asleep in ze bet!

"Vaire small, leetal pinch eez a dose;—Vat you geef
Depend on ze size of ze rat.
Ze rat, ven he leetal eez vaire *sen-sa-tief;*
Von bieg rat, deesconsolate, no vish to leef,
Zjust gief him a teaspoon of zat!"

At home, in her chamber, the poison she took;
And rolling in agony lay,
When John, coming back for that coat on the hook,
Fast mounted the stairs with an agonized look
Where his wife groaned in sweet disarray.

"Why, Mame, what's the matter?" "O John! pray explain
These letters I found in your coat?"
"That coat is my partner's, worn home in the rain!"
"Not yours? [*screams*] quick! I'm poisoned! 'tis racking my brain!
To the druggist! get some antidote!"

To the druggist he rushed—"Quick! you've poisoned my Mame!"
Said the Frenchman—"Keep on ze apparel!
She vant ze rat poison—Oh! I know ze game—
Vat don't black ze face of ze rat! Ven she came
Ze powdaire of sugaire I gave! All ze same
She vill lief, eef she eat ze whole barrel."

HIS RICHES.—Lillian Grey.

"'Tis a poor Thanksgiving," said Farmer Jack;
"For the crops have failed, and my pet horse died.
My heart's too bitter for thankfulness;
There is nothing but trouble and loss!" he cried.
"Oh, no!" said Mary, his cheerful wife;
"You have me and the children left beside!"

A smile swept over the husband's face:
"We will keep the feast; there shall be no lack.
The Lord forgive me my hasty words!
Forget them, Mary, I take them back.
Since you and the children my riches are,
I'm a millionaire!" said Farmer Jack.

—*Good Housekeeping.*

"DEAD! NAME UNKNOWN."—Horace B. Durant.

Written expressly for this Collection.

"Some charity for Christ's sake!" At the door
Of princely mansion, timidly she stood;
Her scanty garments scarce concealed her poor
And shivering form. "Kind sir, a little food!
I have a dying child—no fire, no wood!
'Tis hard to beg, but, ah! I cannot see
Her suffer; for she worked long as she could;—
Some charity for Christ's sake! Let it be
Alone bestowed on her; think not of me."

"Begone, I say! How dare you enter here?
For Christ's sake—Bah! that *is* a tale, indeed!
How chilly—*Ugh!* I shall be sick, I fear—
Jane, shut the door; and after this, take heed,
Pay no attention to such folks in need;
Disturb me not beside my blazing grate,
With calls like this, to hear a beggar plead—
True, there's the theater! 'Tis almost eight;
Come, Julia dear, I fear we shall be late."

The curtain rose. It was "The Beggar Girl
Of Warsaw." Ne'er had acting seemed so well;
Scene after scene, that made the lip to curl
In scorn, or sentimental sigh to swell,
Or tear to fall, held as with magic spell
The breathless hundreds; and when plaintive cry—
"Some charity for Christ's sake!" thrilling fell,
It seemed an echo coming from the sky,
To which the actress raised her pleading eye.

Absorbed in the romance, a millionaire
Sat in his private box with lordly mien,
While by his side there sat a lady fair
And fascinating, jeweled like a queen—
'Twas plain they sat so that they might be seen;
From fiction's fancied woes, what would they learn?
'Tis he, the same we saw at early e'en!
What pleasure in the *false* can those discern,
Who heartlessly from *real* sufferings turn?

The play went on. Great city scenes were so
Portrayed in grim midwinter night, they seemed

As real; bleak, deserted streets; the glow
Of countless lamps, that on the vision beamed
So cold, and in the wildering distance gleamed
Like stars; palatial homes, from which the sound
Of music floated out and radiance streamed;
While o'er the way, in icy slumbers bound,
Some frozen wretch at early morn was found.

The proud man turned to find fair Julia's face
Just then concealed with dainty, jeweled hand,
That pressed a snowy bank of costly lace
Close to her swimming eyes. "That acting's grand,"
Said he,—"more elevating than to stand
With beggar face to face. 'Tis strange, somehow,
That woman used those same expressions, and
They seem to haunt me—why should I allow
Such fancies? Come, the play is ended now.

"'Tis well we only have a square to go,
These heavy furs just suit such bitter night—
Look here, my boy, pray tell me if you know
The meaning of that crowd upon the right,
Just passing there within that crimson light
From yonder window?" "Oh, sir, they have caught
A thief; and she's in such a dreadful fright!
She stole a loaf of bread, sir! Like as not
She'll go to jail." The answer was—"She ought."

"*Just come along!*" 'Twas a policeman spoke—
"I've heard that tale more than a hundred times;
So hungry—sick—at home—Well, that's a joke!
Who can be hungry with the Christmas chimes
Proclaiming plenty all around them? Crimes
Are serious things, good woman—*Help*, you say?
No help for you, unless you have the *dimes;*
The hungry wretch who steals a loaf, to-day,
Is caught; the wealthy thief is helped away."

The Court is called. Forth from their grated cells,
The prisoners are brought for hearing dread;
While each patrolman in rotation tells
His tale. The last indictment that was read
Told how a woman stole a loaf of bread;
"Where is she?" asked the Court in hasty tone;
The watch replied—"Your honor, *she is dead!*
Last night, I locked her in a cell alone,
And she was dead this morning—*name—unknown.*"

"Have morning paper, sir? It tells you all
About the frozen girl;" the newsboy cried;
"Death in the lockup—all about the ball
Last night; tells how some feasted, how some died;
And when the great defaulter will be tried;
Two cents, sir." "So that woman's tale was true
For once," the great man coldly said aside;
"'Tis well; I'm glad *my* act is out of view—
Both dead! what would the world say, if it knew?"

What can this false sensation do for man,
In splendid theaters applauded deep
By fashion's throngs, who comfortably scan
Fictitious wretches starve and freeze and weep—
Price—fifty cents? Such charity is cheap!
True, like our millionaire, some choose to pay
Much greater prices, mostly done to keep
Above the common herd. So goes the play—
Cheap tears at night and icy hearts all day!

SINCE SHE WENT HOME.—R. J. BURDETTE.

Since she went home—
The evening shadows linger longer here,
The winter days fill so much of the year,
And even summer winds are chill and drear,
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The robin's note has touched a minor strain,
The old glad songs breathe but a sad refrain,
And laughter sobs with hidden, bitter pain,
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
How still the empty room her presence blessed;
Untouched the pillow that her dear head pressed;
My lonely heart has nowhere for its rest.
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The long, long days have crept away like years,
The sunlight has been dimmed with doubts and fears,
And the dark nights have rained in lonely tears,
Since she went home.

THE SWALLOWED FROG.

Barnes, the pedagogue, is a worthy man who has seen trouble. Precisely what was the nature of the afflictions which had filled his face with furrows and given him the air of one who has been overburdened with sorrows was not revealed until Mr. Keyser told the story one evening at the grocery-store. Whether his narrative is strictly true or not is uncertain. There is a bare possibility that Mr. Keyser may have exaggerated grossly a very simple fact.

"Nobody ever knew how it got in there," said Mr. Keyser, clasping his hands over his knee and spitting into the stove. "Some thought Barnes must've swallowed a tadpole while drinking out of a spring and it subsequently grew inside him, while others allowed that maybe he'd accidentally eaten frogs' eggs some time and they'd hatched out. But anyway, he had that frog down there inside of him settled and permanent and perfectly satisfied with being in out of the rain. It used to worry Barnes more'n a little, and he tried various things to git rid of it. The doctors they give him sickening stuff, and over and over agin emptied him; and then they'd hold him by the heels and shake him over a basin, and they'd bait a hook with a fly and fish down his throat hour after hour, but that frog was too intelligent. He never even gave them a nibble; and when they'd try to fetch him with an emetic, he'd dig his claws into Barnes's membranes and hold on until the storm was over.

"Not that Barnes minded the frog merely being in there if he'd only a kept quiet. But he was too vociferous—that's what Barnes said to me. A taciturn frog he wouldn't have cared about so much. But how would you like to have one down inside of you there a-whooping every now and then in the most ridiculous manner? Maybe, for instance, Barnes'd be out taking tea with a friend, and just when everybody else was quiet it'd sud-

denly occur to his frog to tune up, and the next minute you'd hear something go 'Blo-o-o-ood-a-noun! Blo-oo-oo-ood-a-noun!' two or three times, apparently under the table. Then the folks would ask if there was an aquarium in the house or if the man had a frog-pond in the cellar, and Barnes'd get as red as fire and jump up and go home.

"And often when he'd be setting in church, perhaps in the most solemn part of the sermon, he'd feel something give two or three quick kinder jerks under his vest, and presently that reptile would bawl right out in the meeting 'Bloo-oo-oo-ood-a-noun! Bloo-oo-oo-ood-a-nou-ou-oun!' and keep it up until the sexton would come along and run out two or three boys for profaning the sanctuary. And at last he'd fix it on poor old Barnes, and then tell him that if he wanted to practise ventriloquism he'd better wait till after church. And then the frog'd give six or seven more hollers, so that the minister would stop and look at Barnes, and Barnes'd get up and skip down the aisle and go home furious about it.

"It had a deep voice for an ordinary frog,—betwixt a French horn and a bark-mill. And Mrs. Barnes told me herself that often, when John'd get comfortably fixed in bed and just dropping off into a nap, the frog'd think it was a convenient time for some music; and after hopping about a bit, it'd all at once grind out three or four awful 'Bloo-oo-ood-a-nouns' and wake Mrs. Barnes and the baby, and start things up generally all around the house. And—would you believe it?—if that frog felt maybe, a little frisky, or p'raps had some tune running through its head, it'd keep on that way for hours. It worried Barnes.

"I dunno whether it was that that killed his wife or not; but anyhow, when she died, Barnes wanted to marry agin, and he went for a while to see Miss Flickers, who lives out yer on the river road, you know. He courted her pretty steady for a while, and we all thought

there was goin' to be a consolidation. But she was telling my wife that one evening Barnes had just taken hold of her hand and told her he loved her, when all of a sudden something said, 'Bloo-oo-oo-ood-a-nou-ou-oun!'

"'What on earth's that?' asked Miss Flickers, looking sorter scared.

"'I dunno,' said Barnes; 'it sounds like somebody making a noise in the cellar.' Lied, of course, for he knew mighty well what it was.

"''Pears to me 'sif it was under the sofa,' says she.

"'Maybe it wasn't anything, after all,' says Barnes, when just then the frog, he feels like running up the scales again, and he yells out, 'Bloo-oo-ood-a-nou-ou-oun!'

"'Upon my word,' says Miss Flickers, 'I believe you've got a frog in your pocket, Mr. Barnes; now, haven't you?'

"Then he gets down on his knees and owns up to the truth, and swears he'll do his best to git rid of the frog, and all the time he is talking the frog is singing exercises and scales and oratorios inside of him, and worse than ever, too, because Barnes drank a good deal of ice-water that day, and it made the frog hoarse,—ketched cold, you know.

"But Miss Flickers, she refused him,—said she might've loved him, only she couldn't marry any man that had continual music in his interior.

"So Barnes, he was the most disgusted man you ever saw. Perfectly sick about it. And one day he was lying on the bed gaping, and that frog unexpectedly made up its mind to come up to ask Barnes to eat more carefully, maybe, and it jumped out on the counterpane. After looking about a bit it came up and tried three or four times to hop back, but he kept his mouth shut, and killed the frog with the back of a hair-brush. Ever since then he runs his drinking-water through a strainer, and he hates frogs worse than you and me hate poison. Now, that's the honest truth about Barnes; you ask him if it aint."

ANNIE PICKENS.*—Eugene J. Hall.

CHARLESTON, 1863.

On a sultry April evening, more than twenty years ago,
When the boom and crash of cannon echoed on the shuddering air,
When the "Sunny South" was threatened by the Northern overflow,
When the Southern heart was burdened by the anguish of despair,
When men's passions boiled with hatred, heedless of all Christian creeds,
Came a tragedy, forgotten in the glare of greater deeds.

Bright and good was Annie Pickens, with a strain of Southern pride,
Finely formed and comely featured, blessed with social rank and wealth,
Daughter of the Carolinas, loyal to the losing side,
Gifted with the boon of beauty and the glow of perfect health,
Hazel-eyed and pleasant-natured, with a temper sweet and mild,
With the presence of a princess—yet, as artless as a child.

Wedding guests that eve in Charleston waited for the coming bride;
Wedding guests with woeful faces, who were filled with nervous fears,
Listening to the thundering cannon, Southrons in patrician pride,
Lovely women vainly striving to suppress the rising tears;
Waiting for sweet Annie Pickens, for the one they loved so well,
Waiting for the noble bridegroom, brave Lieutenant Le Rochelle.

Hush! they hear the gentle rustling of her snowy wedding gown,
Then the sound of coming footfalls. Is she not divinely fair?
Look! is not his presence manly? See! his handsome face is brown!
He has just come from the trenches; are they not a perfect pair?
And a smile of admiration quickly runs around the room
Like a gleam of pleasant sunshine softly peeping through the gloom.

*From "Lyrics of Home-Land," by permission.

Silence falls, the guests look forward, eager eyes devour the scene,
Hearts beat faster, for a moment, timid girls forget their fright.
In his white, his sacred vestments, with a countenance serene,
Comes the clergyman to greet them; 'tis a strange, uncommon sight!
Hands are joined, the book is opened, strong men stand with bated breath,
Women shudder, as if feeling a foreboding sense of death.

Crash! then comes a shock as sudden as a deadly lightning stroke,
And the house on its foundations, like a ship, rocks to and fro;
Glass is shattered, plaster scattered and the air is filled with smoke,
Splintered fragments, screams of women, cries of terror and of woe.
See! a shell has pierced the ceiling, bursting in her very face—
She is stricken! she is dying—in her lover's fond embrace!

To a couch he gently bears her, while the guests turn white and pale,
From her lovely brow the life blood in a crimson current flows;
Quivering, trembling, like an aspen, in a summer evening gale,
Beautiful and sweet in suffering, as a crushed and withered rose.
There she lies, her bright hopes blighted, yet she makes no moan of pain,
With the bridegroom bending o'er her, begging her to speak again.

See! she moves, her dim eyes open, and she murmurs, soft and low,
As she strokes his noble forehead with a feeble, fond caress,
"Darling, let the words be spoken that unite us, ere I go."
Kneeling near, he sobs in anguish, and she faintly whispers "Yes."
Then her fingers, limp and lifeless, fall upon the snowy spread,
With a long-drawn sigh, a tremor, she is dying—she is dead!

Where the mocking-bird is singing, where the bright magnolia blooms,
Where the sounds of cruel conflict have, like hatred, died away,

Where the live oaks cast their shadows on the gray and
mossy tombs,
In her grave, almost forgotten, she is mingling with the clay;
And the sad wail of the south-wind breathes a hymn of fond
farewell,
To the soul of Annie Pickens, the lost bride of Le Rochelle.

JERUSALEM THE BEAUTIFUL.—Rev. M. L. Hofford.

Jerusalem, the beautiful!
Its glories are untold,
Its walls are built of precious stones,
Its pavements made of gold;
Its mansions for the ransoned ones
In matchless splendor shine,
Jerusalem, the beautiful!
Jerusalem, divine.

Jerusalem, the beautiful!
Its gates of pearly white,
To voice of prayer and song of praise,
Are open day and night;
And shining ones around the throne
In sweeter rapture sing,
Jerusalem, the beautiful!
When saints their tribute bring.

Jerusalem, the beautiful!
From thy celestial throng
Familiar voices reach mine ear,
Enraptured in thy song;
And oh, it were transporting,
To soar aloft and see
Jerusalem, the beautiful!
And join thy jubilee.

Jerusalem, the beautiful!
My everlasting rest!
The glorious home of mine abode,
The city of the blest;
Thy temple is the living one,
Thy light is all divine,
Jerusalem, the beautiful,
I love to call thee mine.

THE DEW-DROP INN.*—GEORGE M. VICKERS.

AN ANTI-RUM DRAMA.

CHARACTERS.

EDGAR WHITE, the former landlord.
PAUL THORTON, a sailor.
CHARLES SIMMS, a soldier.
MAY LESTER, an orphan.
CITIZENS, BOYS and GIRLS.

SCENE.—*A room with chairs or benches in rows at each side; a small box covered with cloth or carpet, at rear center, to be used as platform. A piece of board or paper with words, "The Dew-Drop Inn" painted on; also another with the words, "If you've got no money, Do Drop Out." The first sign to be hung on wall above platform, and the other sign to be kept out of sight until needed. All the characters, except White, are discovered when curtain rises.*

SIMMS (*rising*). It is now time to open the meeting, the seats are well filled, and our friends are anxious to begin.

THORTON. I don't see the use of permitting that sign to hang there; when the enemy surrenders he generally strikes his colors.

SIMMS. All our friends well know that the Dew-Drop Inn has ceased to exist, and although this used to be the bar-room, it is now used to counteract some of the evils that once were encouraged within these walls.

THORTON. Still, if it aint asking too much, I'd like to see the piratical thing pulled down; it's been a false beacon too long, and has wrecked many a gallant craft ——

SIMMS. You are right, my nautical friend. After to-night's meeting the sign shall never again appear on the wall.

THORTON. I move that we request Miss Lester to tell us why it would be well to abolish entirely the sale of intoxicating liquors.

SIMMS. You have anticipated my intentions. Miss Lester, kindly help the great cause with your testimony. (*Leads her to the platform.*)

MISS. L. My testimony, friends, is sad enough. Once, only a few years ago, a lovely cottage stood by the roadside in

*Written expressly for this Collection. Mr. Vickers is author of the beautiful Temperance Melodrama, for young folks, entitled "Two Lives," in Dramatic Supplement to No. 8; also a very popular Farce for Amateurs, in No. 27, entitled "The Public Worrier."

this village. Its occupants were a loving husband, his wife, and an only child, a little girl. Although in humble circumstances, the family had all the joy and peace that love and contentment bring. One day a friend (shall I call him a friend?) called and took dinner with them. In his carriage he had a basket of wine. He insisted on opening a bottle, and after much persuasion induced the husband to take a glass, That was the beginning. From that time a cloud seemed to hang over the home. The good, loving husband and father became negligent; the once bright wife grew pallid and thin, and the poisonous seeds sown by the false friend proved so fatal to that family, that they brought forth a harvest of death. The husband died the death of a drunkard; the tender, loving mother withered beneath the awful curse of drink, and the child, a helpless orphan, was spared, by Heaven's mercy, to stand before you, and testify that rum destroys homes, and its sale should therefore be suppressed.

THORTON. And that there sign used to invite the man in—coax him, "*Won't* you drop in," "*Can't* you drop in," "*Do* drop in." (*Advances towards platform, gesticulating.*) Let me give it a broadside!

SIMMS. Not yet, Commodore; we would rather first hear what you have to say on the promiscuous sale of alcoholic liquors.

THORTON (*mounting platform*). Mates, I'll begin with a yarn that Backstay Smith told me, one night on the watch. Smithy said, said he, "When I was a youngster, I shipped as cabin boy on a clipper bark, which cleared from Baltimore bound for the West Indies. When we were two days out, all hands were called aft, and the skipper told us that he had changed his mind and would go to the west coast of Africa for a load of blackbirds ——"

SIMMS. All the way to Africa to get blackbirds when the Chesapeake marshes were full of them; that is a salty yarn!

THORTON. He meant black men and women,—slaves, but don't interrupt me, please. He said he was going for blackbirds, and if any man or boy in the crew didn't want to go, he had the privilege of jumping overboard and swimming back to the States. Well, nobody jumped overboard, and after a long voyage we anchored in a small river. The skipper

went ashore, and was presented to an old chief who ruled the country for many miles inland. The skipper gave him rich presents, guns, powder, beads and ribbons, for the privilege of capturing any natives he could catch outside of a certain boundary. The chief and skipper shook hands on the bargain and parted—"

SIMMS. You don't forget this is a temperance meeting?

THORTON. Not I. "Well," said Backstay Smith, "the skipper, after he left the chief, scoured the country until he had captured a hundred poor black men and women. He then started back to the ship, but before he had gone far he came up with the finest specimen of an African he had ever seen, a young man, tall, muscular and graceful. The skipper ordered him handcuffed, and with his sailors and slaves boarded the vessel. The next morning as the ship was slowly moving down the stream, the old chief, followed by his tribe, ran along the shore, crying out and gesticulating wildly. 'What's the matter!' shouted the skipper The old chief, who could speak English, answered back, 'The young man you captured last is my son, give him back to me and I will return all your gifts!' 'No, you don't,' yelled the skipper, 'I paid you your price for enslaving people, and your son must take the consequences along with the rest!'"

SIMMS. What on earth has the old chief's son to do with the sale of rum?

THORTON. Everything; listen:—Each county, town and city has its official appointed by law; he is the one who must look after the alcoholic spiritual dispensation of his jurisdiction; well, we will call him the chief. Along comes a man, too lazy to work, devoid of conscience, who visits the chief. Says the lazy man, "I want permission to wreck homes and to enslave men, soul and body—how much does the license cost?" "So much," replies the chief. "All right, here's your cash!" Presently the legal chief's son is enslaved by rum, is a helpless drunkard, perhaps a condemned murderer on the scaffold. The legal chief cries out in agony, he charges the lazy rumseller with being the direct cause of the crime, of his son's awful slavery to rum—"No, you don't!" says the rumseller, "I paid you your price for the privilege of enslaving people, and your son must take the conse-

quences along with the rest!" (*All clap hands and cry, Bravo! Good! etc.*)

SIMMS (*rising*). I see the parallel. The fault of rumselling lies with our legislators. (*A boy enters and stands beside Simms.*) If it is so wrong to sell liquor that only a bribe to the government can keep from fine and imprisonment the man who sells it, then the government is a paid conspirator, an accessory to all the horrors born of rum.

BOY. A strange man desires to see some one connected with the management ——

SIMMS. Where is he?

BOY. In the vestibule, without.

SIMMS. Friend Thorton, go bring the stranger in, bring him in. (*Exit Thorton.*) Be seated, my lad. (*Re-enter Thorton followed by a man with heavy whiskers and bushy hair.*)

SIMMS. Welcome, sir, thrice welcome to our meeting.

STRANGER. I will not occupy your valuable time with idle apologies; I desire to say something to relieve my breast of a weight.

MISS. L. (*rising, aside.*) I have somewhere heard that voice before! where could it have been? (*Resumes her seat.*)

THORTON. You have our hearty permission to make any statement that will relieve you, and benefit our noble cause. (*Motions stranger to platform.*)

STRANGER (*stepping on platform and pointing to sign*). This is a queer sign, or a queer place for such a sign.

SIMMS True, but it serves to show our victory; it hangs there a trophy captured from our common foe.

STRANGER (*bowing his head*). Ah, yes, to be sure. (*Stands erect.*) What I wish to say can be told briefly. A young man, years ago, inherited from his parents a small farm, but disliking the honest, independent life of a farmer, he sold the old homestead and built a tavern. It was the first tavern the village ever had, and by many it was considered an improvement. The young man was a good talker and always alert; the life seemed to him an easy one, and for a long time he thrived and made money ——

THORTON. Excuse me, sir; I hope you are not going to describe the advantages of rumselling?

SIMMS. No, no! something in his manner convinces me he is not going to do that.

STRANGER. Not I; be patient. This man did all in his power to allure men to visit his bar-room; fathers were led off from their families, young men were estranged from their homes, and the poor working man was hailed on his way to his waiting wife that the tavern-keeper's gains might be increased. Take, for instance, this for the bar-room. There stood the bar (*pointing to front of platform*). The stove stood in the center, and the chairs and tables were ranged about the walls. A royal, hearty, jolly welcome awaited every one who had a dime in his pocket; but the instant a poor fellow's cash was spent, and he could no longer reciprocate the invitations to take a drink, out he was thrust, perhaps in the dead of night, out into the howling winter storm to perish!

THORTON. Whales and porpoises! how I'd like to have that tavern-keeper in tow for a day!

SIMMS. Let the stranger proceed, let us hear him through.

STRANGER (*pointing*). Here stood the bar; there stood the stove; the tables and chairs were ranged about the walls. One night when the tavern-keeper was alone, a trembling wretch came tottering into the bar-room; it was bitter cold. He called for a drink of whisky. He paid for it and sat down by the stove. The hour was late and the gale fairly shrieked, and the snow was drifting breast high. No more customers would come that night. Approaching the poor wretch the tavern-keeper said, "Can I do anything more for you?" The poor wretch shook his head and replied, "You have got my last dime." "Get out then," cried the rumseller, "I'm going to shut up!" "Ah" said the poor wretch, "when health and honor were mine, I read the sign as it swings from the tall post outside, "Dew-Drop Inn"—"That'll do," yelled the rumseller, now read this (*picking up sign and hanging it under first one*): "If you've got no money, do drop out." And with that, he took hold of the poor wretch and cast him out into the black night. When the leaden sky of the next morning made objects visible, a frozen human body was discovered lying under a neighboring shed. From that morning the rumseller could never look at the stove without beholding the poor wretch, with haggard face and pleading eyes, as he sat on that fatal stormy night. The rumseller was stricken with remorse. He closed his tavern

and secretly left the village. He had all the rum destroyed, and gave this portion of the building rent free to temperance meetings.

THORTON (*jumping up*). Whales and porpoises! how I'd like to shake hands with that fellow!

STRANGER (*removing false whiskers and wig*). And so you shall!

ALL (*rising*). Edgar White, the landlord of the Dew-Drop Inn!

WHITE. It is I, and with God's merciful help, the rest of my days shall be devoted to the glorious work of temperance.

THORTON (*stepping on platform*). Down with the piratical colors! (*Throws signs on the floor.*)

SIMMS (*taking White's hand*). We all forgive you.

MISS. L. We will sing one song, and then away to our homes.

SIMMS. Yes, in honor of our new recruit. Fall in!

THORTON. Heave ahead, my hearties!

All resume seats except the four principal characters, who advance to front and stand in a group while singing:

RESCUE THE WAYWARD.

Tune, "We'd better bide a wee."

The sigh, the heartfelt, sad regrets,
The tears that silent flow;
The weary life that sin begets
The sinful only know:
Oh, brother, sister, shun the snare
That lurks within the wine,
And bid the erring youth beware,
As though his life were thine.

There's time when e'en the vilest soul
With holy love expands,
'Tis then that virtue gains control
O'er passion's base demands;
Kind words of cheer, if whispered then,
Long years of woe may spare,
By giving hope the place again
Once held by dark despair.

Curtain falls slowly while the last two lines are being sung.

DON CRAMBO.—Robert C. V. Meyers.

Written expressly for this Collection.

Don Crambo once there was who had for wife
A shrewish woman who made life a pother,
And whose fair daughter, as if to make his life
More cursed, was e'en more shrewish than her mother;

So that the good Don's days were dark as night,
His nights quite brilliant with marital lightning,
And when the wifely gust passed out of sight
The daughter sped her shafts of 'lectric brightning.

For years 'twas thus, the wife toward the last
Consigning most her power to the daughter,
Content to come in with a counter-blast
When the fair maiden hinted that she'd ought to.

'Twas in Madrid where lived the pleasant three,
And in Madrid there lived a young man timid—
So bashful that the artist could not see
The young man's eyes when he the young man limned.

This bashful young man by decree of fate
Became enamoured of the shrewish daughter;
The father solemn looked: "Ere 'tis too late,"
Said he, "prefer a death in good *cold* water."

The youth replied, "Too late it is. I've seen
The lady and her playful ebullition.
Your daughter, sir, give me! I'm not so green
As you may think, nor lack I erudition."

"My daughter," quoth Don Crambo, white as snow,
"Is the prize daughter of her own prize mother.
I say no farther; but farther you should go.
Look on me! As I am, you'll be another."

"Not so," the bashful young man urged. "I'll try
My best to be unlike your own son's father.
But marry your fair daughter that will I,
By fair or other means,—the fair means, rather."

However the short wooing sped I may
Not here detail; suffice it that the maiden,
Tiring of her father's subdued way
And longing for new pastures husband-laden,

Accepted of the bashful young man's plea,
And named the happy day. The awe-struck father
Thought, "Well, he walks not blindly, and he'll see
The troublous bag of nettles love may gather."

And so the marriage was. The bridegroom sat
Alone with the fair bride whose wits were kindling
For the first wifely storm. With voice irate
The bashful young man with a frown undwindling,

Remembering Don Crambo's kind advice
To prefer cold rather than hot water,
Cried, "Water, ho!" in voice as cold as ice.
"Ho, and be blessed," returned her mother's daughter.

Unto the mastiff in the ante-room
Cried the young man, "Ho, water!—fetch cold water!"
The dog, of course, fetched not. It sealed his doom—
His master ran, his sword unsheathed for slaughter,

Dispatched the beast with most unlooked-for ire,
Hacked at the corpse, and then, quite warm and bloody,
Resumed his seat beside the bride whose fire
Now might oceans heat. That understood he,

For in a warming voice he called unto
Her little lap-dog, "Fetch me, cur, cold water!"
Which being unfetched, he seized the dog and threw
It from the window, dead. The lady caught her

Breath. The bashful young man hotly glared
About him, saw his steed outside the portal;
"Cold water!" blared he, and the horse but stared,
When up then started that most bashful mortal,

And fell upon the courser, hacked and hewed;
The courser was a corse—of course, it would be,—
Resumed his seat beside the bride who shewed
A new restraint almost as much as should be.

On her the bashful young man cast his eye—
"Cold water!" roared he in a voice of thunder.
"With thanks, my lord," cried she all tremblingly,
And went and fetched it, too far gone to wonder.

And so 'twas every day for a full week.
Then came the father of the shrewish daughter,
Expecting a dead son-in-law, his cheek
Milky. He found the bride like milk and water.

The bridegroom was there too, and told the Don
How he the blissful change had soon effected—
"We'll be a happy couple yet, upon
My word," he said; "the fates have so elected."

Home hied Don Crambo, his old face aglow.
He found his wife quite boiling, ready for him.
He glared around; there munching grass below
Was the good steed that here and there e'er bore him.

"Cold water!" roared he, as his son-in-law
Had told him he had done. The horse unheeding,
He rushed upon it with his sword at draw,
And slew the patient beast that stood there feeding.

And then he felt a stinging box upon
His ear, 'twas followed quickly by another,
And there beside him was not the law's son,
But just the boiling son-in-law's wife's mother.

"Don't try that on with me," fumed she. "I am
Too used to you for novelties. The leather
Of the horse will make a cowhide. Make it, Cram!"
And so he did, remarking on the weather.

HIS MOTHER'S COOKING.—Lizzie M. Hadley.

He sat at the dinner table there,
With a discontented frown;
The potatoes and steak were underdone,
And the bread was baked too brown.
The pie too sour, the pudding too sweet,
And the roast was much too fat;
The soup so greasy, too, and salt,
'Twas hardly fit for the cat.

"I wish you could eat the bread and pies
I've seen my mother make;
They are something like, and 'twould do you good
Just to look at a loaf of her cake."
Said the smiling wife, "I'll improve with age;
Just now I'm but a beginner;
But your mother has come to visit us,
And to-day she cooked the dinner."

—*Good Housekeeping.*

SHALL BESS COME HAME?*—Fred Emerson Brooks.

[Copyright, 1887.]

"Pray tell me where ye've been sae lang, guid Nan,
Hae ye been aff to town withoot yer man?"

"Ah, John, and can ye ask where I hae been—
Where should a mither go but to her kin?"

"What, to the bairn that's gi'en o'er to ill—
How could ye bear to gang against my will?"

"By life-lang watch-care doth a mither earn
The right, nae matter where, to seek her bairn!"

"That's true, guid Nan, I hae nae fau't agin ye,
Except the ower-lovin' heart that's in ye;

"That takes ye oot o'doors to succor sin;
Wi' De'il ootside ye'd better stay within.

"A faither once forsaken by his ain—
His tender heart as quickly turns to stane;

"As ower the garden wa' I throw the weed,
I cast her forth nae matter how ye plead!"

"Yer stubborn mind, John, turns your heart to scorn—
Ye've thrown awa' the plant and left the thorn!

"Why, vices are but virtues playin' traitor;
Man but the tainted stamp o' his Creator!

"Was not the De'il an angel once himsel'?
Had he no played the traitor he'd na fell!

"'Mang those o'er-righteous Jews, Christ found not one
Who dared to raise the hand or cast a stone;

"Not only uncondemned but a' forgiv'n,
Was human frailty by the Lord o' heaven.

"Take hame the truth for ye can ill afford
To be more unforgivin' than your Lord;

"To shut the door o' mercy is na well,
Ye shut the door o' heaven agin yersel'!"

"Guid Nan, yer speeches mak' my heart full sair,
I do forgive, I pray ye say nae mair!"

*From "California Ballads, by Fred Emerson Brooks," and used here by special permission.

"To say ye will forgive and na forget,
Is holdin' mair than half yer anger yet.

"'Tis in the night wi' other senses still,
The heart will speak and speak without the will;

"I heard ye in yer sleep the ither night
A-talkin' what ye felt wi' a' yer might;

" Yer will had gane to sleep wi' bitter word;
Yer heart unguarded spake and this I heard:

"'Come back, my pretty bairn, where'er ye be—
Yer broken-hearted faither's callin' ye!

" Yer heart sobbed oot the truth yer will denied,
And spake wi' tears, for a' the night ye cried.

" Wi' that I sought the lass in yonder town,
Where that smooth city chap had set her down!

" Couldst see her, John, as soon I hope ye may,
Ye wouldna hae the heart to turn away;

"For on my neck the lass did sob and moan:
'O mither, mither, had I only known!

"'I didna know the things were wrong,' said she,
'The pleasing stranger sweetly said to me!'

" She sits and thinks, and weepin' wi' her thought,
Bewails a fault because she was untaught."

" To think, guid Nan, that we should raise a daughter
To gang amiss for a' that we hae taught her."

" The fault's our ain, dear John, we must admit;
To see a danger's half avoidin' it:

" We taught her what was right, but a' along
We never told the lass just what was wrong."

"Ah, Nan, that a' the preachers had yer skill
To bring sae muckle guid from every ill!

" Now look ye, wife, this makes me doubly sad:
She slighted Reuben, sic an honest lad!"

"Ah, John, he's kinder to yer bairn than you;
'Twas he that took me to her, he that knew;

" He ne'er gave ower searchin' a' aboot—
'Twas only love like his could search her oot."

"If that be true, and I doubt na the same,
Where'er she be our Bess sha' soon come hame!

"Why Nan, if Reuben love her as at first,
I fear the faither's heart wi' joy will burst."

"Ah, John, he loves her mair than I can tell,—
He's comin' noo to say as much himsel'!"

For Bess and Reuben had been waiting there
At open door behind the old man's chair.

"Ah, Reuben, Reuben, welcome, welcome boy!
Ye rob me o' my grief wi' double joy!

"I was intent upon the mither's talk,
And didna hear ye comin' up the walk;

"Or were ye standin' quiet there ootside,
To hear the mither pleadin' for yer bride?

"I know ye've come to ask me for my Bess—
Don't say me nay, 'twould leave her faitherless

"To rob me o' my joy—I couldna bear
To sink again into my old despair!

"How can an old man keep his will at a'
Wi' coaxin' wife and sic a son-in-law?

"For that I'll mak' ye 'fore anither day
And gie the lass nae chance to run away.

"But she'll na run away agin frae you—
One taste o' grief for sic as Bess will do!

"For a' the woe she'll better love the weal,
And truer be for havin' seen the De'il!

"I'll to the town and fetch the wanderin' one,
Then gie the farm and Bess for sic a son.

"When I hae brought her let nae tear be seen,
And speak nae censure for she comes forgi'en.

"Before I gang we'll pray the Lord above
To gie me back my ain,—my Bessie's love."

He closed his eyes as blue-bells close at ev'n,
And calmly raised his sunbrown face toward heaven

To plead more earnestly "wi' Him aboon,"
Or else to keep the tears from "tricklin' doon:"

"O Lord, forgive a faither a' his blame,
And let his Bess, his only bairn, come hame!"

The mother, kneeling, little minds his prayer,
And Reuben, too, on t'other side the chair;

They beckon Bess who listens at the door,
Her heart is full and she can wait no more;

Knowing her welcome, comes without their beck,
To put her arms around her father's neck;

And softly stealing in with step unheard,
With sweetest kiss on earth she stops his word!

Whereby her loving father knew her then,
Nor oped his eyes, nor stopped to say—"Amen!"

"God love thee! 'tis my Bess come back to me;
I darena look for fear it is na thee!

"And I'm sae full o' joy I dinna know
If I'm in heaven above or heaven below!—

"I'm wi' my angel and I dinna care—
Bess is come hame in answer to my prayer!"

A CASE OF PEDIGREE.

Have you heard of Mistress Whitby? 'Mong the ladies of the land
Who have beauty, youth and fortune she was born to take her stand.
She is comely, she is graceful, she is debonair and tall;
And her great-grandfather's portrait hangs in Independence Hall.

Mistress Whitby lives secluded. You would scarcely think that she,
With her simple, country manners, had a noble pedigree.
She is never seen in public, at reception or at ball;
Yet her great-grandfather's portrait hangs in Independence Hall.

Your great-grandfather, reader, with the bravest, maybe, fought
In the war for independence, and, unlucky dog, was shot;
He fought, while Mistress Whitby's only talked, yet, after all,
Her great-grandfather's portrait hangs in Independence Hall.

NO. 999.—EDWARD F. TURNER.

The above numerals do not represent the inscription on my front door, or my distinguishing mark at Portland, or an uncivil cabman whose card I have demanded—but my telephone number.

I was very proud of it at first. I had it printed on my note paper, I mentioned it to my friends, regarding the telephone as a splendid invention, and to me, personally, a mighty convenience and facility in business.

Mind, I don't say it is not so, even now. I only wish to remark that it is not an unmixed blessing, and that I am the dancing, running, groveling slave of that instrument from 9.30 a. m. to 6.30 p. m. You see there is no toying with it. When it begins to buzz, I have to go to it immediately if I don't want to be buzzed mad, because it won't stop till I do go; and whether I am writing something that needs all my little stock of brains, or am in the middle of a most confidential interview—it is all the same.

Imagine this sort of thing: I am giving advice in my most expressive tones; I say, "I have thought most anxiously over the matter, and, in my opinion, your best course will be—"

Buzz-zz-zz-zz-zz-zz-zz—

"Excuse me one moment while I just speak to some one at the telephone."

I go to the telephone, and find that it has been set in motion by my wife at the Civil Service Stores, in sheer wantonness of mischief and that she is sniggering at the other end as she asks me how I am. I dismiss her with a dignified rebuke, which loses some of its majesty because of my inability to make her appreciate the *tone* in which it is uttered, and resume:

"As I was about to say, I think your best course will be to write to Jones—"

Buzz-zz-zz-zz-zz-zz-zz—

"Pray forgive me for a minute,—I hear the telephone again."

I return to the instrument, and identify as the assailant, Brown, who asks me whether I shall be in at four. I tell him that I shall, and retrace my steps.

"I was just remarking that after very anxious consideration, I see nothing for it but a letter to Jones to the effect—"

Buzz-zz-zz-zz-zz-zz-zz—

"I must really apologize for the interruption, but there is some one else at the telephone."

I go back once more to the telephone and inquire who it is. "Are you No. 979?" "No, I am No. 999." "Then they've put me on the wrong number."

Once more I begin:

"As I just pointed out, the matter is an extremely anxious one, and I have felt great difficulty in coming to a conclusion, but on the whole—"

Buzz-zz-zz-zz-zz-zz-zz—

"I am really very sorry but there is somebody at the telephone again."

I am about to rise, but my visitor can stand it no longer, and fells me to the earth with his umbrella, in a passion. So I don't go to the telephone that time.

From various causes my telephone does not always render a conversation very distinctly. Sometimes the gentleman at the other end speaks too near to the instrument, in which case I hear sounds which seem to indicate that he is trying to swallow a baked potato at one mouthful. Sometimes he speaks too far from the instrument, in which case I hear nothing. Sometimes the wire gets in contact with another wire, and then I get a mixture of what my friend is saying to me, and some one else's friend is saying to him, and am left in uncertainty as to whether Robinson wishes to see me about an important matter of legal business, or is anxious to know my views on the subject of pig-iron or shirting.

I am not naturally selfish, but I could wish to keep my telephone a little more to myself. I don't mean that I want to talk at both ends; but that it is occasionally

put to irreverent use by young and frivolous persons associated with me. I can best illustrate this by another example.

I am pouring out stores of wisdom to a client, and he is hanging upon my every word.

"I base my conclusions upon three grounds: First—I think it is clear—"

At this point the preternaturally distinct voice of an articled clerk is heard at the telephone in the adjoining room: "Have you got three good Dress Circle seats in the front row for Thursday night?"

"I think it is clear—"

"Well then, can I have them for Tuesday?"

"Clear—"

"Are they in the middle?"

"I say quite clear—"

"Then why the dickens didn't you say so?"

Up to this point my visitor and I have listened to these remarks in a kind of stupor; but his face gradually assumes an expression of gentle reproach, as if to say—"I really was not aware that you kept a Box Office." I smile a sickly smile, and say, in faltering tones, that I rather think I hear a voice at the telephone. I leave the room, and when I get outside—well, I won't say what happens, because a man is presumed to be innocent until he is proved to be guilty, and they have never been able to bring home to me the death of the young articled clerk, who was last seen alive when he went to the telephone that day, though I have always been suspected.

The myrmidons whose duty it is to place me in communication, through the telephone, with other people, and other people with me, are evidently of opinion that brevity is the soul of wit, for they wax very impatient if my conversation is at all prolonged, and interpose frequently in the middle of it with the inquiry—"Have you finished?" to which I reply in tones of asperity, which increase with every repetition, "No!" The following

conveys some faint idea of how the interview might be taken down by a shorthand writer, if he were able to catch the words without distinguishing the voices:

"I wanted to tell you that I called on Souser yesterday, and he seemed quite willing to—Have you finished? No!—act with us; but he wished to be quite clear that we were at one with him, and he said—Have you finished? No!—he would put down his ideas in writing for our consideration; and I replied to this—Have you finished? No!—that it was a very good idea, and we would consider his memorandum carefully, and let him know as soon as possible whether it expressed our views, also, and he added—Have you finished? *No!*—that he should be quite willing to guarantee all expenses up to the limit of—Have you finished? NO!—but I assured him that we did not require this, and our anxiety was—Have you finished? NO!"

At this point I have grown purple with rage at the repeated interruptions; and the attendants on their side feel that I am presuming too far on their good nature. So they cut me off in my prime—telephonically—and Jones remains listening at the other end; but never another syllable does he hear, for the very sufficient reason that my telephone and his are no longer on speaking terms.

I should like, in conclusion, just to mention—I beg your pardon, but my telephone is buzzing furiously, and I really must go to it. I will be back in a few moments.

A RAJPUT NURSE.—EDWIN ARNOLD.

The great Rajput dynasty is said to have descended from the Sun himself. The Hindoo husband accepts the paternity of his child by receiving it, newborn, in his arms. The GADI, or seat is the name of an Indian throne. TULWARS are Indian sabres. BUCHA means little one.

"Whose tomb have they builded, Vittoo! under this tamarind tree,
With its door of the rose-veined marble, and white dome stately to see;

Was he holy Brahman, or Yogi, or chief of the Rajpût line,
Whose urn rests here by the river, in the shade of the beautiful shrine?"

"May it please you," quoth Vittoo, salaaming, "Protector of all the poor!
It was not for holy Brahman they carved that delicate door;
Nor for Yogi, nor Rajpût Rana, built they this gem of our land;
But to tell of a Rajpût woman, as long as the stones should stand.

"Her name was Môti, the pearl-name; 'twas far in the ancient times;
But her moon-like face and her teeth of pearl are sung of still in our rhymes;
And because she was young, and comely, and of good repute, and had laid
A babe in the arms of her husband, the palace-nurse she was made:

"For the sweet chief-queen of the Rana in Joudhpore city had died,
Leaving a motherless infant, the heir to that race of pride;
The heir of the peacock-banner, of the five-colored flag, of the throne
Which traces its record of glory from days when it ruled alone;

"From times when, forth from the sunlight, the first of our kings came down
And had the earth for his footstool, and wore the stars for his crown,
As all good Rajpûts have told us; so Môti was proud and true,
With the Prince of the land on her bosom, and her own brown baby too.

"And the Rajpût women will have it (I know not myself of these things)
As the two babes lay on her lap there, her lord's and the Joudhpore King's,
So loyal was the blood of her body, so fast the faith of her heart,
It passed to her new-born infant, who took of her trust its part.

"He would not suck of the breast-milk till the Prince had drunken his fill;
He would not sleep to the cradle-song till the Prince was lulled and still;

And he lay at night with his small arms clasped round the Rana's child,
As if those hands like the rose-leaf could shelter from treason wild.

"For treason was wild in the country, and villainous men had sought
The life of the heir of the gadi, to the palace in secret brought;
With bribes to the base, and with knife-thrusts for the faithful, they made their way
Through the line of the guards, and the gateways, to the hall where the women lay.

"There Môti, the foster-mother, sat singing the children to rest,
Her baby at play on her crossed knees, and the King's son held to her breast;
And the dark slave-maidens around her beat low on the cymbal's skin,
Keeping the time of her soft song—when—sudden—there hurried in

"A breathless watcher, who whispered, with horror in eyes and face:
'Oh! Môti! men come to murder my Lord, the Prince in this place!
They have bought the help of the gate-guards, or slaughtered them unawares,
Hark! that is the noise of their tulwars, the clatter upon the stairs!'

"For one breath she caught her baby from her lap to her heart, and let
The King's child sink from her nipple, with lips still clinging and wet,
Then tore from the Prince his head-cloth, and the putta of pearls from his waist,
And bound the belt on her infant, and the cap on his brows, in haste;

"And laid her own dear offspring, her flesh and blood, on the floor,
With the girdle of pearls around him, and the cap that the King's son wore;
While close to her heart, which was breaking, she folded the Râja's joy,
And—even as the murderers lifted the purdah—she fled with his boy.

"But there (so they deemed) in his jewels, lay the Chota Rana, the heir;
'The cow with two calves has escaped us,' cried one, 'it is right and fair

She should save her own butcha; no matter; the edge of the dagger ends
This spark of Lord Raghoba's sunlight; stab thrice and four times, O friends!'

"And the Rajpût women will have it (I know not if this can be so)
That Môti's son in the putta and golden cap cooed low,
When the sharp blades met in his small heart, with never one moan or wince,
But died with a babe's light laughter, because he died for his Prince.

"Thereby did that Rajpût mother preserve the line of our Kings."
"Oh! Vittoo," I said, "but they gave her much gold and beautiful things,
And garments, and land for her people, and a home in the Palace! May be
She had grown to love that Princeling even more than the child on her knee."

"May it please the Presence!" quoth Vittoo, "it seemed not so! they gave
The gold and the garments and jewels, as much as the proudest would have;
But the same night deep in her true heart she buried a knife, and smiled,
Saying this: 'I have saved my Rana! I must go to suckle my child!'".

HER WEDDING.

I kissed the bride; while the other men
Uncertain stood as if in doubt
Whether my act to imitate or—go without.
As playmate, friend and lover, I
Had worshiped at her shrine, and now
I stood a witness of her pledge and marriage vow.
Others had loved her, too; not I
Alone had found her fair; but she
Could love and wed but one—and so you see,
The rivals heard the dainty lips
We longed to press, with solemn voice,
Pronounce the name of him who was her sweetheart's choice.
I kissed the bride; a happy man
And proud; the proudest in that room,
I ween, and that with reason. Was I not the groom?

QUEEN VASHTI.—T. DeWitt Talmage.

We stand amid the palaces of Shushan. The pinnacles are aflame with the morning light. The columns rise festooned and wreathed, the wealth of empires flashing from the grooves; the ceilings adorned with images of bird and beast, and scenes of prowess and conquest. The walls are hung with shields, and emblazoned until it seems that the whole round of splendors is exhausted. Each arch is a mighty leap of architectural achievement,—golden stars, shining down on glowing arabesque; hangings of embroidered work, in which mingle the blueness of the sky, the greenness of the grass and the whiteness of the sea foam; tapestries hung on silver rings, wedding together the pillars of marble. Pavilions reach out in every direction,—these for repose, filled with luxuriant couches, in which weary limbs sink until all fatigue is submerged; these for carousal, where kings drink down a kingdom at one swallow.

Amazing spectacle! Light of silver dripping down over stairs of ivory on shields of gold; floors of stained marble, sunset red and night black, and inlaid with gleaming pearl. Why, it seems as if a heavenly vision of amethyst, and jacinth, and topaz, and chrysoprasus had descended and alighted upon Shushan. It seems as if a billow of celestial glory had dashed clear over heaven's battlements upon this metropolis of Persia.

In connection with this palace there is a garden, where the mighty men of foreign lands are seated at a banquet. Under the spread of oak, and linden, and acacia, the tables are arranged. The breath of honeysuckle and frankincense fills the air. Fountains leap up into the light, the spray struck through with rainbows falling in crystalline baptism upon flowering shrubs—then rolling down through channels of marble, and widening out here and there into pools swirling with the finny tribes of foreign aquariums, bordered with scarlet anemones, hy-

pericums, and many colored ranunculus; meats of rarest bird and beast smoking up amid wreaths of aromatics; the vases filled with apricots and almonds; the basket piled up with apricots, and dates, and figs, and oranges, and pomegranates; melons tastefully twined with leaves of acacia; the bright waters of Eulæus filling the urns, and sweating outside the rim in flashing beads amid the traceries; wine from the royal vats of Ispahan and Shiraz, in bottles of tinged shell, and lily shaped cups of silver, and flagons and tankards of solid gold.

The music rises higher, and the revelry breaks out into wilder transport, and the wine has flushed the cheek and touched the brain, and louder than all other voices are the hiccough of the inebriates, the gabble of fools, and the song of the drunkards.

In another part of the palace Queen Vashti is entertaining the princesses of Persia at a banquet. Drunken Ahasuerus says to his servants: "Go out and fetch Vashti from that banquet with the women, and bring her to this banquet with the men, and let me display her beauty." The servants immediately start to obey the king's command, but there was a rule in Oriental society that no woman might appear in public without having her face veiled. Yet here was a mandate that no one dare dispute, demanding that Vashti come in unveiled before the multitude. However, there was in Vashti's soul a principle more regal than Ahasuerus, more brilliant than the gold of Shushan, of more wealth than the revenue of Persia, which commanded her to disobey the order of the King; and so all the righteousness and holiness and modesty of her nature rises up into one sublime refusal. She says: "I will not go into the banquet unveiled." Of course, Ahasuerus was infuriated; and Vashti, robbed of her position and her estate, is driven forth in poverty and ruin to suffer the scorn of a nation, and yet to receive the applause of after generations, who shall rise up to admire this martyr to kingly insolence.

The last vestige of that feast is gone; the last garland has faded; the last arch has fallen; the last tankard has been destroyed, and Shushan is a ruin; but as long as the world stands there will be multitudes of men and women, familiar with the Bible, who will come into this picture-gallery of God and admire the divine portrait of Vashti, the Queen; Vashti, the veiled; Vashti, the sacrifice; Vashti, the silent.

A VISIT TO HADES.*—Stockton Bates.

As dozing I sat in my chair by the fire,
The flames, in forked jets, leaping higher and higher
In garrulous converse, while chill blew the blast,
I found myself sinking to slumber at last—
When, lo! from the blaze that went hopping about,
A red devil came, with a whoop and a shout,
And grinning, addressed me with such an odd leer,
I could not help laughing in spite of my fear.

"O ho! my fine fellow, at you I am winking;
I'll drink to your health, if you please, without shrinking,
And then, as you seem quite disposed to be civil,
I'll show you to Hades, the realm of the devil."
Thus speaking, he emptied my glass with a jerk,
And said: "Now, my boy, we are ready for work."
In less than a wink
I felt myself sink,—
Sink out of the atmosphere into the earth,
And heard the red devil's uproarious mirth;
And when my affright and my awful surprise
Permitted me slowly to open my eyes,
I found myself seated in Charon's old boat,
That seemed on a lake of dark fluid to float.
Around me the sounds of laborious toil,
Of dire confusion and endless turmoil,
In echoes re-echoed, unceasingly rung
From the walls of the cave with stalactites o'erhung.
My chaperon laughed with a hearty delight
To see me astonished at such a grand sight,
And said: "You observe, it's a pretty fine place,
Though somewhat too hot for a warm-blooded race;

*From "Dream Life and other Poems," by permission.

We always employ this Cyclopean force,
Who hammer and scream till they make themselves hoarse;
And yonder you see the result of their toil;
That black bank is coal, and this lake is coal oil.
Now, all the old sinners
And evil beginners
Who worry the world
To this place are hurled
When they, out of breath,
Surrender to Death.
We seize each arrival and transform his soul
Into oil, anthracite and bituminous coal;
While good beings' souls are (at least I am told)
Transformed into nuggets of silver and gold.
This oil that we make, your companions of earth
Discovered to be of some value and worth;
And likewise the coal is exhumed from the mine,
And now takes the place of the hemlock and pine,
And burns in the homes of the rich and the poor,
The palace, the mansion, or cot on the moor.
There is a large class of your friends and relations,
Of every gradation from high to low stations,
Who'll argue until you are black in the face,
That Hades is a mythological place—
That those who are guilty of crime or of strife
Receive all their punishment during this life;
You see how absurd is this singular notion—"
Just here a confused and exciting commotion
Cut short his harangue; then I heard a fierce shout,
And saw through the smoke the red fiends run about;
Then I felt myself seized, swiftly hurried along,
Through a smeared-visaged, yelling, and turbulent throng,
Until a cool breeze fanned my feverish face,
And I found myself out of that horrible place—
When, lo! I was told that a coal from my grate
Had like to have ended my rhymes and my fate.

THE STORY OF REBEKAH.—Thos. M. Armstrong.

The hand of time was heavy on the brow
Of Abraham, for he had walked with God
Full many years, and been in all things blessed;
Still was he not prepared to lay the frail

Remnant of his life down at the feet of
Him he worshiped, and with his loved Sarah
Repose his ashes in the tomb of Hebron,
For yet his son, the child of his old age,
The given, and restored of God,
Was wifeless and alone.

Then called he to his side the tried servant
Of his house and said: "Put thou thy hand
Beneath thy thigh, and I will make thee swear
Thou wilt not take a wife unto my son
Among the daughters of the Canaanites,
But from that country that was once—is still—
Mine own, and from among my kindred, where
In my father's house my happy youth was passed,
There shalt thou take a wife unto my son.
Go! The Angel of the Lord will go before
And prosper thee."

'Twas eve in Syria, and the city's wall
Was bathed in floods of radiant glory.
Midst the sweet sounds of the declining day
Was girlish laughter and the shepherds' call
To the returning flocks; and ancient story
Tells 'twas the hour when maidens wend their way
Unto the neighboring wells—the city's daughters—
And in short respite from the sun-scorched day
Pass merrily an idle hour away,
And fill their pitchers from the deep, cool waters.

Without the city gates, their shaggy knees
In grateful contact with the cooling sand,
Were grouped at sunset ten kneeling camels.
Their long enduring thirst yet unappeased,
They patiently await the slow command
To free their burdens and unloose their trammels.
While heeding not their needs, their leader stood,
The faithful servitor of Abraham,
And thus with fervor prayed the reverent man
To Abraham's God, the promise to make good:
"Behold me at the well; turn not away
Thy face, for thou hast led me to its brink.
Now be thou still my guide; may it please thee
That to the damsel unto whom I say
'Pray set thy pitcher down, that I may drink,'
And who shall answer 'Drink, and it shall be

My task to feed thy camels too,' may she
The woman be, appointed to thy servant.
Grant this response to my petition fervent,
So shall the maid be Isaac's destiny."

And ere the words were spoken in his heart,
Behold! a damsel from the gate came out:
Rebekah, Bethuel's virgin daughter,
And she was very fair. He stood apart
Until she filled her pitcher; then, in doubt,
He said, "Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water."
The maiden lowered the pitcher to her hand
And hasted, saying, "Drink, my lord; I will
Draw more until thy camels have their fill;"
Then filled the trough, refreshing all his band.
And the man, wondering at her, held his peace
Until the caravan was given water,
Then said, "I pray thee tell me who is thy sire?"
For yet he knew not if his search should cease;
And she said, answering him, "I am the daughter
Of Bethuel, son to Nahor." Nigher
To her he drew, and bending to the sod,
The fair descendant hailed of Abraham's line
As Isaac's wife. He saw the hand divine
And bowing down his head, he worshiped God.

And her people blessed Rebekah, saying,
"Thou art our sister. Be thou the mother
Of many millions!" And she arose, she
And her damsels, and rode upon the camels.
And she went forth from among her kindred
And from her country, pre-ordained of God
To become the mother of nations.

THE THREE TREES.*—Ellen Murray.

[*A Picture of a Garden.*]

First voice.—There stands a tree.
Second voice.— What tree?
Third voice.— A strange, strange tree,
The tree of knowledge, beautiful but weird,
With leaves that are not leaves, with flowers that show
New lights; with strange bright fruits that tempt the lips,

*Written expressly for this Collection.

Forbidden fruits, who tastes shall know of good,
By loss—of sin, by pain.
O mother Eve!
O tempted Adam! turning from the tree,
Leave Paradise. The desert dark and drear
Is now your home. Your troubled children cry:
"Alas! the fateful tree."

[*A Large Cross.*]

First voice.—There stands a tree.
Second voice.— What tree? That cross a tree?
Third voice.—A tree! it has no leaves, no boughs, no root;
Stiff, straight, with arms outstretched from east to west;
It has no beauty that we should desire,
And yet—and yet—'tis God's best gift to man,
The sign of Love that died to save the lost;
Worshiped with Christmas bells, lit up by rays
Of Easter suns. The earth, erewhile a den,
Where men, like wild beasts ravened, tore and killed,
Is now a home, where hand in hand, men help
Each other back to Paradise. O Cross! O holy Tree!

First voice (pointing upwards).—
There stands a tree.
Second voice.— What tree?
First voice.— The tree of life.
Second voice.—A blessed tree!
First voice.— Not *one*, nay—many trees,
Standing beside the river fair of life,
Unfading, beautiful, wide bough with bough,
Green leaf with greener leaf. No hot sun burns,
No frost shall wither them,—and, oh! the fruit!
The golden fruit, the rose red fruit, the fruit
Blushing with sweetness. To the lifted hand,
Mellow and ripe, they hang. O blessed tree
Of Paradise.

THE RAREST PEARL.—S. F. Fiester.

I met a youth whose brow was sad,
For searching many days he'd been
To find a pearl called gratitude,
Which by kind deeds he'd tried to win.
But searching long and finding not,
His heart grown weary, faint and sore,

He turned unto the Book of Life
And found and read the story o'er
Of lepers ten whom Christ had cleansed,—
A boon of priceless worth to them,
Which changed their darkness into light,
Restored them to their fellow men;
And yet of whom but one returned
To thank their Lord and Master good,
And bring the gift so nobly earned,
That gift so rare, called gratitude.

I met a man, yet something seemed
Familiar in his form and face,
And gazing long, like light it gleamed
Across my mind the time and place
When he a youth, with saddened mien,
Was looking for the pearl so rare
Which only in the heart is found,
And found so seldom even there.
Eager to know, I turned to ask,
If yet his search might ended be;
A cloud encompassed round his brow,
He stretched his hands out toward the sea
And said, "The waves still cry for more,
Though all the rivers to them flow;
They drain pure water from the shore,
Yet naught but brine will they bestow."

I met a pilgrim, old and gray,
Whose head was bowed, whose step was slow,
Yet something in his gaze around
Reminded me of long ago.
"O pilgrim," said I then to him,
The while my heart beat in suspense,
Knowing if he should fail me now,
Useless for me to ask from hence,
"Canst thou the question answer then,
Whose answer thou so long hast sought,
Where gratitude for kindness given
Is felt, and envy cometh not?"
He raised his eyes toward heaven's dome,
As if to pierce the vaulted skies,
And said, "O man, 'tis God alone
Will pay thy price for sacrifice."

THE VILLAGE SCARE*.—S. JENNIE SMITH.

A HOME PLAY IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

MR. MERCHANT, a jeweler.	MRS. GRANT.
MR. WOODS, his partner.	ALICE GRANT, her daughter.
JOHN MERCHANT, Mr. M's son.	LITTLE EDNA GRANT.
MR. GOSSIP.	MRS. GOSSIP.
SQUIRE NERVOUS.	MISS GABBLER.
DR. FUNNY, well-named.	MISS OLEMAID.

Board of health (six members), small boys, dressed like men.
Two Police officers, other boys, etc.

SCENE.—*Sort of open country depot for stage. The stage may be seen or not, according to convenience. Sign, in large letters, GUMPTOWN STAGE DEPOT.*

SQUIRE NERVOUS. Good morning to you all. Have any of you heard why John Merchant left the village so suddenly?

MR. GOSSIP. Good mornin', Squire; can't say as I have, now. But I should be glad to hear something about it. I thought it was very strange what had become of him.

SQUIRE. I shouldn't have known anything about it, and so, of course, should have run right into danger if I hadn't overheard Mr. Merchant talking to his partner. I mistrusted that something was wrong; but never dreamed of this. It ought to have been published. It is outrageous!

MISS OLEMAID. Well, Squire, what is it? Be we in any danger now, and if we be, how kin we git out of it?

SQUIRE. That's just the question—how can we get out of it? How can we escape the consequences of the risk we have run? The most prudent course is to consult Dr. Funny.

MRS. GOSSIP. Squire Nervous, what under the canopy is it all about, anyhow?

SQUIRE. Haven't I told you? Why, that's singular, I thought I had mentioned it. John Merchant has gone away with the *worst kind of small-pox.*

ALL (*screaming*). The small-pox! Oh—h—h—h!

MISS GABBLER. What shall we do? I'm enermost frightened to death.

MISS OLEMAID. So be I.

SQUIRE. And I've been all upset ever since I heard it. To think they would keep their store down there open all this time, and everybody going there, risking their lives.

*Copyright, 1888.

MR. GOSSIP. We'll have to consult Dr. Funny, and get vaccinated.

MISS OLEMAID. I'll git waccinated too. Dear! dear! it's a wonder we ben't all in our coffins without knowin' it.

SQUIRE. I'm going to see the doctor at once. [*Exit.*

MRS. GOSSIP. Well, for the land's sake, who'd have thought it? Small-pox down there, just where we were going. Only waiting for the stage to take us. The man ought to be persecuted.

MISS OLEMAID. Certaintly he oughter.

MISS GABBLER. It's solemn, too, to think of that young man goin' to his death, and him so wild.

MR. GOSSIP. Yes, you may well say wild,—totally unprepared for the final event which will meet him. Why, do you know, Miss Gabbler, his own father wouldn't take him into partnership because he could not trust him.

MISS GABBLER. Yes; so I've hearn.

MISS OLEMAID. I've often wondered that Mrs. Grant, so perticerler as she is, too, should allow him to go a-courtin' Alice.

MRS. GOSSIP. P'r'aps she don't know it. P'r'aps they do their courtin' more out of doors than in.

MISS GABBLER. P'r'aps they do; but I guess Mrs. Grant wouldn't mind it, anyhow. The old man's got lots of money, you know.

Enter Mrs. Grant, Alice, and little Edna.

MRS GRANT. Good morning, ladies. Can you tell me how often these stages are supposed to run to the village now?

MISS GABBLER. They do say every half hour; but I think they double the time to give us good measure. Ten cents a ride, with the privilege of waitin' an hour. Have you hearn tell, Mrs. Grant, why John Merchant left the willage all on a suddent?

MRS. GRANT. I did not even know that he had gone.

MISS GABBLER. Well, he has, and for the startlin' reason that he's got the small-pox.

ALICE (*in a trembling tone*). Who told you this?

MISS OLEMAID. Squire Nervous. He hearn Mr. Merchant a-tellin' his pardner. Ain't it awful? The hull willage mout git it. I once heerd of a man that took the small-pox because he lived five miles from another man that had it.

MISS GABBLER. Yes; and I knowed a lady that took it because she shook hands with a man two years arter he got better. You can't be too perticerler.

MR. GOSSIP. No, indeed. My cousin's wife's aunt's sister-in-law caught it from a man who wrote to her three years after he got well. It's a dreadful disease; and, as Miss Gabbler says, we can't be too particular.

MRS. GOSSIP. That we can't. Now, we should have known about this disease when it first come on him. Then we could have taken precautions against it.

MRS. GRANT. Well, we were going to take the stage down to the store next to Merchant's; but, under the circumstances, I suppose it would be prudent to remain at home.

MISS GABBLER. Certainly—certainly, Mrs. Grant; don't be a-riskin' the lives of pretty Alice and sweet little Edna.

MR. GOSSIP. That's what I say. I wouldn't go near the village, even. We're in danger enough here, as it is. And now we had better go and get vaccinated.

MISS GABBLER. I think so, too.

MISS OLEMAID. So do I.

Exit Mr. and Mrs. Gossip, Misses Olemaid and Gabbler.

EDNA. Can't we go now, mamma, and buy a pitty dess?

MRS. GRANT. No, darling; it is hardly safe. We had better go home.

ALICE. Mamma, this is dreadful!

MRS. GRANT. Why, Alice, child, you are white as a sheet, and all of a tremble. I thought you had more sense than to let such talk frighten you. We have not been exposed to the disease.

ALICE. I am not frightened, mamma.

MRS. GRANT. Then, what is the matter?

ALICE. I was only thinking how terrible it is for poor John Merchant.

MRS. GRANT. Terrible, indeed, Alice; I pity him. But pity does not make me turn pale and tremble like this. Edna, pet, see those pretty flowers over there; run and pick mamma a nice big bunch. (*Exit Edna.*) Alice, darling, what is John Merchant to you?

ALICE. Nothing more than a friend, mamma; but we do not like to think of our friends being sent off with a loathsome disease, perhaps never to come back.

MRS. GRANT. As for that, we will hope for the best. I trust, my dear child, that you have not been giving your affections——

ALICE. I would hardly give my affections unasked to anybody.

MRS. GRANT. Then, he has not gone so far; thank God!

ALICE. And wherefore, mamma?

MRS. GRANT. Because he is not worthy of you, Alice. I have heard——

ALICE. You have heard false reports, which have been spread by the malicious gossips of this place. You have heard slanders, which have emanated from those who are jealous of his superiority. Oh! why will people believe stories that are created for the very sake of mischief? Let them bring me proof ere I will listen to one word against man, woman, or child. Gossip and slander are indeed making headway in this village when any one can say aught to the detriment of John Merchant. No better, nobler man ever existed.

MRS. GRANT (*aside*). Can this be friendship? (*To Alice.*) Be calm, child, and listen to me. Laying aside reports, there still remains the fact that his own father will not take him into partnership because he is so wild.

ALICE. Wild!

MRS. GRANT. Yes, wild. Doesn't it look strange to you that his father should take another young man as a partner, and keep his own son there only as a clerk?

ALICE. But he may have reasons for so doing which we cannot understand. Perhaps John does not like the business; or his father may have needed the money which Mr. Woods put into the business.

MRS. GRANT. Neither supposition is at all likely. Mr. Merchant is wealthy, and could, if John deserved it, give him a share of the business. And John does like it; indeed, he has repeatedly asked his father to take him into partnership, and has been refused.

ALICE. Mamma, that is mere gossip, and I don't believe it.

MRS. GRANT. There is no need of making further excuses for him. I see that his handsome face, polished manners, and intelligent conversation have made a deeper impression

on you than I care to——— (*Alice begins to cry.*) I do not mean to be harsh with you, my darling. There come those people again! It seems to me they have nothing to do but walk about the streets. Let us hurry away. I would not for the world have them see you in this state. Come, Edna, the bunch is large enough now.

Edna appears with a large bunch of wild flowers. Exit Mrs. Grant, Alice, and Edna. Enter Mr. and Mrs. Gossip, Misses Gabbler and Olemaid. All are carefully guarding one arm.

Mrs. Gossip. I am so thankful that Dr. Funny was ready to vaccinate us.

Miss Gabbler. So be I. But only for the small-pox case down to Conington he never would have had them quills.

Mr. Gossip. No, indeed. And now everybody is getting vaccinated. I think we had better stay out as much as possible in the fresh air, ladies. If we have run any risk, it will be better. Besides, we can tell everybody about it.

Enter three small boys, holding on to their arms.

Billy. Say, Johnny, did he hurt you much?

Johnny. Naw; it don't hurt.

Tommy. He hurt me awful. He scratched like anything.

Johnny. You fellers is sich babies. I'd jist as lieve be vaccinated ev'ry day if I could git a quarter for it. [*Exit boys.*

Mr. Gossip. So Johnny has been paid for his vaccination? No wonder it didn't hurt.

Enter Squire Nervous.

Squire (*excitedly*). Well, I suppose the Board of Health will take measures to arrest Mr. Merchant for violating the law by keeping his store open at such a time. I interviewed them, and they promised to attend to the matter at once.

Miss Gabbler. Did you? That was amazin' kind. No punishment would be too great for that man now, accordin' to my notion.

Squire. I should think not. Well, he will get his reward to-day, no doubt. I never saw such an angry Board of Health as ours was when I made known that man's treachery. And when our Board is angry you may look out for an eruption.

Miss Olemaid (*screaming*). Oh, my, there comes the stage! I wouldn't go near it for anything.

Miss Gabbler. Why not?

MISS OLEMAID. Because he's been in it; and there's no knowin'——

MISS GABBLER. That's so; there's no knowin'.

SQUIRE. I think it would be just as well to move on, and not be here when the stage arrives, considering that it has just come from the infected district.

They all hurry off in one direction. Stage arrives from the other. Enter Mr. Merchant.

MR. MERCHANT. I hope he will come to-day. I shall be so glad to have the business settled.

Enter Board of Health and two officers.

FIRST MEMBER. It did hurt a little, I must confess.

ALL (*laying their hands on one arm*). Yes.

SECOND MEMBER. What trouble he has caused us all.

THIRD MEMBER. Will we arrest him in the store?

FOURTH MEMBER. Yes, if we don't meet him on the way.

FIFTH MEMBER. Arrest is not punishment sufficient for him. He ought to be tarred and feathered on the spot.

SIXTH MEMBER. Or shot down like the dog that he is.

MR. MERCHANT (*coming forward*). Gentlemen!

They all turn, see Mr. Merchant, and utter exclamations of surprise. Then the Board of Health step back, as if afraid, and the officers collar him.

MR. MERCHANT. What does this mean?

FIRST OFFICER. It means that we arrest you for violating the laws of Gumptown.

MR. MERCHANT. What? How? What have I done?

SECOND OFFICER. You will find out when you get to jail.

The officers drag him away; the Board of Health cautiously follow. Enter John Merchant from opposite direction, looking flushed and tired, and carrying traveling bag.

JOHN MERCHANT. Well, I see that I have just missed the stage; but I will sit here and wait for the next one. I am too tired to walk further this morning. How delightful it is to get home again! And how I should like to see Alice now; but I had better go home first, and come up here afterward. The little darling! I wonder what she thinks of my long absence? Well, it will all be explained now. But, perhaps, after all, I am mistaken in thinking that she

loves me. Her kindness to me may be only the result of the great friendship which she feels for all Christians. However, I do not intend to be kept in suspense much longer. Having seen father, I shall return and learn from Alice what her feelings are toward me. Hello! there are some of my little friends! I wonder what can be the matter with their arms? They appear to be holding them as if in pain.

Enter three small boys, with one hand laid on their right arms.

JOHN MERCHANT. How do you do, boys?

FIRST BOY. Jiminy! look at him!

SECOND BOY. Cracky! let's run! [*Exit boys, screaming.*

JOHN MERCHANT. What can be the matter with the little fellows? One would suppose that I was some wild animal. Could I have changed so that they don't know me?

Enter Miss Gabbler and Miss Olemaid.

MISS OLEMAID. Yes; he said we had better walk about in the open air as much as possible, and I intend to do it. I have no special work to keep me in the house to-day. Howsomever, what is work in comparison with our health. We shouldn't oughter neglect that.

MISS GABBLER. Well, I should consider not.

JOHN MERCHANT (*rising*). Good morning, ladies.

MISS GABBLER. Oh, stay away!

MISS OLEMAID. Don't come near us!

JOHN MERCHNT (*still advancing*). What is the matter?

Exit ladies, screaming.

JOHN MERCHANT. I don't understand this. Why should these people run away from me? If I weren't so tired I'd pursue them, and find out. But, perhaps, then I would be arrested for annoying people in the street. Ah! here comes Squire Nervous. Maybe he can tell me.

Enter Squire.

JOHN MERCHANT. Good day, Squire. Can you inform——

SQUIRE. For goodness' sake, man, when did you arrive? Oh, don't come near me. I beg—I entreat. [*Exit suddenly.*

JOHN MERCHANT. "Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us to see oursels as others see us." Can it be that I have suddenly taken another form? Or do they imagine that I have gone crazy? At any rate, it is growing painfully strange.

the manner in which everybody avoids me. Ah, here come the Gossips! I wonder if they, too, have the runaway fever? I will try them.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Gossip.

JOHN MERCHANT. Mr. Gossip, do you ——

MRS. GOSSIP. Gracious! there he is now!

MR. GOSSIP. In the name of pity, don't come near us.

JOHN MERCHANT. But tell me ——

MR. GOSSIP. No, no, no; how dare you come back so soon?

Exit Mr. and Mrs. Gossip.

JOHN MERCHANT. No, no, no; how dare I come back so soon? Why, it's growing worse and worse. People run away from me as if I were a wild animal; and one man asks me how dare I come back so soon. Why it should be any of his business when I come or go I cannot imagine. And how he dare address me in that peremptory manner is something beyond my comprehension. Perhaps, after all, I'm crazy, and don't know it. Well, I will settle the matter. I'll collar the next individual who comes along, and insist on knowing the truth. I won't speak, either, until I have him secure in my grasp. I'll hide behind this tree, and wait for the victim. [*Exit.*

Enter Alice and Edna.

JOHN MERCHANT (*springing forward, and grasping her hand*). Alice, I am so glad!

ALICE. O John! is it you? Please go away.

JOHN MERCHANT. What! you turned against me, too? Alice, what does it all mean?

ALICE (*trying to free herself*). I wouldn't care for myself, John; I am so glad you have lived through it; but think of, little Edna; suppose she should catch it. Run home, dear, just as fast as you can. [*Exit Edna.*

JOHN MERCHANT. I entreat you to tell me what this means. What is there for Edna or any body else to catch?

ALICE. Why, haven't you had the small-pox?

JOHN MERCHANT. *The small-pox? No.*

ALICE. Then I am so glad!

JOHN MERCHANT. Are you? Then I am glad because you are. But tell me, what put that monstrous idea into your head. Did it emanate from Mr. or Mrs. Gossip?

ALICE. Not exactly from either; though it was from one of them I heard it. They say that Squire Nervous heard your father telling his partner that you had gone away with the small-pox.

JOHN MERCHANT. What a singular mistake. I can't conceive how the Squire could have made it. But now I understand the actions of the people whom I have met to-day. Everybody who came here stared at me, and then fled from my presence as if they feared I would annihilate them. They might have seen that I was not suffering from any such disease, if they had waited long enough. Do I look as if I had just recovered from the small-pox, little one?

ALICE. Your face is slightly red, John.

JOHN MERCHANT. Is it? That's from walking in the sun; and now, that I think of it, my friends and fellow-villagers seemed to be especially guarding one arm to-day. Can it be possible that a general vaccination has been going on?

ALICE. Exactly. Every one who was not vaccinated when that report came from Conington, had it done to-day. It was ludicrous to see so many going around with one sleeve hanging loose.

JOHN MERCHANT. I should think so. But to return to the reason of my absence. I owe you an apology for going off in that way, and saying nothing about it. I intended to call this evening, and explain. For a long time I have been very anxious to buy out Mr. Woods' share of my father's business. He became one of the firm when I was away; and father did not suppose at that time that I would care to settle here. Indeed, I really had no such intention until I met a little fairy, who shed such a glow of joy and peace over all things here, that I longed to dwell in the place forever. When I asked Mr. Woods to give up his share to me, he positively refused, and an agreement had been made to have only two in the firm. However, he has lately concluded to turn his attention to another business, and offered to sell his share to me. Then he went to Briscoe to see his father, and I was to meet him there, and have a settlement. But as I was detained here a few days longer than I expected, he came back, stopping at several places on the way. In that manner we have been missing each other for the

last two weeks. But I managed to settle with his father, and to-morrow the business will be entirely completed, much to father's and my own satisfaction.

ALICE. I am delighted to hear that; for they say here you were so wild that your father would not take you into partnership.

JOHN MERCHANT. What will they say next? Well, I can guess how that originated. Father has always jokingly called me his wild boy, because he thought I was too quiet. Some one has heard of the pet name, and taken it for granted that I deserved it. But let us forget such trifles. I desire to speak on a subject that is of far greater importance to me. You must know what it is, little one (*placing his arm around her*). You must know who is the fairy that has made this place so beautiful to me. Don't you see that I love you, Alice, far better than any one else in this world?

ALICE (*freeing herself*). Oh, don't, John! mamma would be angry.

JOHN MERCHANT. But you shall not go until you tell me if you love me. We will consult mamma afterward.

ALICE. It is wrong ——

JOHN MERCHANT. If it were wrong I would not ask it. Nay, Alice, don't you think I have a right to an answer when I love you so devotedly?

Enter Mrs. Grant, unperceived.

JOHN MERCHANT. Come, Alice, won't you answer me? Do you love me?

ALICE (*in a low tone*). Yes.

JOHN MERCHANT (*kissing her*). God bless you!

MRS. GRANT. And God forgive you both. O Alice! you have almost broken my heart.

ALICE (*breaking from John, and throwing her arms around her mother*). O mamma!

JOHN MERCHANT. You need not be afraid of me, Mrs. Grant. I have not the small-pox. There has been some ridiculous mistake.

MRS. GRANT. But no mistake about your treachery, sir.

JOHN MERCHANT. Treachery? Is it treachery for me to love your daughter? Is it treachery for me to tell her so? Pardon me, Mrs. Grant, if I recall to your memory your own youthful days, when ——

MRS. GRANT (*indignantly*). My own youth! Who told you, sir, that my mother opposed my marriage?

JOHN MERCHANT. No one told me, Mrs. Grant. I did not even surmise such a thing. I was merely referring to the time when you were young, and loved as we do.

MRS. GRANT. Yes, yes; I see. I spoke too hastily. I have really told it all myself. (*Speaking sadly, and stroking Alice's hair.*) And does my little Alice really love this man?

JOHN MERCHANT. I know you do not esteem me very highly, Mrs. Grant; but I hope I may be able to convince you that I do not deserve the very low opinion which you entertain. Perhaps my father will tell you that I am not such a wild fellow as you imagine. I have just succeeded in buying out his partner ——

MRS. GRANT (*in surprise*). Have you?

JOHN MERCHANT. So you see that my father does trust me. But if that should be insufficient evidence that I am not a reprobate, here is a letter of introduction from the Rev. Mr. Garside to another gentleman, with whom I remained during my sojourn in Albany. You know Mr. Garside?

MRS. GRANT (*taking letter*). Yes, very well, indeed. He was our pastor in New York.

Mrs. G. reads letter. While she is doing so, John Merchant takes Alice's hand, and draws her to his side.

MRS. GRANT (*returning letter*). Mr. Merchant, I fear that I have wronged you deeply. Knowing Mr. Garside as well as I do, I cannot believe that he would have written in such high commendation of any one who was not in every way worthy. I am glad to be convinced of my error; and yet I must confess that with the feeling of gladness comes one of regret. Of course you cannot understand a mother's heart. With what a pang comes to us the truth that another has taken the first place in the affection of our children. But I sincerely ask your forgiveness.

JOHN MERCHANT. Let us not talk of forgiveness. Have we your consent?

MRS. GRANT. Has your father given his?

JOHN MERCHANT. He has.

MRS. GRANT. Then I will not withhold mine.

JOHN MERCHANT (*kissing Alice and Mrs. Grant*). Thank you; you have made me unspeakably happy.

Mr. Merchant rushes in, pursued by Board of Health, Dr. Funny and two officers; Mr. Woods and other characters following. The Board is frantically endeavoring to guard one arm and grasp Mr. Merchant's coat-tail at the same time.

MR. MERCHANT. It is false! (*Sees John.*) There's my son now. Do you see any evidence of small-pox about him?

JOHN MERCHANT. Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to inform you that I have not been a victim of that terrible disease, the small-pox.

DR. FUNNY. Then, who was insane enough to start such a wild story?

MISS OLEMAID. It's put a wonderful lot in your pocket, any how, doctor.

DR. FUNNY (*laughing*). That's so.

SQUIRE. Why, I heard Mr. Merchant telling his partner this morning that John had gone off with the small-pox.

MR. MERCHANT. Man, have you taken leave of your senses?

MR. WOODS (*coming forward*). Why, do you know to what this man refers? He overheard you telling me that John had gone away with that small box,—the box of jewelry, you know. He made a mistake in one letter, that was all. I noticed that he went off in a tremendous hurry.

MISS GABBLER. We have all been waccinated for nothin'!

MR. MERCHANT (*laughing heartily*). All been vaccinated!

THE VACCINATED ONES (*lifting up their arms*). Yes! Yes!

Mrs. Grant, Alice, Mr. Merchant, and John Merchant, retire to rear of stage, and converse in whispers.

FIRST MEMBER B. OF H. Well, I say that the fellow who led us this wild goose chase should be prosecuted.

MISS OLEMAID. Persecuted? Dear me, sirs!

SQUIRE (*uneasily*). Oh, don't!

SECOND MEMBER. He ought to be tarred and feathered.

SQUIRE (*still more uneasily*). Oh! Oh!

OFFICERS. Yes; tarred and feathered on the spot.

SQUIRE (*jumping up and down frantically*). I was only trying to do my duty.

MISS GABBLER. Wus and wus! Tarred and feathered! Dear, dear!

MR. MERCHANT (*coming forward*). Gentlemen, I have probally suffered as much as any of you on account of this

ridiculous mistake. But I think we ought to be magnanimous, and forgive the offender this time, on condition that he does not repeat the offence. And now, I have two announcements to make: *Firstly,* I have been so wild as to take my wild son into partnership with me; the firm now is J. Merchant & Son. *Secondly,* He is soon to take as a life-partner this sweet young lady, who has already won your love and admiration. We accept with pleasure your congratulations.

TABLEAU.

John Merchant, standing beside Alice, with his hand in hers. Mr. Merchant on her other side, his hand raised as if in blessing. Mrs. Grant smiling upon them. The Squire on his knees, at Mr. Merchant's feet. Board of Health standing in a line, trying to look dignified. Officers pouting. One small boy in rear, attemping to stand on his head. Other characters staring in astonishment at the happy couple.

[*Curtain falls.*

DISCOVERY OF SAN FRANCISCO BAY.*

RICHARD EDWARD WHITE.

Good Junipero the Padre
  Slowly read the King's commands,
In relation to the missions
  To be built in heathen lands.
And he said: "The good Saint Francis
  Surely has some little claim,
Yet I find that here no mission
  Is assigned unto his name."

Then the Visitador answered:
  "If the holy Francis care
For a mission to his honor
  Surely he will lead you there;
And it may be by the harbor
  That the Indian legends say
Lies by greenest hills surrounded
  To the north of Monterey."

Spoke Junipero the Padre:
  "It is not for me to tell

* From "The Cross of Monterey and other Poems," by permission. See "The Lost Galleon," on page 33; also, "The Midnight Mass," accompanied by a brief description of PADRE JUNIPERO SERRA, in No. 27 of this Series.

Of the truth of Indian legends,
Yet of this I know full well—
If there be such hidden harbor;
And our hope and trust we place
In the care of good Saint Francis,
He will guide us to the place."

Soon, the Governor Portala
Started northward, on his way
Overland, to rediscover
The lost port of Monterey.
Since the time within its waters
Viscaino anchor cast,
It remained unknown to Spaniards,
Though a century had passed.

On his journey went Portala
With his band of pioneers,
Padres, Indian guides, and soldiers,
And a train of muleteers;
And said Serra, as he blessed them,
As he wished them all Godspeed:
"Trust Saint Francis—he will guide you
In your direst hour of need."

On his journey went Portala
Till he reached the crescent bay,
But he dreamed not he was gazing
On the wished-for Monterey.*
So a cross on shore he planted,
And the ground about he blessed,
And then he and his companions
Northward went upon their quest.

On his journey went Portala
And his army northward on,
And methinks I see them marching,
Or in camp when day was done;
Or at night when stars were twinkling,
As that travel-weary band
By the log-fire's light would gather,
Telling of their far-off land.

And they told weird Indian legends,
Tales of Cortes, too, they told,
And of peaceful reign of Incas,
And of Montezuma's gold;

*The Cross is still standing, with this inscription: "First Mass held June 3, 1773."

And they sang, as weary exiles
Sing of home and vanished years,
Sweet, heart-treasured songs that always
Bring the dumb applause of tears.

When the day was sunk in ocean,
And the land around was dim,
On the tranquil air of midnight
Rose the sweet Franciscan hymn;
And when bugle told the dawning,
And the matin prayers were done,
On his journey went Portala
And his army northward on.

Far away they saw sierras,
Clothed with an eternal spring,
While at times the mighty ocean
In their path her spray would fling;
On amid such scenes they journeyed
Through the dreary wastes of sand,
Through ravines dark, deep, and narrow,
And through canons wild and grand.

And with what a thrill of pleasure,
All their toils and dangers through,
Gazed they on this scene of beauty
When it burst upon their view,
As Portala and his army,
Standing where I stand to-day,
Saw before them spread in beauty
Green-clad hills and noble bay.

Then the Governor Portala
Broke the spell of silence thus:
"To this place through Padre Serra
Hath Saint Francis guided us;
So the bay and all around it
For the Spanish King I claim;
And forever, in the future,
Let it bear Saint Francis' name."

Thus he spoke—and I am standing
On the self-same spot to-day,
And my eyes rest on the landscape
And the green hills, and the bay,
And upon Saint Francis' city,
As with youth and hope elate,

She is gazing toward the ocean,
Sitting by the Golden Gate.

Needless were such gifts as Heaven
Gave to holy seers of yore,
To foretell the meed of glory,
Fairest town, for thee in store!
To foretell the seat of empire
Here will be, nor far the day,
Where Balboa's sea doth mingle
With the waters of thy bay!

AN EASTER POEM.—MARION RICHE.

A night, a day, another night had passed
Since that strange day of sorrow and amaze
When, on the cruel cross of Calvary,
The pure and holy Son of man had died.
Scattered were they who once had followed him;
Silent the tongues that once had hailed him king;
Heavy the hearts that loved him as their Lord.

A few sad women who had followed close
When Joseph bore him from the cross away,
And saw the sepulcher made fast and sure,
Came early when the Sabbath day was past,
Bringing sweet spices to the sacred tomb;
And lo! the heavy stone was rolled away.
They looked within and saw the empty place,
And mournfully unto each other said,
"Where have they laid the body of our Lord?"

But as they drew with lingering steps away,
An angel, clad in shining garments, said,
"Why seek among the dead, the risen Lord?
Did he not say that he would rise again?
He is arisen, quickly go and tell
The great glad tidings to his followers."
With joyful haste they bore the wondrous news,
And on from lip to lip the story passed,
"The Lord is risen, risen from the dead."

So broke the morning of the gospel day;
So came the heavenly springtime to the world.
As in the trembling light of early dawn,
And in the first faint pulsings of the spring,

We read the promise of the day's high sun,
And the glad gathering of the harvest sheaves,
So in the dawning of that Easter morn,
There shone the brightness that was yet to be.

The day has risen to its noontide hour,
And still the joyful message is as sweet
As when, on Easter morning long ago,
The women told it in Jerusalem,—
"The Lord is risen, risen from the dead."
Repeat the message, O ye happy ones
Upon whose hearts no darkness ever fell!
Repeat it, ye upon whose rayless night,
The brightness of his shining has come in!
And ye who are afar, take the refrain,
"The Lord is risen, risen from the dead,"
And with the joyful news the light will come.

O lily white, yield all your, rich perfume!
O bird, sing ever sweet your vernal song!
O brook, glance brightly in the morning sun!
Lend all your charms to grace the hallowed day
Wherein we sing the ever-new, glad song,
"The Lord is risen, risen from the dead."

A HINT.

Our Daisy lay down
In her little night-gown,
And kissed me again and again,
On forehead and cheek,
On lips that would speak,
But found themselves shut to their gain.

Then foolish, absurd,
To utter a word,
I asked her the question so old,
That wife and that lover
Ask over and over,
As if they were surer when told.

There, close at her side,
"Do you love me?" I cried;
She lifted her golden-crowned head,
A puzzled surprise
Shone in her gray eyes—
"Why, that's why I kiss you!" she said.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.*—Eugene J. Hall.

An old wooden school-house, worn, battered and brown,
Still stands on a hill, in a New Hampshire town.
Its rafters are rotten, its floor is decayed,
The chinks in its ceiling by children were made;
Its benches are broken, its threshold is worn,
The maps on the walls are discolored and torn;
Its rickety desk, its tall, splint-bottomed chair,
And old-fashioned stove are all out of repair.
Forlorn and forsaken, and left to decay,
It stands on the hill-top, a ruin, to-day.

Here met, long ago, on one evening in seven,
The rustic wiseacres "o' district eleven,"
For social amusement and earnest debate
On questions of freedom, of finance, and state.
Here gathered the neighbors, all gayly together,
To talk of the times, of the crops, and the weather.
Here came the "old fogies," in coats of dark blue;
The matrons who whispered of things that they knew;
The bashful young boys, with their sleek shining hair;
The bright blushing girls, who they thought were so fair;
And many dark spinsters, forbidding and chill,
Who frowned at "those children, that wouldn't keep still."

'Twas Saturday night, and the weather was clear;
The sleigh-bells were ringing, delightful to hear;
The moonlight illumined the hollow below,
And glistened and gleamed on the "beautiful snow,"
While floated away, on the cold, frosty air,
The curling white smoke from the farm-houses there.

Before the old school-house, secured in a row,
The horses were pawing and tramping the snow.
A warm fire burned bright in the old-fashioned stove.
The light from the candles gleamed out through the grove.
The school-room was filled with "the pride o' the place,"
And pleasure was seen on each mirth-beaming face.
Squire Sollit was "chosen to sit in the chair;"
He walked to the desk with a dignified air,
And, fixing his eyes on the ceiling o'erhead,
He sat, for a time, thinking what should be said;

*From "Lyrics of Home-Land," by permission.

"The Debating Society" affords a wide scope for a character artist in amusing and entertaining an audience, but must be impersonated *well*, if undertaken at all, and should never be attempted by one without a genius for mimicry.

Then, placing one hand on his smooth-shaven chin,
He pushed back his chair and arose to begin:

"A-hem!"

The room had grown still, not a whisper was heard,
All listened to hear his first audible word:

"A-ha! a-hem!"

He quietly clasped his huge hands on his chest;
He twirled his thick thumbs o'er his black satin vest;
And, wagging his round, shining, comical head,
He drew a long breath and then solemnly said:

"A-ha! a-hem! Ladies an' Gentlemen an' Feller Citizens; a-ha! a-hem!"

A little girl giggled, a staid spinster frowned;
He suddenly stopped, and looked gravely around,
And then, quite confused, without purpose or plan,
He grasped the old desk, with both hands, and began:

"A-ha! a-hem! a-has I said afore, a-hem! Ladies an' Gentlemen an' Feller Citizens, a-ha! a-hem! we hev come together this evenin' fur the puppus o', a-ha! a-hem! or ruther fur the ostensible puppus o', a-hem! suppressin' the press, an' the, a-ha! a-hem! a-hevils o' the press w'ich is becomin' so, a-ha! a-hem! 'pressive.

"A-ha! ahem! Ladies an' Gentlemen an' Feller Citizens, the press, an' the, a-ha! a-hevils o' the press is *be*-comin' very, a-ha! a-hem, 'pressive—'pressive to, a-ha! a-hem! you an' 'pressive to, a-ha! a-hem! me; an', *there*-fore, 'tis to be *ho*-ped that you will take the best means o' suppressin' the, a-ha! a-hem! press an' the, a-ha! a-hevils o' the, a-ha! a-hem! press w'ich is *be*-comin' so, a-ha! a-hem! 'pressive.

"A-ha! a-hem! Ladies an' Gentlemen an' Feller Citizens, a-ha! a-havin' considered the subjec', a-ha! a-havin' giv' you my, a-ha! a-hull idees on't, a-ha! a-havin' showed the *ne*-cessity o' suppressin' the, a-ha! a-hem! press an' the, a-ha! a-hevils o' the, a-ha! a-hem! press, w'ich is be-comin' so 'pressive, I leave the, a-ha! a-hem! press an' the, a-ha! a-hevils o' the, a-ha! a-hem! press to the debate o' those ap'inted fur the, a-ha! a-hem! puppus.

He drew his silk handkerchief forth from his hat;
He wiped his moist features and downward he sat;

Forgetting his chair had been pushed to the wall,
He sank to the floor with a terrible fall.
The old school-house trembled, from rafter to sill.
Above the old desk, near his overturned seat,
Arose the great soles of his picturesque feet
Like haystacks, that stand on the brow of a hill.
He leaped to his feet, with a scratch on his nose,
And asked, in a quiet but crestfallen way:
"Hez nobody present got nothin' to say?"
Then modestly hushed the applause that arose.

Soon young Peter Plumsted attempted to speak;
His "accents" were low, and exceedingly weak;
He twisted his fingers, he shuffled his feet,
His plain, nervous features "turned red as a beet,"
He fastened his eyes on a crack in the floor,
He stood in confusion, a minute or more,
With quivering lips, and with shivering knees,
And faltered in fright "a few feeble idees."

"M-Mr. Chairman, I-I told ou-our folks ef they'd co-come to-to this me-meetin' to-to-night th-that I-I would speak to-to this me-meetin' to-to-night, an' so ou-our folks co-come to this me-meetin' to-night, an' ez I-I told ou-our folks that I-I would speak to-to this me-meetin' to-night, I-I am goin' to-to speak to-to this me-meetin' to-night. Ou-our folks is here to-to this meetin' to-night, an' other fo-folks is here to-to this meetin' to-to-night. Wh-what I wus goin' to-to say wus, that ou-our folks-a—what I wa-wanted to say wus that ou-our folks, a—with th-these f-few remarks I-I co-*coincide* with your views."

He might have said more, had not Solomon Creech,
Who stuttered and stammered sometimes in his speech,
Arose with a smile on his "rubicund face,"
And struggled to tell what he thought of the case.

"Mr. T-t-t-t-t.——Mr. T-t-t-t-t——Mr. T-t-t-t-t——W-w-w-why-Mr. T-t-t-t-t."

He sank to his seat with a look of dismay
The words would not come that he wanted to say.

A sturdy young farmer, with coarse tawny hair,
Arose to his feet, with a curious stare,
And, scratching the top of his ponderous head,
He turned to the chairman and earnestly said:

"I doant b'leeve in s'pressin' on the cider-press, coz ef I did, what 'ud I du with my appels. Hey? Ef we went to s'pressin' on the cider-press, what 'ud we du fur cider? Ef we didn't hev cider, what 'ud we du fur b'iled cider? Ef we didn't hev b'iled cider, what 'ud we do fur appel sass? Life 'thout appel sass ud be

'Ez like a schooner 'thout a sail,
Ez like a comet 'thout a tail;
Ez like a fiddle 'thout a bow,
Or like a winter 'thout a-a-a-snow.'"

Then old Deacon Barlow, who could not restrain
His thoughts on the subject, arose to explain:

"Neighbor Pettibone, we wa'nt a talkin' on the cider press, we wus a talkin' on the printin' press."

Then followed a pause of five minutes or more,
Till Israel Hubbard walked out on the floor.
He grasped the lapels of his ancient gray coat;
He soberly cleared his unmusical throat,
And, raising his voice to a high nasal key,
He made a great "pint" that nobody could see:

"Mis—ter Maw-derater, this ere suppressin' the press rayminds me o' the ten var-gins, who got an in-vite to a big wed-din' in the scrip-tur's. Five ware wise, an' five ware fu-lish. Five tuk ile an' five tuk no ile. An' the hull ten went an' sot down on a big stun by the bride-groom's door. Bime-by they looked up an' seen the wed-din' a-comin', an' the five that tuk ile riz up, lit a match, an' lit the'r lamps; but the five that tuk no ile did-n't get up, did-n't light a match, an' *did*-n't light the'r lamps; and then the five that tuk no ile sez to the five that tuk ile, 'Give us o' ile,' but the five that tuk ile sez to the five that tuk no ile, 'We shell not give thee eny ile, leastwise, we won't have eny ile fur ourselves.' My friends, if we go to suppressin' the printin' press *we* won't hav eny *light* fur ourselves."

Being moved by the spirit, a Quaker in gray,
With *two tones in his voice*, then proceeded to say:

"Yea, verily brethren; Yea, verily sisters; Yea, verily all an' each o' you, the spirit urgeth an' beseecheth me to say that there is a great deal o' human natur' in mankind, especially the wimmin."

The Quaker sat down, and old Ichabod Pease,
Exclaimed without rising, "*Them's solid idees!*"

While, back in a corner, a "greenhorn" from Goshen
Cried out to the Chairman, "I second the motion."
Squire Sollit looked puzzled, then frowned at his wife,
And rapped on the desk with his broken jackknife.

The room was soon silent. The chairman inquired
"Ef nobody else, who was present, desired
To make a few feeble remarks, or express
Some simple idees a-ha! a-hem, a-hon the press?"
A young man arose on the tips of his toes,
Who, gracefully wiping his aquiline nose,
Began in a mellow and woman-like tone,
To let the great question at issue alone:

"Mistah Speakah, sah. I suppose you ah not familyah with ouah ways in Boston, but we ah familyah with youah ways yah. What I have seen yah to-night cawys me back to the sunny houhs of childhood—would that I wah but a boy or a girl again. Many yahs ago I juced to sit on jondah little seat myself, when me little feet could scarcely touch the floah. I was vewy happy then. Am I happy now? Pon me honnah, I don't know—but would that I wah but a boy or girl again. Two little boys juced to attend these meetings togethah, in the sw-eet long ago; the appellation of one was John, the cognomen of the othah was Philandah. Now John was an exceedingly bad little boy, but Philandah (everybody loved little Philandah) was a vewy good little boy. After many yahs those two little boys gwew up to be men. John, as a mattah of coas, made a vewy bad man, and finally got into states'-pwison foah *stealing hams;* but Philandah, deah little Philandah, is now one of the most influential and wespectable citizens of Boston. Behold him yah; he stands befoah you; that good little boy was myself."

As soon as Philander had taken his seat,
Theophilus Tomlinson sprang to his feet.
Just home for vacation from old Dartmouth College,
With mind overflowing with classical knowledge;
He poured forth a flood of grandiloquent prose,
And brought the debate to a glorious close.

"Mr-r-r. Pr-r-resident, sir-r, fr-r-rom the immor-r-rtal time when our gl-or-r-rious Pil-gr-r-rim Father-r-rs br-r-rought the star-r-r-spangled banner-r-r to this countr-r-ry, sir-r-r, we have been a p-hatr-r-riotic nation. They pl-anted upon

the sacr-r-red soil of Massachusetts, sir-r-r, the fir-r-rst gr-r-reat pr-r-rinciples of lib-er-r-rty, sir-r-r. Who can look upon our-r-r beauteous banner-r-r without emotions of pr-r-ride and p-hatr-r-riotism, sir-r-r? Who can stand beneath its star-r-ry folds without a thr-r-rill of r-r-rapture and delight, sir-r-r? The gr-r-randest sensation of my soul is the inwar-r-rd consciousness of being an Amer-r-rican citizen, sir-r-r. I shar-r-re this gl-lor-r-rious feeling with ever-r-ry lover of liber-r-rty, sir-r-r. In union is str-r-rength, in str-r-rength is might, and in might is victor-r-ry, sir-r-r. Let for-r-reign foes who long to kill behold our-r-r banner-r-r, and be still. Let them per-r-rmit that incompar-r-rable bir-r-rd, the Amer-r-rican eagle, to per-r-rch for-r-rever, undistur-r-rbed, upon the r-r-rock-r-r-ribbed summits of her-r-r native hills. To r-r-rise, to descend, and, like the f-habled Ph-hœnix, r-r-rise again; to sweep fr-r-rom tor-r-rid gulf to fr-r-r-rozen sea, to b-hathe her-r-r br-r-reast within the b-hounding b-hillows of the br-r-road Atlantic, and westwar-r-rd, like the star-r-r of empire, take her-r-r way, until she dips her-r-r wings within the salt spr-r-rays of the p-honder-r-rous Pacific, to soar-r-r, sir-r-r—w-w-why, g-g-gentlemen, t-t-to soar, sir-r-r, t-till she gets so-sor-r-re, sir-r-r, that she is utter-r-rly unable to soar-r-r anymor-r-re, sir-r-r!"

He sank out of sight, and the Squire, with a sigh,
Said: "A-hem: this ere meetin's adjourned *sin-or-die.*"

Those simple old farmers have all passed away;
The children, who laughed, are now careworn and gray.
Yet still on the hill in that New Hampshire town,
The ruined old school-house stands battered and brown.
Forlorn and forsaken, and left to decay,
The old-fashioned school-room is vacant to-day.

WHAT I SAID.—Ellen Murray.

Written expressly for this Collection.

They said to me at the friendly board,
"Will you take a glass of wine?"
I said to them at the friendly board,
"No, thank you. These lips of mine
Are clean as the lotus lily's glow,
And I always mean to keep them so."

They said to me at the wedding feast,
"Will you take a little wine?"
I said to them at the wedding feast,
"No, thank you. These lips of mine
Are clean as the snow-drop's whitest snow;
For my part I mean to keep them so."

They said to me at the rum-hole door,
"Come, come, take a drink with me."
I said to them at the rum-hole door,
"No, no, for my lips shall be
As clean as is yonder fair white rose,
That far on the topmost lattice glows."

They said to me in the fever chill,
"Now a little whisky take."
I said to them in the fever chill,
"No, no, for my dear soul's sake.
My lips, once baptism-washed, shall be
As clean as the angels guarding me."

When the dark-winged angel Death shall stoop,
And say, "Wilt thou go with me?"
With clean lips I'll answer the angel Death,
"I'll fearlessly go with thee."
My cold lips, under the coffin hid,
Be clean as the flowers on its lid!

When op'ning my eyes in the pure fair home,
I see the Lord Jesus stand,
And hear his welcome—with clean, clean lips
He may let me touch His hand,
And say, "Be welcome, my faithful one
To all the glory my suffering won."

HOW THE KING LOST HIS CROWN.*—J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

The King's men, when he had slain the boar,
Strung him aloft on the fisher's oar,
And, two behind and two before,
In triumph bore him along the shore.
"An oar!" says the King: "'tis a trifle!—why
Did the fisher frown and the good wife sigh?"
"A trifle, sire?" was the Fool's reply:
"Then frown or laugh who will: for I,

*From "The Lost Earl." Copyright, 1888.

Who laugh at all and am only a clown,
Will never more laugh at trifles!"

A runner next day leaped down the sand,
And launched a skiff from the fisher's strand;
For he cried, "An army invades the land!
The passes are seized on either hand!
And I must carry my message straight
Across the lake to the castle gate!"
The castle he neared, but the waves were great,
The fanged rocks foamed like jaws of Fate;
And lacking an oar, the boat went down.
The Furies laugh at trifles!

The swimmer against the waves began
To strive, as a valiant swimmer can.
"Methinks," said the Fool, "'twere no bad plan
If succor were sent to the drowning man!"
To succor a periled pawn instead,
The monarch, moving his rook ahead,—
Bowed over the chessmen, white and red,—
Gave "Check!"—then looked on the lake and said,
"The boat is lost, and the man will drown!"
O King! beware of trifles!

To the lords and mirthful dames the bard
Was trolling his latest song; the guard
Were casting dice in the castle yard;
And the captains all were drinking hard.
Then came the chief of the halberdiers,
And told to the King's astounded ears:
"An army on every side appears!
An army with banners and bows and spears!
They have gained the wall and surprised the town!"
Our fates are woven of trifles!

The red usurper reached the throne;
The tidings over the realm were blown;
And, flying to alien lands alone
With a trusty few, the King made moan.
But long and loudly laughed the Clown:
"We broke the oar, and the boat went down,
And so the messenger chanced to drown:
The messenger lost, we lost the town;
And the loss of the town has cost a crown;
And all these things are trifles!"

ON THE PRAIRIE.—Robert C. V. Meyers.*

Written expressly for this Collection.

We was out there on the prairie,—wife, an' Jimmie, an' me;
All alone with the miles o' grass that was like a gilded sea,
All alone with the sky an' the wind, an' the noises that wasn't noise,
But jest like bits o' lovin' words ye ketch from a far-off voice.

Jim was sick; had been that way for three days—'bout as weak
As water; couldn't raise a hand; he didn't keer to speak;
We only knowed he was in pain by the spasm on his face
When the wagon pitched, or the sun grew hot, or a hoss jerked on a trace.

For three days all alone out there, wife, an' Jimmie, an' me,
An' 'twould be three more before we'd reach the settlement. An' we
Saw that Jim got worse an' worse. At first, wife she would smile,
An' say, "All childern has their spells; he'll pick up after 'while."

Then the smiles they kind o' dropped; she'd look down on him there
A-layin' on the wagon seat, with all his yellow hair
Streamin' out beside him, his blue eyes sort o' shet—
An' yet not quite shet either, as if he seen us yet.

Stiller an' stiller his sleep got, and oncet quick as a flash,
I remembered the time my mother died. That's all—'twas like a crash
O' thunder, nothin' more, but jest a thought from far an' wide
A-crowdin' on me—jest a thought o' the time that mother died.

I looked at Jim, wife looked at me—she come up close to me—
"I can't keep in no longer," she says. "Oh, must it be?
It does seem jest a little hard there aint no hand to save,
An' the grass out there seems almost glad 'twill hide a baby's grave."

Jest then the hosses give a lurch, an' Jim he give a groan.
Sal says, as bitter as bitter, "'Tis a journey we go alone,
No matter if young or old, Joe. Jim's journey is begun!
Stop the hosses; we'll get out here an' wait till it's all done."

*Author of "If I should die To-night," "The Sentinel of Metz," "Our Columbus," and other popular, recitations found in this Series. Mr. Meyers has also furnished some excellent Amateur Plays for the Dramatic Supplements, appended to the earlier Numbers.

So we got out o' the wagon, and we set there in the grass,
An' Jim crept in her arms—her eyes were like two bits o' glass.
Sudden she pushed Jim to me. "Take him," says she, "an' lay
Him careful up to your breast, Joe—Joe, I'm goin' to pray!"

We hadn't lived a prayin' life—I was called a fool
When I married "Torpedo Sal,"—she that had fought the dool,
And pinned her man. But that was now five years ago, an' more,
An' Jimmie, our little boy, he was a-goin' on to four.

In sort o' skeer I held our Jim, an' looked at Sal on her knees.
She looked up to the big blue sky. "Lord," says she, "you will please
Excuse a wicked creetur for comin' to you jest
Because she is about to lose somethin' she loves the best.

"Lord, was your mother lonesome the time that you was born?
That manger must a-made her feel a little bit forlorn.
I guess her heart would 'most a-broke if you had died before
You'd quite learned how to love her—jest a-goin' on to four.

"Lord, I aint fit to come to you, but you can come to me.
Come to Joe, an' Jimmie, and me, come to us poor three;
An' if when you go, there'll be left two where there was three before,
Prove it some way our Jim is went up to the shinin' shore!"

Then she turns round an' grabs up Jim, an' holds him to her heart—
"Look! Joe, look!" she says in a voice that give me such a start.
I looked—Jim's eyes was open,—they fairly seemed to glow;
"The shinin' shore," he says jest like his mother'd said, you know.
"An' look!" says Sal, a-pointin', "the manger an' the son!"
For the hosses was around us, an' they was a-lookin' on.

The air fell, an' a quiet that was almost like a song
Come over us; the evenin' star come out; an' all along
The top o' the grass a shiver went like it was touched an' bent
By the lightest feet that ever trod the earth. I own it sent
A feelin' through me. And there was Jim a-sayin', "The shinin' shore—"
A-smilin' like he was waitin' for somebody he loved more

Than even mother an' father; he smiled, he raised his hand—
An' the hosses looked, an' the grass bent down, an' the star
shone over the land,
An' the quiet an' the stillness was closer an' closer yet,
An' Jim riz right up in a way I never can forget,
An' held his hand as if he felt another hand in his;
An' then he put his lips up an' give his mother a kiss:
An' "Daddy!" he says. Sal she gasps, "It's Jesus!" Jim
he slid
Back in her arms. The wind come up, the hosses chafed,
Sal hid
Her face in Jimmie's yellow hair,—Jimmie, that had got still
An' white as the star above us, an' cold, an' limp, until
I knowed it was all over. I smoothed his mother's head.
My! how she was a-cryin'! "Jim, O Jim!" she said,
"You're gone, an' Jesus come for you—He heard my prayer;
before
This minute your two little white feet is treadin' the shinin'
shore.
There's only two where there used to be three—no, no,
there's four; there's you,
An' me, an' Joe, and Him that heard my prayer an' answered it true!"

BILL NYE ON HORNETS.

Last fall I desired to add to my rare collection a large hornet's nest. I had an embalmed tarantula and her porcelain-lined nest, and I desired to add to these the gray and airy house of the hornet. I procured one of the large size, after cold weather, and hung it in my cabinet by a string. I forgot about it until spring. When warm weather came something reminded me of it; I think it was a hornet. He jogged my memory in some way, and called my attention to it. Memory is not located where I thought it was. It seemed as though whenever he touched me he awakened a memory,—a warm memory, with a red place all around it.

Then some more hornets came, and began to rake up old personalities. I remember that one of them lit on my upper lip. He thought it was a rosebud. When he

went away it looked like a gladiolus bulb. I wrapped a wet sheet around it to take out the warmth and reduce the swelling, so that I could go through the folding doors, and tell my wife about it. Hornets lit all over me, and walked around on my person. I did not dare to scrape them off, because they were so sensitive. You have to be very guarded in your conduct toward a hornet.

I remember once while I was watching the busy little hornet gathering honey and June-bugs from the bosom of a rose, years ago, I stirred him up with a club, more as a practical joke than anything, and he came and lit in my sunny hair;—that was when I wore my own hair—and he walked around through my gleaming tresses quite a while, making tracks as large as a water-melon all over my head. If he hadn't run out of tracks my head would have looked like a load of summer squashes. I remember I had to thump my head against the smoke-house in order to smash him; and I had to comb him out with a fine comb, and wear a waste-paper basket two weeks for a hat. Much has been said of the hornet; but he has an odd, quaint way after all, that is forever new.

BUZZARD'S POINT.*—GEORGE M. VICKERS.

This Selection was awarded a Gold Medal prize at the Elocutionary Contest of the Mt. Vernon Institute of Elocution and Languages, Philadelphia, June 14, 1888.

Huge, fleecy clouds, like stately ships, drift by,
And in their wake come more to join the fleet
Now seeming anchored in the southern sky;
A hundred glassy pools reflect the sun,
For, save yon brook-like thread, the river bed
Is dry, and only sand and shale mark out
Where deep Ohio thunders to the sea.
Upon the rocky summit of a bluff
That juts far out from shore, two lovers sit
Beneath the shade of mingling beech and elm.
The man is young; the maid, almost a child;

*Copyright 1888, by GEO. M. VICKERS.

Yet in the eyes of both is seen the fire
Of holy love, true love, that only dies
With life—
Blue eyes and brown; hers blue, his brown.
And oh, how gloriously free their hair
Coquettes, streams off, now flutters back to kiss
Again; his chestnut dark to twine in sport
Amid her living gold. Blow on, fair breeze;
Sing sweet, chirp low, ye merry birds, for here
Two hearts make solitude of all the world
That lies beyond their rosy world of love.
A tree trunk forms the seat whereon they sit,
And vines and shrubs a perfect bower make
The place, so wild and yet so beautiful:
Below them, full a mile, a log hut stands;
The forest trees, like giant infantry
Up-drawn have formed a three-flanked hollow square
About the strip of clearing; further on
The river sweeps around a graceful bend
And hides its course amid the dense green leaves.
The lovers rise. He places on her head
The rough straw hat that so becomes her fair,
Sweet face, and then takes up his own broad felt
From off the ground. They stand and look afar
Among the drifting clouds. The birds chirp low;
Their plumage gay gleams bright, as flashing through
A patch of sunlight, swift they dart in glee.
How tame, how fearless in their native home.
See there, among the vines that twine that tree,
There, where his rifle rests! What kind of bird
Is that? Its plumes are gray; how slow it moves!
It glides away. Perhaps it may come back.
Strange bird. There, where his rifle rests—but see!
His rifle is not there, 'tis gone!
Whiz! Click!
And, as the tomahawk still trembles in
The tree, the startled lovers each spring back,
Then turn to see the scowling copper fiend
That clasps Ben Dowling's rifle in his hand.
No shriek escapes her firm-pressed lips, as calm,
Though deathly pale, the girl steps back a pace;
No sign of fear betrays her frozen heart:
She sees her lover slowly draw his knife,
Beholds the crouching savage raise the piece
To take delib'rate aim. A dash, a flash

Of fluttering white, and she has leaped and grasped
The rifle in her small brown hands.
With yell
Of rage the red man springs aside to shun
The lover's keen-edged blade, then whipping out
His own long knife, with horrid grin prepares
To meet his foe. The cunning dog keeps well
The lover in a line between himself
And that bright barrel resting on a branch;
For Mabel Earle is no mean shot, and with
Her finger on the trigger mutely bids
The painted wretch beware! A moment's pause,
And now the work begins. Thrust, guard, lunge, cut,
Now parry, clink! the sparks fly as their cold
Blades clash. The Indian advances quick,
A sudden stroke. "Lost! O my God, he's killed!"
Ben Dowling reels, the red stream trickles down
His face. "Kneel! Kneel! for life, stoop low!" The girl
Is ashen white. Clink! clink! more sparks. "O Ben,
My own, he's growing faint, he staggers—Oh!"
The savage strikes again. The lover falls.
A shot—"There, murderer!" The blue smoke veils
Her wet blue eyes—the red chief drops his knife,
He rallies, clutches at the air, spins round
And round, now nears the brink, is nearer still,
Still nearer, gone!
"Oh, speak to me," she cries,
As bending o'er her lover's form she wipes
The blood stains from his pallid face. "Oh, speak
To me, but tell me that you live! Ah, see!
He moves his lips! Thank Heaven he lives! His eyes
Unclose, he faintly smiles! Ha, hark!" "Ye ho!
Ye ho!" "Saved, saved!" and placing both her brown
Hands to her lips she answers back the cry,
"Ye ho! ye ho!" and swoons away.
They come,
Her father and a trapper friend. The thing
That first they see looks like a wounded bird,
A buzzard, hanging on a twig above
Them high; another glance and well they know
'Tis but the head-gear of an Indian,
Caught off as down he fell.
And thenceforth on,
Long after Ben and Mabel happy lived
And died, the place was known as Buzzard's Point.

THE COURT OF BERLIN.

In the grounds which surround the famous palace of Sans Souci, the favorite residence of Frederick the Great, stands an interesting relic, the historic windmill, which the king desired to purchase, that he might pull it down, and enlarge his gardens. But the sturdy old Dutch owner refused to sell, when the king brought suit against him, and was beaten. Years after, the miller met with reverses, and offered to sell, but the king immediately paid his debts, saying that the mill belonged to Prussian history, and should not be removed.

King Frederick, of Prussia, grew nervous and ill
When pacing his chamber one day,
Because of the sound of a crazy old mill
That clattered so over the way.

"Ho, miller!" cried he, "what sum shall you take
In lieu of that wretched old shell?
It angers my brain, and it keeps me awake."
Said the miller, "I want not to sell."

"But you must," said the king, in a passion for once.
"But I won't," said the man, in a heat.
"Gods! this to my face? Ye are daft, or a dunce—
We can raze your old mill with the street."

"Ay, true, my good sire, if such be your mood,"
Then answered the man with a grin;
"But never you'll move it the tenth of a rood
As long as a court's in Berlin."

"Good, good," said the king—for the answer was grand,
As opposing the Law to the Crown,—
"We bow to the court, and the mill shall stand,
Though even the palace come down."

PETER KLAUS.

This legend has a peculiar interest as being the source from whence Washington Irving obtained the idea for his "Rip Van Winkle."

Peter Klaus was a goatherd of Sittendorf, and tended his flocks in the Kyffhausen mountains; here he was accustomed to let them rest every evening in a mead surrounded by an old wall, while he made his muster of them; but for some days he had remarked that one of his finest goats always disappeared some time after coming to this spot, and did not join the flock till late;

watching her more attentively, he observed that she slipped through an opening in the wall, upon which he crept after the animal, and found her in a sort of cave, busily employed in gleaning the oat-grains that dropped down singly from the roof. He looked up and shook his ears amidst the shower of corn that now fell down upon him, but with all his inquiry could discover nothing. At last he heard above the stamp and neighing of horses, from whose mangers it was possible the oats had fallen.

Peter was yet standing in astonishment at the sound of horses in so unusual a place, when a boy appeared, who, by signs, without speaking a word, desired him to follow. Accordingly he ascended a few steps, and passed over a walled court into a hollow, closed in on all sides by lofty rocks, where a partial twilight shot through the over-spreading foliage of the shrubs. Here, upon the smooth, fresh lawn, he found twelve knights playing gravely at nine-pins, and not one spoke a syllable; with equal silence Peter was installed in the office of setting up the nine-pins.

At first he performed this duty with knees that knocked against each other, as he now and then stole a partial look at the long beards and slashed doublets of the noble knights. By degrees, however, custom gave him courage; he gazed on everything with firmer look, and at last even ventured to drink out of a bowl that stood near him, from which the wine exhaled a most delicious odor. The glowing juice made him feel as if reanimated, and whenever he found the least weariness, he again drew fresh vigor from the inexhaustible goblet. Sleep at last overcame him.

Upon waking, Peter found himself in the very same inclosed mead where he was wont to tell his herds. He rubbed his eyes, but could see no sign either of dog or goats, and was, besides, not a little astonished at the high grass and shrubs and trees, which he had never before observed there. Not well knowing what to think, he

continued his way over all the places that he had been accustomed to frequent with his goats, but nowhere could he find any traces of them; below him he saw Sittendorf, and, at length, with hasty steps, he descended.

The people whom he met before the village were all strangers to him; they had not the dress of his acquaintances, nor yet did they exactly speak their language; and when he asked after his goats, all stared and touched their chins. At last he did the same almost involuntarily, and found his beard lengthened by a foot, at least, upon which he began to conclude that himself and those about him were equally under the influence of enchantment; still he recognized the mountain he had descended, for the Kyffhausen; the houses, too, with their yards and gardens, were all familiar to him, and to the passing questions of a traveler, several boys replied by the name of Sittendorf.

With increasing doubt he now walked through the village to his house; it was much decayed, and before it lay a strange goatherd's boy, in a ragged frock, by whose side was a dog worn lank by age, that growled and snarled when he spoke to him. He then entered the cottage through an opening, which had once been closed by a door; here, too, he found all so void and waste that he tottered out again at the back door, as if intoxicated, and called his wife and children by their names; but none heard, none answered.

In a short time women and children thronged around the stranger with the long, hoary beard; and all, as if for a wager, joined in inquiring what he wanted. Before his own house to ask others after his wife, or children, or even of himself, seemed so strange, that, to get rid of these querists, he mentioned the first name that occurred to him: "Kurt Steffen?" The bystanders looked at each other in silence, till at last an old woman said: "He has been in the church-yard these twelve years, and you'll not go there to-day." "Velten Meier?" "Heaven rest his soul!" replied an ancient dame, leaning upon her

crutch; "Heaven rest his soul! He has lain these fifteen years in the house that he will never leave."

The goatherd shuddered, as in the last speaker he recognized his neighbor, who seemed to have suddenly grown old; but he had lost all desire for further question. At this moment a brisk young woman pressed through the anxious gapers, carrying an infant in her arms, and leading by the hand a girl of about fourteen years old, all three the very image of his wife. With increasing surprise he asked her name. "Maria!" "And your father's?" "Peter Klaus! Heaven rest his soul! It is now twenty years since we sought him, day and night, on the Kyffhausen mountains, when his flock returned without him; I was then but seven years old."

The goatherd could contain himself no longer; "I am Peter Klaus," he cried; "I am Peter Klaus, and none else;" and he snatched the child from his daughter's arms. All for a moment stood as if petrified, till at length one voice and another, and another, exclaimed: "Yes, this is Peter Klaus! Welcome, neighbor!—welcome, after twenty years!"

BARNYARD MELODIES.*—Fred Emerson Brooks.

A delightful change from the town's abode,
Is a charming drive on a country road;
From the stifling air of the city's street
To the perfumed air of the daisies sweet.

You halt your team at the farmer's gate,
He comes to open it; while you wait,
Old Rover comes bounding down the hill
In spite of his master's "Rover, be still!"
His barking shakes his thick shaggy coat,
While these notes roll from his deep-toned throat:
Bow-wow-wow-wow!
Bow-wow-wow-wow!

*From "California Ballads," by permission. By the same author, "Foreign Views of the Statue," and "The Ghost of an Old Continental," in No. 27.

On either side the fat hens take leg,
While others announce a new-laid egg:
Cut-cut-cut—cut-da-cut!
Cut-cut-cut—cut-da-cut!
The rooster, shrill spokesman for the brood,
Says, one-third polite and two-thirds rude,
I'm Cock-a-doodle-doo!
And who the deuce are you?

The ducks and drakes have the self-same quack,—
Tney're just alike, save the curl at the back;
For "*divers*" reasons they go to the pond,
For "*sun-dry*" reasons they strut around,
And waddle off like sailors a-spreeing,
And talk like doctors when disagreeing:
Quack-quack-quack-quack!
Quack-quack-quack-quack!

The turkey gobbler comes charging round,
With ruffled temper and wings a-ground;
For fear he might his foe overtake,
He gives alarm, then puts on the brake:
Plip-gobble-obble-obble!
Plip-gobble-obble-obble!

The hog in the trough with dirty feet,
The more you give him the more he'll eat;
This gourmand finds nothing to desire
When half asleep in the half-dried mire:
R-r-r-ough-ff!—r-r-r-ough-ff!
R-r-r-ough-ff!—r-r-r-ough-ff!
The sow is teaching her litter of shoats
To speak *hog-latin* with guttural throats:
Ugh-ee! ugh-ee! ugh-ee! ugh-ee!
Ugh-ee! ugh-ee! ugh-ee! ugh-ee!

The calf and lamb at distance dispute
The right of bin with the hornèd brute;
Their blat and bleat the hard headed scorns
Where right and wrong's a question of horns:
Bah! bah!—Beh-eh-eh-eh-eh!
Bah! bah!—Beh-eh-eh-eh-eh!

The barefoot boy, from the tender rows
Of corn, is driving the "pesky crows;"
He stubs his toe, and they mock his pain;
He throws a stone, and they're off again:
Caw-caw-caw-caw!
Caw-caw-caw-caw!

From out the meadow the lowing kine,
Treading the buttercups, come in line;
Come with their soft tread through the grass,
Answering the call of the farmer's lass:
Co' boss! co' boss! co' boss!—moo!
Co' boss! co' boss! co' boss!—moo!

They stand there meekly chewing their cud,
Whacking their sides with a sudden thud
To battle the flies; the swinging tail
Meanwhile drops down in the frothing pail:
So boss! so boss! so-so-so!
Stand still, Brindle! Heist! so! so!

The king of the herd, imprisoned a-field,
Is hooking the bars, quite loth to yield!
He paws up the earth with muscles tense,
And then, pacing down the long line-fence,
On neighboring chief, with haughty mien
And challenge hoarse, he vents his spleen:
Mow-ow-ush! mow-ow-ush!
Mow-oo! mow-oo! ow-ush!

The mare knee deep in the clover bed
Caresses her nursing thorough-bred;
The well-fed oxen in stanchions meek;
The plow-boy grooming his horses sleek;
They whisk their tails and nip at his back,
While down the curry-comb comes a-whack:
"Whoa, Dan! you rascal, stand still!
Cxh! cxh! cxh! Gee up thar, Bill!"

The barn well filled with the bursting sheaves;
The swallows twittering 'neath the eaves
Their song of plenty. The farmer's heart,
Like his barn, is full!—while he walks apart,
And chants his thankfulness as he goes,
By whistling the only tune he knows:
"Yankee Doodle!"

[*Goes off whistling.*

Appendix.

NOTE.

The following pages contain the Supplements to the four Numbers of "100 Choice Selections" embraced in this volume, which, for greater convenience in arranging, are here grouped together instead of appearing at the end of the Numbers to which they respectively belong.

SUPPLEMENT TO

One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 25

CONTAINING

SENTIMENTS For Public Occasions;
WITTICISMS For Home Enjoyment;
LIFE THOUGHTS For Private Reflection;
FUNNY SAYINGS For Social Pastime, &c.

The devil's time is so much employed that he details idleness and deceit to run in recruits.

We do not know, we cannot guess
How much of mirth or happiness
It may be ours to share or give
In all the days we have to live.
We cannot tell if weal or wo
Will be our fate, but this I know:
My heart is not bereft of cheer
If friends go with me through the year.

Brave actions are the substance of life, and good sayings the ornament of it.

Time's gradual touch
Has molded into beauty many a tower
Which when it frowned with all its battlements,
Was only terrible. *Mason.*

Experience shows that success is due less to ability than to zeal. The winner is he who gives himself to his work, body and soul. *Charles Buxton.*

The world goes up and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain,
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again. *Kingsley.*

All those things which are now held to be of the greatest antiquity, were at one time new, and what we to-day hold up by example, will rank hereafter as a precedent. *Tacitus.*

Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love. *Shakspeare.*

He who knows only his own side of the case, knows little of that. *J. Stuart Mill.*

Three roots bear up Dominion: Knowledge, Will,—
These twain are strong, but stronger yet the third,—
Obedience, 'tis the great tap-root that still,
Knit round the rock of Duty, is not stirred,
Though heaven-loosed tempests spend their utmost skill.
Lowell.

A parent who sends his son into the world uneducated and without skill in any art or science does a great injury to mankind as well as to his own family, for he defrauds the community of a useful citizen and bequeaths to it a nuisance. *Kent.*

How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
Book of beginnings, story without end,
Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend!
Morituri Salutamus.

Half the ills we hoard in our hearts are ills because we hoard them. *Barry Cornwall.*

How dreary would the meadow be
In the pleasant summer light,
Suppose there wasn't a bird to sing,
And suppose the grass was white. *Alice Cary.*

I think it best not to dispute where there is no probability of convincing. *Whitefield.*

If a task is once begun,
Never leave it till it's done;
Be the labor great or small,
Do it well, or not at all.

The man who lives in vain lives worse than in vain. He who lives to no purpose lives to a bad purpose.

Make me as one that casteth not by day
A dreary shadow, but reflecting aye
One little beam, loved, warmed and golden, caught
From the bright sun that lights our daily way.
J. P. Boynton.

Youth sucks the sugar coating and old age chews the bitter pill of life.

Press on! surmount the rocky steeps,
Climb boldly o'er the torrent's arch;
He fails alone who feebly creeps;
He wins who dares the hero's march.
Park Benjamin.

Man carries under his hat a private theatre, wherein a greater drama is acted than is ever performed on the mimic stage, beginning and ending in eternity. *Carlyle.*

Eternity! Eternity!
That boundless, soundless, tideless sea,
Of mysteries the mystery!
What is eternity to thee?
Ponder, O man, eternity.

Afflictions, like God's angels, will move away when they have done their errand.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again.

When anger rises, good judgment sits down on a back seat.

True worth is in being, not seeming,—
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good, not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth. *Alice Cary.*

True valor lies in the middle, between the extremes of cowardice and rashness. *Cervantes.*

To seek is better than to gain,
The fond hope dies as we attain;
Life's fairest things are those which seem,
The best is that of which we dream. *J. G. Whittier.*

Just as a particular soil wants some one element to fertilize it, just as the body in some conditions has a kind of famine for one special food, so the mind has its wants, which do not always call for what is best, but which know themselves, and are as peremptory as the salt-sick sailor's cry for lemon or a raw potato. *Holmes.*

We can never be too careful
What seeds our hands may sow.
Love from love is sure to ripen,
Hate from hate is sure to grow.

A good doctor is a gentleman to whom we pay three dollars a visit for advising us to eat less and exercise more.
Josh Billings.

Hand in hand with angels,
Through the world we go;
Brighter eyes are on us
Than we blind ones know;
Tenderer voices cheer us
Than we deaf will own;
Nor, walking heavenward,
Can we walk alone. *Lucy Larcom.*

Why not pour the drink into the gutter? It is destined to the gutter at last. Why not pour it there at once, and not wait to strain it through a man, and spoil the strainer in the work? *Dr. Jewett.*

Patient the wounded earth receives the plough's sharp share,
And hastes the sweet return of golden grain to bear.
So, patient under scorn and injury, abide;
Who conquereth all within may dare the world outside.
W. W. Story.

He that is choice of his time will also be choice of his company, and choice of his actions. *Patey.*

I never could find a good reason
Why sorrow unbidden should stay,
And all the bright joys of life's season
Be driven unheeded away. *Geo. P. Morris.*

The every-day cares and duties, which men call drudgery, are the weights and counter-poises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion. *Longfellow.*

If none were sick and none were sad,
What service could we render?
I think if we were always glad
We scarcely could be tender.
Did our beloved never need
Our patient ministration,
Earth would grow cold, and miss, indeed,
Its sweetest consolation.

It is much easier to find a score of men wise enough to discover the truth than to find one intrepid enough, in the face of opposition, to stand up for it.

We get back our mete as we measure;
We cannot do wrong and feel right,
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world.
Addison.

Life is made of smallest fragments,
Shade and sunshine, work and play;
So may we with greatest profit
Learn a little every day.

The books which help you most are those which make you think the most. The hardest way of learning is by easy reading; but a great book that comes from a great thinker,—it is a ship of thought, deep-freighted with truth and beauty. *Theo. Parker.*

One day
A wanderer found a lump of clay,
So redolent of rare perfume,
Its odor sweetened all the room.
"What art thou?" was his quick demand;
Art thou some gum from Samarcand?
Or spikenard in this rude disguise;
Or other costly merchandise?"
"Nay; if my secret I disclose,
I have been dwelling near the rose."

If you would hit the mark, you must aim a little above it; every arrow that flies feels the attraction of the earth.

Do what conscience says is right;
Do what reason says is best;
Do with willing mind and heart;
Do your duty and be blest.

You cannot hide a dishonest dollar. You take a dishonest dollar and bury it clear down in the deepest part of earth, it will not stay there. You may roll on it rocks and mountain boulders; you may attempt to put that dishonest dollar down in the centre of the earth; it will not stay there. No! it will begin to rock and heave and upturn itself, until it comes to the resurrection of damnation. *Talmage.*

The clouds, which rise with thunder, slake
Our thirsty souls with rain;
The blow most dreaded fails to break
From off our limbs a chain. *Whittier.*

The fool renteth a house and remaineth poor; but the wise man faileth for ten cents on the dollar, and buildeth a house of his own. *Texas Siftings.*

There's always a river to cross,
Always an effort to make,
If there's anything good to win,
Any rich prize to take;
Yonder's the fruit we crave,
Yonder the charming scene;
But deep and wide, with a troubled tide,
Is the river that lies between.

It is the same with a book as with a man. With a good title, the demand for the book or the man will be measurably increased.

Learning, by study must be won;
'Twas ne'er entailed from sire to son. *Gay.*

No man lives without jostling and being jostled; in all ways he has to elbow himself, giving and receiving offence. *Carlyle.*

He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still. *Samuel Butler.*

Common sense in an uncommon degree is what the world calls wisdom. *Coleridge.*

"Do you believe in dreams?"
"Why, yes and no;
When they come true, then I believe in them;
When they come false, I don't believe in them."
Longfellow.

Fully to understand a grand and beautiful thought, requires, perhaps, as much time as to conceive it.

Life is a leaf of paper white,
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night.
Greatly begin! Though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime,—
Not failure, but low aim, is crime. *Lowell.*

He who is wrong in the tens will be wrong in the thousands. *John Ploughman.*

A beggar asking alms under the name of a poor scholar, a gentleman to whom he applied himself asked him a question in Latin; the fellow, shaking his head, said, he did not understand him. "Why," said the gentleman, "did you not say you were a poor scholar?" "Yes," replied the other, "a poor one indeed, sir, for I do not understand one word of Latin."

"Why should we celebrate Washington's birthday more than mine?" asked a teacher. "Because he never told a lie," shouted a little chap.

When Cromwell first coined his money, an old cavalier looking upon one of the new pieces, read the inscription on one side,—God with us: On the other,—The commonwealth of England. "I see," said he, "God and the commonwealth are on different sides."

"How old are you, little boy?" Little darkey.—"Well, if you goes by what mudder says I's six; but if you goes by de fun I's had I's most a hundred."

A good fellow, a little deaf, went into a theatre, where a pantomime was going on. For five minutes he contented himself with listening with all his might, leaning forward, making an ear trumpet with his hand, etc, At last, finding himself still unsuccessful, he rises, and cries out in a rage: "Louder! louder, I tell you! Nobody can hear that!"

A shoemaker advertises to make temperance boots and shoes, or, in other words, boots and shoes that are never so tight as to be disagreeable.

A certain author was telling Dr. Sewel, that a passage he found fault with in his poem might be justified, and that he thought it a metaphor: "It is such a one," said the doctor, "as truly I never met-afore."

"Are these pure canaries?" said a young lady. "Yes ma'am," said the dealer, "I raised them 'ere birds from canary *seed*."

A woman out West was so fat, that her husband in embracing her had to make a chalk mark where he left off, in order to tell where to start from on the second attempt.

Mrs. Partington says it doesn't make a particle of difference to her whether flour is cheap or dear, she always has to pay the same price for half a dollar's worth.

An Irishman called loudly for assistance for his friend, shouting that he had sunk up to his ankles in a slough. The party appealed to, said he would aid him after he should finish cutting a log, as there was plenty of time. "No, there is not," said the Irishman, "I forgot to tell you, that he's in *head first.*"

"Are you feeling very ill?" asked the physician: "let me see your tongue, please." "It's no use, doctor," replied the patient; "no tongue can tell how bad I feel."

Printing is usually done by hand, but we have seen a foot-print.

It is nice to be handsome, but it's a great deal handsomer to be nice.

A young man went one night to see his sweetheart, and for a long time could think of nothing to say. At last, snow beginning to fall heavily, he told her that his father's sheep would be lost. "Well," said she, kindly taking him by the hand, "I'll take one of them."

"In the sentence, John strikes William," remarked a school teacher, "What is the object of strikes?" "Higher wages and less work," promptly replied the intelligent youth.

An Irishman caught a bumble bee in his hand, supposing it to be a humming bird. "Och," he exclaimed, "how hot his feet are!"

The Chinese think dancing a useless fatigue. When Com. Anson gave a ball at Canton, a Chinaman, observing the dancing said: "Why don't you let your servants do this for you?"

"Well Pat, what did you do towards gaining the victory?" "Oh, yer honor, I walked up bouldly to one of the inimy, and cut off his feet." "Why didn't you cut off his head?" "Faith, that was off already."

"Mr. Jones, you said you were connected with the fine arts. Do you mean that you are a sculptor?" "No, sir, I don't sculp myself, but I *furnish stone* to a man that does."

An Irishman said he wore his stockings wrong side out, because there was a hole on the other side of them.

A prudent man having purchased some valuable things on the continent, bought a salamander safe to put in his state-room, on an ocean steamer, to protect his valuables, in case the ship should be destroyed by fire.

What is the difference between the head boy of his class and three and nine-tenths? One is foremost and the other is 'most four.

What do men never wish to be in and yet labor hard to possess? Bonds.

What may be called the drunkards' age? Wreck age.

What pit is of great use in the world? The pulpit.

Why is a farmer's green hand like Plato? He is no mower (more).

What two letters will make us food? M and H will make US mush.

I'm found in most countries, yet not in earth or sea;
I am in all timber, yet not in any tree;
I am in all metals, yet I am told
I'm not in lead, iron, brass, silver, or gold;
I am not in England, yet this I can say,
I'm to be found in Westminster every day.
The Letter M.

I have no eyes, and yet my nose is long;
I have no mouth, and yet my breath is strong.
A Pair of Bellows.

My friend and I from home did part,
Of whom I had some way the start,
So on we ran ten miles or more,
And I same distance as before;
Now tell me how that this could be,
As I ran twice as fast as he?
Fore and hind wheels of a coach.

Pray tell us, ladies, if you can,
Who is that highly favored man,
Who, though he's married many a wife,
May be a bachelor all his life. A Clergyman.

I am taken from a mine and shut up in a wooden case, from which I am never released, and yet I am used by almost everybody. A lead pencil.

There is a thing that nothing is,
And yet it has a name;
'Tis sometimes tall, and sometimes short,
It joins our walks, it joins our sport,
And plays at every game. A Shadow.

What is the most wonderful acrobatic feat? For a man to revolve in his own mind.

What nationality does an eloping couple remind one of? Paraguayans (Pair o' go way uns).

Why do little pigs get fed on milk? So that they can make hogs of themselves.

When does a man's hair resemble a packing box? When it stands on end.

Why is a muff like a bashful young man? Because it holds a lady's hand without squeezing it.

What was the first 'bus that ever crossed the ocean? Columbus.

What is the oldest coupler in use? The wedding-ring.

Why is a newspaper like a tooth-brush? Because every one should have one of his own, and not be borrowing his neighbor's.

Although we are but twenty-six,
We change to millions, too;
Although we cannot speak a word,
We tell what others do. Alphabet.

My first is what you're doing now,
My second is procured from stone;
Before my whole you often stand,
But mostly when you are alone.
Looking-glass.

Great numbers do our use despise,
But yet at last they find,
Without our help, in many things,
They might as well be blind. Spectacles.

Why would a shirt, made out of a story paper be an inconvenience? It would have too many tales.

Why is chloroform like Mendelssohn? Because it is the greatest of modern composers.

What is that which is often given to you, which you never have, and yet often give up? A conundrum.

When is a piece of wood like a queen? When it is made into a ruler.

What is that which occurs once in a minute, twice in a moment, and not once in a hundred years? The letter M.

The minister was juggling to put on a new four-ply collar, and the perspiration was starting from every pore.

"Bless the collar!" he ejaculated "Oh, yes, bless it. Bless the blessed collar."

"My dear," said his wife, "what is your text for this morning's sermon?"

"F-fourteenth verse f-fifty-fifth Psalm," he replied in short gasps. "The w-words of his m-mouth were s-smoother than butter, but w-war was in his heart."

There was a man, he had a clock,
His name was Matthew Mears;
He wound it regular every day
For four-and-twenty years.
At last his precious timepiece proved
An eight-day clock to be;
And a madder man than Mr. Mears
You'd never wish to see.

"Hans," said one German to another in the streets of Frankfort, "what are you crying about?" "I am crying because the great Rothschild is dead," was the reply. "And why should you cry about that?" was the further query; "he was no relation of yours, was he?" "No," was the answer, half-smothered in sobs, "no relation at all, and that's just what I'm crying for?"

"Only a tress of a woman's hair!"
The lover musingly, fondly said:
"And yet it forms a halo fair,
To-night, above her sacred head!"
"Only a tress of a woman's hair!"
The maiden, smiling sweetly, said,
And laid it on the back of a chair
And went to bed!

Artemus Ward, was traveling on a slow-going Southern road soon after the war. "When the conductor was punching his ticket Artemus remarked: "Does this railroad company allow passengers to give it advice, if they do so in a respectful manner?" The conductor replied in gruff tones that he guessed so. "Well," Artemus went on, "it occurred to me it would be well to detach the cow-catcher from the front of the engine and hitch it to the rear of the train. For you see we are not liable to overtake a cow, but what's to prevent a cow strolling into this car and biting a passenger."

An American who had a jolly German friend, wished to become acquainted with the German's charming wife. "Vell," said the German, "ofe you dreat, dat vill pe all righdt." After the treat the German led him over to where the lady was sitting with a number of friends. "Katrina," said the husband, "you know dat man?" "No," said Katrina, modestly. "Vell, dot's him!"

A young correspondent complains that "there are too many lawyers in the country." Oh, no, my boy; there aren't too many lawyers. There aren't half enough clients, that's all.

"Ethel," asked the teacher, "whom do the ancients say supported the world on his shoulders?" "Atlas, sir." "You're quite right," said the teacher. "Atlas supported the world. Now who supported Atlas?" "I suppose," said Ethel softly, "I suppose he married a rich wife."

It is the sausage manufacturer who makes both ends meat.

A stranger in the city, seeing the places of public resort full of young men, night after night, asked if this was the land of the midnight son.

"I need have no more fears from that quarter," is what the storekeeper remarked as he threw the counterfeit twenty-five-cent piece in the fire, which had come back to him several times.

At a hotel table sat
Bridget bride and bridegroom Pat,
While a city dweller, he
Helped himself to celery.
Bridget's eyes with wonder grew;
"Paddy," whispered she, "luk you
At that baste across the way
Atin' up that swate bookay."

School-board visitor, while examining a scholar—"Where is the North Pole?" "I don't know, sir." "Don't you? Are you not ashamed that you don't know where the North Pole is?" "Why, sir, if Sir John Franklin and Dr. Kane and Markham couldn't find it, how should I know where it is?"

SUPPLEMENT TO

One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 26

CONTAINING

SENTIMENTS For Public Occasions;

WITTICISMS For Home Enjoyment;

LIFE THOUGHTS For Private Reflection;

FUNNY SAYINGS For Social Pastime, &c.

Men use virtue as an umbrella to keep the rain of brimstone off their Sunday clothes.

A kindly act is a kernel sown,
That will grow to a goodly tree,
Shedding its fruit when time has flown
Down the gulf of eternity. *John Boyle O'Reilly.*

The value of a man's advice is the way he applies it to himself.

Get but the truth once uttered, and 'tis like
A star new-born, that drops into its place,
And which, once circling in its placid round,
Not all the tumult of the earth can shake. *Lowell.*

Rather be beaten in right than succeed in wrong.

God scatters love on every side
Freely among his children all,
And always hearts are open wide
Wherein some grains may fall.

He who is good at making excuses is seldom good for anything else. *Franklin.*

Too much of joy is sorrowful,
So cares must needs abound;
The vine that bears too many flowers
Will trail upon the ground. *Alice Cary.*

The purest joy we can experience in one we love is to see that person a source of happiness to others.

Great minds like Heaven, are pleased in doing good.
Nicholas Rowe.

Speak not of death, nor count that loss
Which plucks from earth a flower to bloom
In heaven.
He only sounds the depth
Of woe, and drinks the gall of life
Who mourns a living friend that's lost.

Cheerfulness is the daughter of employment.

What were our life, with all its rents and seams,
Stripped of its purple robes,—our waking dreams?
The poet's song, the bright romancer's page,
The tinseled shows that cheat us on the stage
Lead all our fancies captive at their will—
Three years or three-score, we are children still.
Holmes.

A zealous soul without meekness is like a ship in a storm, in danger of wrecks. A meek soul without zeal is like a ship in a calm, that moves not so fast as it ought. *Mason.*

New occasions teach new duties; time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of truth.
When a deed is done for freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west.

The highest perfection of human reason is to know that there is an infinity of truth beyond its reach. *Pascal.*

Oh, better, no doubt, is a dinner of herbs,
When seasoned by love which no rancor disturbs,
And sweetened by all that is sweetest in life,
Than turbot, bisque, ortolans, eaten in strife.
Owen Meredith.

What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. *Addison.*

As ships that pass in the night and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal given and a distant voice in the darkness;
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,—
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again, and a silence.

He who reigns within himself, and rules passions, desires, and fears, is more than a king.

The leaf tongues of the forest, the flower-lips of the sod,
The happy birds that hymn their rapture in the ear of God,
The summer wind that bringeth music over land and sea,
Have each a voice that singeth this sweet song of songs to me:
"This world is full of beauty, like other worlds above,
And if we did our duty, it might be full of love." *G. Massey.*

There is a loquacity which tells nothing, and a silence which tells much.

There are as many lovely things,
As many pleasant tones,
For those who sit by cottage hearths
As those who sit on thrones.
Mrs. Hawkesworth.

This world is given as a prize for the men in earnest.
F. W. Robertson.

The deeds we do, the words we say,
Into still air they seem to fleet;
We count them ever past,
But they shall last:
In the dread judgment, they
And we shall meet. *J. Keble.*

To conceal a fault by a lie has been said to be substituting a hole for a stain.

All that hath been majestical
In life or death, since time began,
Is native in the simple heart of all,
The angel heart of man. *Lowell.*

He that lags behind in a road where many are driving, always will be in a cloud of dust.

'Tis only when they spring to heaven that angels
Reveal themselves to you! They sit all day
Beside you, and lie down at night by you
Who care not for their presence, and muse or sleep,
And all at once they leave you and you know them.
Browning.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving. *Holmes.*

The path of life we walk to-day
Is strange as that the Hebrews trod;
We need the shadowing rock, as they—
We need, like them, the guides of God. *Whittier.*

Poetry is the sister of sorrow. Every man that suffers and weeps is a poet, every tear is a verse, and every heart a poem. *Marc Andre.*

Great truths are portions of the soul of man;
Great souls are portions of eternity;
Each drop of blood that e'er through true heart ran
With lofty message, ran for thee and me;
For God's law, since the starry song began,
Hath been, and still forevermore must be,
That every deed which shall outlast Time's span
Must goad the soul to be erect and free. *Lowell.*

God made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes. Tears hinder sorrows from becoming despair and madness; and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.

May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty.
George Eliot.

Modesty is the brightest jewel in the crown of womanhood.

He who shuts his eyes repining,
When a shadow dims the day;
May not see the sunlight shining
When the cloud has passed away.
Only when the clouds are cloven
By the tempest passing by,
Is the rain with sunshine woven,
Then the rainbow spans the sky.

Every human being has a work to carry on within, duties to perform abroad, and influences to exert, which are peculiarly his, and which no conscience but his own can teach.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.
Whoever says "to-morrow," "the unknown,"
"The future," trusts the Power alone
He dares disown.
The heart that looks on when eyelids close,
And dares to live when life has only woes,
God's comfort knows. *Bulwer.*

If all the men in the United States should go to Hong Kong, where would the women go? To Pekin.

Why needn't one starve in the Desert of Sahara? Because of the sand which is (sandwiches) there. How came the sandwiches there? The descendants of Ham were bred (bread) and mustered (mustard) there. Where did the butter come from? When Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of salt all the family but her ran into the wilderness.

What is the difference between a hungry man and a glutton? One longs to eat, and the other eats too long.

Why should potatoes grow better than other vegetables? Because they have eyes to see what they are doing.

When is a baby not a baby? When it's a little cross.

A duck before two ducks, a duck behind two ducks, and a duck between two ducks; how many ducks were there in all? Three.

Why may stone-cutters reasonably believe there is no such thing as granite? They never saw it.

Why should working people imitate the wind? The wind is always busy, and like a cheerful operator, it whistles at its work.

What word of ten letters can be spelled with five? X-p-d-n-c (expediency).

Why is the bird of Jove when sick like contraband goods? It is ill eagle (illegal).

If a tough beefsteak could speak, what British poet would it name? Chaw sir (Chaucer).

What word makes you sick if you leave out one of the letters? Musick (usick).

What sea would make a good sleeping room? Adriatic (a dry attic).

Why is a short negro like a white man? Because he is not *a tall black.*

What is that which unites by dividing and divides by uniting? Scissors.

What is the difference between an unsuccessful suitor and a successful one? One misses his kiss and the other kisses his miss.

Why is your nose in the middle of your face? Because it is the scenter (center).

Eight members of the Stone family, in Tennessee, on their way to church in an ox wagon, were run away with by a yoke of oxen and all tumbled into a creek without injury. This little spread gave a local paper a chance to say that was one of the occasions where no Stone was left unturned in the effort to hear the gospel.

Swear not all day, nor swear at eve,
While stars in beauty twinkle,
Lest you may have a longer sleep
Than that old Rip—Van Winkle.

"What be them?" said a countryman, stopping in front of a fruit store in a neighboring city, the other day, and pointing to a bunch of bananas. Having learned, he bought a plump redskin, and without stopping to peel it, bit off the end. The banana was finished in the same primeval style, and then the stranger remarked: "The rine ain't much, but the peth is putty fair!"

A young lady calls her beau "Honeysuckle," because he is always hanging over the front railings.

"George, dear, don't you think it rather extravagant of you to eat butter with that delicious jam?" "No, love, economical. Same piece of bread does for both.

When you are young, how well you know
A little money makes great show.
Just fifty cents will cause you bliss,
'Tis then a dollar looks like this:

But when you're old and bills come due,
And creditors are dunning you,
And every cent you spend you miss,
'Tis then a dollar looks like this:
$

A German at a hotel had some Limburger cheese sent to him. A little boy who sat beside him turned to his mother and exclaimed, "Mamma, how I wish I was deaf and dumb in my nose!"

An anxious inquirer asks: "Where would you advise me to go to learn how to play the piano?" To the woods, dear,—to the deep, dark, damp, dank, dangerous woods.

An Irishman who was sleeping all night with a negro, had his face blackened by a practical joker. Starting off in a hurry in the morning, he caught sight of himself in a mirror; puzzled, he stopped and gazed, and finally exclaimed: "Begorra, they've woke the wrong man!"

"The man who marries for money sells himself," said Mr. Glottenham, addressing his son. "Then if you were in my position, father, what would you do?" "Well I'd sell myself."

Proprietor of bric-a-brac store.—You no like ze lamps I show you; very vell, sair, I show you some more. Possibcely you no like ze lamp modern. You vant ze lamp antique?

Customer (hard to please).—What ye givin' us? Do I look like a man that wanted a lamp on tick? No, sir; I want one for about two dollars and a half, cash.

It is no uncommon thing for hot words to produce a coolness.

Just to give color to it.—Dog Fancier: Well, mum, have you come to buy another pup?

Miss Plantagenet: No, sir, not exactly. Mamma wished to know if you would exchange this dog for a black-and-white one. He is just as good as new, and we are going into half mourning next week.

"Are you a philanthropist, sir?" asked an old gentleman of a young man who was distributing a quantity of butterscotch to some little children in Washington Square.

"Am I a what?" said the young man.

"A philanthropist?"

"No, sir; I'm a dentist."

Young lady.—Gardener, don't make a flower-bed there. It will spoil our croquet ground.

Gardener.—Can't help it, miss. Them's my orders. Your papa says he is bound to have this plot devoted to horticulture, not husbandry.

Barbers make many friends, but scrape more acquaintances.

An inveterate old wag, seeing a heavy door nearly off its hinges, in which condition of neglect it had been left for some time, observed that when it had fallen and killed some one it would probably be hung.

Girls think men are all soul; women know they are all stomach.

An enterprising reporter, writing of a wreck at sea, stated that no less than fourteen of the unfortunate crew and passengers bit the dust.

First sport.—Who lost at the prize fight last night?
Second sport.—The winner.
First sport.—The winner lost? I don't understand.
Second sport.—The stakeholder ran away with the money.

Host (something of a musician, who is entertaining a Kentucky friend at dinner).—Would you like a sonata before dinner, Colonel?
The Colonel.—Well, I don't mind. I had two on my way here, but I guess I can stand another.

Light employment—Building castles in the air.

Teacher.—What does sea-water contain besides the sodium-chlorine that we have mentioned?
Pupil.—Fish!

A Vermont paper, speaking of the fashion of making gold badges to represent kitchen utensils, asks how a gold gridiron would strike us. Very much like an iron one, perhaps, if we didn't dodge it.

Succotash was a new dish at Charlie's house, but one that pleased him immensely. He passed his plate to his ma earnestly asking for "a little more of the sacred hash."

The reason why they beat the drum was because it called the harp a lyre.

An exchange says: "Call a girl a chick, and she smiles; call a woman a hen, and she howls. Call a young woman a witch, and she is pleased; call an old woman a witch, and she is indignant. Call a girl a kitten, and she rather likes it; call a woman a cat, and she'll hate you. Queer sex." If you call a man a gay dog, it will flatter him. Call him a pup, a hound, or a cur, and he will proceed to demolish you. He don't mind being called a bull or a bear, and yet he will object to being mentioned as a calf or a cub. Kinder queer, too.

SUPPLEMENT TO

One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 27

CONTAINING

SENTIMENTS For Public Occasions;
WITTICISMS For Home Enjoyment;
LIFE THOUGHTS For Private Reflection;
FUNNY SAYINGS For Social Pastime, &c.

Nothing can work me damage, except myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault. *St. Bernard.*

Judge none lost; but wait and see
With hopeful pity, not disdain;
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the night of pain;
And love and glory that may raise
This soul to God in after days.
Adelaide Annie Procter.

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do anything. *Samuel Johnson.*

Joy, and Temperance, and Repose,
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

It is not well for a man to pray cream and live skim-milk. *Beecher.*

While valor's haughty champions wait
Till all their scars are shown,
Love walks unchallenged through the gate,
To sit beside the throne. *Holmes.*

Silence is the highest wisdom of a fool, and speech is the greatest trial of a wise man. If one would be wise let his words show him so. *Quarles.*

He that is drunken
Is outlawed by himself; all kinds of ill
Did with the liquor slide into his veins. *Herbert.*

Books are the true metempsychosis,—they are the symbol and presage of immortality. *Beecher.*

'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth;
But the plain single vow that is vowed true.
Shakspeare.

Every fool is wise when he holds his tongue.

Speak no evil and cause no ache;
Utter no jest that can pain awake;
Guard your actions and bridle your tongue;
Words are adders when hearts are stung.

There is no prosperity, trade, art, city, or great material wealth of any kind, but if you trace it home, you will find it rooted in a thought of some individual man. *Emerson.*

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure,
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

A man must take the fat with the lean, that's what he must make up his mind to in this life. *Dickens.*

Each hour has its appointed sound;
All life is set with rhythmic times;
The notes escape earth's narrow bound,
But God is ringing out the chimes. *H. H.*

When a man just lives for what he can get and what clothes he can wear, he is not ten feet from the basement.
Sam Jones.

There is in each life some time or spot,
Some hour or moment of night or day,
That never grows dim and is never forgot,
Like an unfaded leaf in a dead bouquet;
Some rare season, however brief,
That stands forever and aye the same,
A sweet, bright picture in bass-relief,
Hanging before us in memory's frame.

Do you ever look at yourself when you abuse another person?

Help whoever, whenever you can;
Man forever needs aid from man;
Let never a day die in the west
That you have not comforted some sad breast.

The most honorable of all friends is the looking-glass, that will not speak, that keeps no secret journal for future treachery, that meets you with the very face you bring to it, that beholds all your weaknesses without chiding, and never hints advice; into whose placid depths sink, as into a sea, in utter forgetfulness, all the secrets which have figured on its face. *Beecher.*

Be not like a stream that brawls
Loud with shallow waterfalls;
But in quiet self-control
Link together soul and soul. *Longfellow.*

We can only have the highest happiness by having wide thoughts and as much feeling for the rest of the world as ourselves.

Learning is an addition beyond
Nobility or birth; honor of blood
Without the ornament of knowledge, is
A glorious ignorance.

The difference between a wise man and a fool is that one knows how to keep the foolishness in and the other lets it all out.

Fill every hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go,
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Oh, there is nothing holier in this life of ours than the first consciousness of love, the first flutterings of its silken wings, the first rising sound and breath of that wind which is so soon to sweep through the soul, to purify or destroy it.
Longfellow.

Of all the good things in this good world around us,
The one most abundantly furnished and found us,
And which, for that reason, we least care about,
And can best spare our friends, is good counsel, no doubt.
Owen Meredith.

Read, not to contradict and confute—not to believe and take for granted—not to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. *Bacon.*

He liveth long who liveth well,
All else is life but flung away,
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Every individual should bear in mind that he is sent into the world to act a part in it, and, though one may have a more splendid and another a more obscure part assigned him, yet the actor of each is equally responsible.

Good deeds in this world done,
Are paid beyond the sun,
As water on the root,
Is seen above in fruit. *Oriental Poem.*

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

Attempt the end, and never stand in doubt;
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out. *Herrick.*

The weak sinews become strong by their conflict with difficulties. *Dr. Chapin.*

There is no state in which the bounteous gods
Have not placed joy, if men would seek it out. *Crown.*

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things. *Phil.* iv. 8.

Labor is life—'tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound or the dark rust assaileth.
Mrs. Osgood.

The man who feels certain he will not succeed is seldom mistaken.

The man who accords
To his language the license to outrage his soul,
Is controlled by the words he disdains to control.
Owen Meredith.

Memory is a net. One finds it full of fish when he takes it from the brook, but a dozen miles of water have run through it without sticking.

As the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.
Longfellow.

Great thoughts are our most precious and abiding treasures, and they should be eagerly sought and carefully stored in the caves of memory.

Obstinacy's ne'er so stiff
As when 'tis in a wrong belief. *Butler.*

Fancies, like wild flowers, in a night may grow;
But thoughts are plants whose stately growth is slow.
Mrs. E. C. Kinney.

That man lives happy and in command of himself who from day to day can say I have lived. Whether clouds obscure, or the sun illuminate the following day, that which is past is beyond recall. *Horace.*

Oh! dark were life without heaven's sun to show
The likeness of the other world in this;
And bare and poor would be our lot below
Without the shadow of a world of bliss.
Then let us, passing o'er life's fragile arch,
Regard it as a means and not an end;
As but the path of faith on which we march
To where all glories of our being end. *Macmillan.*

It is the best and the highest aspiration that I can utter for America and America's children in the ages that are to come, that they may forever and altogether be worthy of the Constitution that their fathers bequeathed to them.
R. B. Hayes.

Do not look for wrong and evil—
You will find them if you do;
As you measure for your neighbor
He will measure back to you.

Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile. *Alice Cary.*

Chickering's grandest grand piano, with a fool playing jigs on it, is not so good as an old harpsichord with Beethoven at the keys. *Beecher.*

Let any man once show the world that he feels
Afraid of its bark, and 'twill fly at his heels;
Let him fearlessly face it, 'twill leave him alone;
But 'twill fawn at his feet if he flings it a bone.
Owen Meredith.

As a rule, he is the happiest man who is contented with what he has, and is not waiting for next year, or the next decade, to have a protracted period of enjoyment.

Friends, if we be honest with ourselves,
We shall be honest with each other. *MacDonald.*

If a man empties his purse into his head no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest. *Franklin.*

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest.

Constant dropping wears away stones, and by diligence and patience the worm ate in two the cable. *Franklin.*

We see that time robs us, we know that he cheats,
But we still find a charm in his pleasant deceits,
While he leaves the remembrance of all that was best,
Love, friendship and hope, and the promise of rest.
Holmes.

Hate sometimes enters into great souls; envy comes only from little minds.

Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone. *Bonar.*

Sloth makes all things difficult; but Industry, all easy; and he that rises late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while Laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him. *Franklin.*

Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
Shakspeare.

That silence is one of the arts of conversation is allowed by Cicero himself, who says: "There is not only an art, but even an eloquence in it." *Hannah More.*

Don't crowd the good from out your heart
By fostering all that's bad,
But give to every virtue room,—
The best that may be had.

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one, no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down. *Dr. Johnson.*

Go and toil in any vineyard;
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere. *E. H. Gates.*

Conflict between science and the wash-basin: "Johnnie, here you are at the breakfast table and your face is unwashed," said his mother, with a sharp look. "I know it, ma. I saw the animalculæ in pa's microscope last night, and I ain't going to have those things crawling all over my face with their funny little legs." "Husband, that boy is too full of applied science to live with." They were unusually proud of him, dirty face and all, that morning.

A man's high ambition
Is never complete
Till he has accomplished
A very great feat.

Not so with a woman,
Who likes to be sweet;
For she is contented
With very small feet.

An old gentleman in Virginia bought himself a residence near the burying-ground, "so as to have quiet neighbors, who'd mind their own business."

A cook ought to be at the head of a provisional government.

"Pray Sir," said one gentleman to another, "is not Indiana the far West?" "Oh, no sir," was the reply. "Well is not Illinois?" "Very far from it." "Surely then, when we cross the Mississippi, you are in the far West?" "No, not exactly." "Where, then, is the far West?" "Why sir, it is about a half a mile this side of sunset."

A Hibernian Senator, speaking on the subject of preventing suicide, said,—"The only way I can conceive, of stopping the business is, to make it a capital offense, punishable with death."

A gentleman was disturbed in his rest in the middle of the night by some one knocking on the street door. "Who's there?" he asked. "A friend," was the answer. "What do you want?" "I want to stay here all night." "Queer taste; stay there by all means," was the benevolent reply.

Waiter: "Isn't that a pleasant wine?" Guest: "It has a fine flavor. The color pleases me very much." Waiter: "I should smile. Maybe the boss didn't have a time getting it up to the right color. He had to ransack all the drug stores in town."

The Chinese Government is going to build some railroads, and soon will be heard in the land the voice of the Celestial brakeman, "Hooppee! Yang-tze-kian junction! Tlaine stoppee ten minutes eatee and dlinkee!"

A gentleman recently provoked a one-armed organ-grinder by asking him if he was a survivor of the late war. "Why, you fool!" exclaimed the irate musician, "don't you see that I survived? Do I act as though I was killed in the war?"

A match safe—One put where the small boy can't get at it.

Dynamite is rapidly superseding the dagger, and it is suggested that the play of "Julius Cæsar" be readjusted so as to give *Brutus* a chance to hoist the old man with a bomb. *Julius* sailing up into the flies in quarter sections and remarking "Et tu, Bruté," would be unique and sensational.

Some people are too smart. A man saw a pocketbook lying on the pavement, and was about to pick it up, when he remembered what he read about "tricks on travelers" and let it alone. A man behind him picked it up. "Got fooled, hey?" chuckled the first man. "No," said the second, "got ten dollars!"

As the happy couple were leaving the church the husband said to the partner of his wedded life: "Marriage seems a dreadful thing to you; why you are all of a tremble, and one could hardly hear you say 'I will.'" "I will have more courage, and say it louder next time," said the blushing bride.

Two young men out riding were passing a farmhouse where a farmer was trying to harness an obstinate mule.

"Won't he draw?" asked one of the men.

"Of course," said the farmer, "he'll draw the attention of every fool that passes this way."

The young men drove on.

A fellow out West who bit off half a man's nose, was bound over to keep the piece.

"Oh, Mrs. Ramsbotham," exclaimed a learned professor to whom that excellent lady had been relating one of her most extraordinary adventures—"Oh, Mrs. Ramsbotham, you must be joking!" "Indeed, I'm not, Professor," she returned, "I assure you I was speaking quite seriatim." She liked to talk Latin to a professor.

What is the difference between a tenant and the son of a widow? The tenant has to pay rents; the son of a widow has not two parents.

When is a clock on the stairs dangerous? When it runs down.

Why is a clergyman like a locomotive? Because you are to look out for him when the bell rings.

Why is a crow a brave bird? Because he never shows the white feather.

When does a man feel girlish? When he makes his maiden speech.

What is the grandest verse in existence? The universe.

What is the worst kind of fare soldiers can live on? Warfare.

What would be a good motto for a doctor? Patients and long suffering.

Little Nannie Netticoat
With a white petticoat
And a red nose;
The longer she stands
The shorter she grows. A candle.

What is the difference between water, whisky and tight boots? Water reddens the rose, whisky the nose, and tight boots the toes.

Why is snow more easy to be understood than any other sort of weather? Because it is the only one of which you can see the drift.

Why are women as a rule, not inventive? They have no eagerness for new wrinkles.

Why is a horse the most humane of all animals? Because he gladly gives the bit out of his mouth and listens to every woe (whoa).

What's the difference between the lower part of a leg and last year's comet? One's shin and bone and the other's been and shone.

When is a lamp in a bad temper? When it's put out.

Why does a chicken when it is three weeks and two days old, go across the street? To get on the other side.

When is a sailor not a sailor? When he's aloft.

What is the key note to good breeding? B natural.

In what passage in the Bible are the women commanded to kiss the men? Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so to them.

Wherein are a policeman and a rainbow alike? Both are tokens of peace, and usually appear after a storm.

Why is a lame dog like a schoolboy adding six and seven together? Because he puts down three and carries one.

What do we all require, what do we all give, what do we occasionally ask for, yet very seldom take? Advice.

If you saw an egg on a music-stool, what great poem would it remind you of? "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

When was fruit known to use bad language? When the first apple cursed the first pair (pear).

If a man gets up on a donkey where should he get down? From a swan's breast.

Why were Adam and Eve a grammatical anomaly? Because they were two relatives without an antecedent.

Why is it useless to talk to a man when he is adding up a column of figures? Because there is nothing so deaf as an adder.

Why is a beefsteak like a locomotive? It's not of much account without it's tender.

In what suit does a man feel most uncomfortable? A law suit.

What is that which, though black, enlightens the world? Ink.

What will a leaden bullet become in water? Wet.

What is the difference between a fixed star and a meteor? One is a sun and the other a darter.

How long can a goose stand on one leg? Try it and see.

When is a bill not a bill? When it is due (dew).

How many hoops does a good barrel need? None.

What relation is that child to its father who is not its father's own son? His daughter.

Why is the letter *W*, like the Queen's ladies? Because it is always in waiting.

What is the difference between a high church Episcopalian and a Baptist? One burns candles and the other dips.

A lady making her way through a crowd accidentally pushed a small bootblack into the gutter. She instantly stopped and said: "My boy, excuse me; I did not mean to push you." The little fellow stared at her a moment, and then turning to his companion said: "Say, Mickey, I'd be pushed off'n the walk every day to have a real lady talk to me that way."

Mary had a little sleigh,
With runners smooth and sleek,
She went to coast a little while,
Down near the frozen creek.
She started swiftly down the hill,
One runner struck a stump!
She wears a bandage on one arm,
And on her head a lump!

"What would you do if I should die?" asked a wife of her husband, as she laid her fair white arms around his neck.

"Well, really my love, I hadn't thought of it," he answered abstractedly, "but I presume I'd bury you."

A clerk in a shoe store became tired of the business, and obtained a situation in a hardware store. His first customer, a farmer's wife came in and called for mule shoes.

"Yes, madam," he said; "what size do you wear?"

He is now trying to get back into the shoe line.

"Aint you almost boiled?" inquired a child of a gentleman calling on her father and her mother.

"No, little one, I can't say that I am. On the contrary, I feel quite comfortable."

"That's funny. I should think you would be."

"Why so, Daisy?"

"Oh, because I heard mamma say your wife kept you in hot water all the time."

He is a wise man who, instead of driving his neighbor's hens out of the yard-door with a fusillade of old boots, shoes, profanity, etc., fixes up a snug place for them to lay in.

"They say" that children in Minneapolis object to reading the Bible, because it mentions St. Paul so many times, but never once refers to Minneapolis.

First small boy—"Say, Johnnie, where are you in Sunday School?" Second small boy—"Oh, we are in the middle of original sin." First small boy—"That aint much, we are past redemption."

"What do you call your dog, Georgie?" asked the visitor, pleasantly.

"Psalm," said Georgie.

"What a funny name for a dog," the caller said. "Why do you call it Psalm?"

And the boy explained that he did so because the dog wasn't a hymn.

Ladies, skip this paragraph. It got in by mistake, and the printer was asked to destroy it or set it wrong side up:

If there's anything worries a woman,
It's something she ought not to know;
But you bet she'll find out anyhow
If she gets the least kind of a show.

Now we'll wager ten cents to a farthing
This poem she has already read—
We knew she'd get at it somehow,
If she had to stand on her head.

Parson Titus, has a rather fast son, as is frequently the case with clergymen, so he said to his hopeful progeny:

"Henry, I can't go to sleep until you come home, and you come home so late that I lose a great deal of sleep."

"So do I, pa," replied Henry.

Miss Betty was a remarkably young and handsome looking woman for her years, and she never told anyone how old she was. "Gracious me, Miss Betty," said an old acquaintance admiringly one day, "how well you keep your age." "Thanks," she replied, with a smile. "How do you ever manage to do it?" "Oh, easy enough! I never give it away."

"I have neither time nor inclination to pass paregorics on the deceased," remarked an orator. "Panegyrics," corrected a person present. "As you please, sir," remarked the orator stiffly, "the words are synonymous."

SUPPLEMENT TO

One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 28

CONTAINING

SENTIMENTS For Public Occasions;
WITTICISMS For Home Enjoyment;
LIFE THOUGHTS For Private Reflection;
FUNNY SAYINGS For Social Pastime, &c.

Bless'd be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Bless'd that abode where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair. *Goldsmith.*

Nature, that great missionary of the Most High, preaches to us forever in all tones of love, and writes truth in all colors on manuscripts illuminated with stars and flowers.
Mrs. Child.

Fail—yet rejoice; because no less
The failure which makes thy distress
May teach another full success.
It may be that in some great need
Thy life's poor fragments are decreed
To help build up a lofty deed. *A. A. Procter.*

Let us have faith that right makes might; and, in that faith, let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it. *Abraham Lincoln.*

Light of the world! undimming and unsetting,
Oh, shine each mist away!
Banish the fear, the falsehood, and the fretting;
Be our unchanging day. *Bonar.*

It is not by regretting what is irreparable that true work is to be done, but by making the best of what we are. It is not by complaining that we have not the right tools, but by using well the tools we have. *Robertson.*

Some know and *know* what they know.
Some know and *don't* know what they know.
Some know and *think* that they know.
Some know and think that they *don't* know.
Some don't know and think that they *know*.
Some don't know and *think* that they don't know.
Some don't know and *know* that they don't know.
Some don't know and *don't* know that they don't know.

Physical laws are divine commands, and so far they are a part of moral government. *Beecher.*

A pebble cast in ocean's farthest deep
Impels the wave to its remotest shore;
The wid'ning circles, with concentric sweep,
Break on the strand, and mingle in the roar.
So words that drop from lips or wise or dull,
In every language and in every clime,
Roll on their waves, with sound or import full,
Until they break upon the shores of time. *Bates.*

If you mount too high above your contemporaries, you will be little better off than if you sink too far below them. In a balloon or in a diving-bell there is the same sensation of pain. *Richter.*

Life should be full of earnest work,
Our hearts undashed by fortune's frown;
Let perseverance conquer fate,
And *merit* seize the victor's crown;
The battle is not to the strong,
The race not always to the fleet,
And he who seeks to pluck the stars
Will lose the jewels at his feet. *Phœbe Cary.*

Our enemies become unconsciously our best friends, when their slanders deepen in us heavenlier graces. Let them do their worst, they only give us the God-like victory of forgiving them. *Robertson.*

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thy outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.
Holmes.

From our free heritage of will,
The bitter springs of pain and ill
Here and hereafter flow. The perfect day
Of God is shadowless, and love is love always.
Whittier.

If men lived like men indeed, their houses would be temples,—temples which we should hardly dare to injure, and in which it would make us holy to be permitted to live.
Ruskin.

With constant prayers
Fasten your souls so high, that constantly
The smile of your heroic cheer may float
Above all floods of earthly agonies,
Purification being the joy of pain! *Mrs. Browning.*

All natures come to their manhood through some experience of fermentation! With some it is a ferment of passions; with some, of the affections; and with richly endowed natures it is the ferment of thought and of the moral nature. *Beecher.*

I slept and dreamed that Life was Beauty.
I woke and found that Life was Duty.
Was my dream then, a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously;
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noon-day light and truth to thee!

Better be a nettle in the side of your friend than his echo. *Emerson.*

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess. *Shakspeare.*

The measure of your duty is the greatness of your advantages, and the greatness of your advantages is the standard to which you will be subjected in the judgment of heaven and the judgment of history. *Giles.*

The dial
Receives many shades, and each points to the sun;
The shadows are many, the sunlight is one.
Life's sorrows still fluctuate; God's love does not,
And his love is unchanged when it changes our lot.
Owen Meredith.

How dreary and lone
The world would appear
If women were none!
'Twould be like a fair
With neither fun nor business there. *Castillejo.*

A woman's heart, like the moon, is always changing; but there is always a man in it. *Punch.*

Why does one climate and one soil endue
The blushing poppy with a crimson hue,
Yet leave the lily pale, and tinge the violet blue?
Prior.

Purity, sincerity, obedience and self surrender, are the marble steps that lead to the spiritual temple. *Bradford.*

Here's health to all that we love;
Here's health to all that love us;
Here's health to all those that love them
That love those that love them
That love us. *Archbishop Dennison.*

The true grandeur of humanity is in moral elevation, sustained, enlightened and decorated by the intellect of man. *Sumner.*

Just Heaven instructs us, with an awful voice,
That conscience rules us e'en against our choice:
Our inward monitress to guide or warn,
If listened to; but if repelled with scorn,
At length as dire remorse she reappears;
Works in our guilty hopes and selfish fears!
Still bids, remember! and still cries, too late!
And while she sears us, goads us to our fate. *Coleridge.*

Many a poor woman thinks she can do nothing without a husband, and when she gets one, finds she can do nothing with him.

Death, so-called, is a thing that makes men weep,
And yet a third of life is passed in sleep. *Byron.*

True friendship is like sound health, the value of it is seldom known until it is lost.

If you have truth to utter, speak, and leave
The rest to God. *Acton.*

At an auction of household articles the auctioneer held up a thermometer and pleaded for a bid. No one seemed to want it, and he turned to a farmer-looking man and said:

"Take it, examine it, and give me a quarter for it."

"No, no," replied the man, backing off.

"What, don't you want a thermometer?"

"No, sir; I had one a year or two ago, and I worked and worked, and fooled around and fooled around, and I could never keep it regulated worth a cent. Hang it, I couldn't even open the ornery thing!"

A man was taking aim at a hawk that was perched on a tree near his chicken-coop, when his little daughter exclaimed:

"Don't take aim, papa, let it go off by accident."

"Why so," asked the father.

"'Cause every gun that goes off by accident always hits somebody."

A negro having been brought before a magistrate and convicted of pilfering, the magistrate began to remonstrate.

"Do you know how to read?"

"Yes, massa—little."

"Well, don't you ever make use of the Bible?"

"Yes, massa, strap him razor on him sometimes."

"Do you ever gamble?" she asked, as they sat together, her hand held in his. He replied, "No; but if I wanted to now would be my time." "How so?" "Because I hold such a beautiful hand." The engagement is announced.

Every morn as I passed at the window she stood,
A vision to gladden my heart thro' the day.
We never had met—but this beautiful maid
With romance delightful was gilding my way.
One morning she leaned from the casement and laughed;
The laugh floated earthwards and broke at my feet;
But when I looked down, not the laugh, but her teeth
Lay scattered in fragments all over the street.

A newly married lady was telling another how nicely her husband could write.

"Oh, you should just see some of his love-letters."

"Yes, I know," was the freezing reply; "I've got a bushel of 'em in my trunk."

Tableau.

Two men afflicted with stuttering, happened to meet upon a highway, when on saluting, each discovered that the other stuttered pretty badly, and the following conversation occurred:

Mr. Brown—"How l-long h-have y-y-you st-t-tuttered?"

Mr. Smith—"'Bout fi-five years."

Mr. Brown—"Wh-why d-d-d-don't y-y-yo-you g-go s-s-see D-doc-d-doctor B——?"

Mr. Smith—"W-why, i-is- he a-a-a-any g-good?"

Mr. Brown—"A-a-any good? W-w-well, I-I g-g-gu-g-guess he i-i-is; h-he c-c-cured m-me!"

He had lingered long and remarked at leaving, "I have just about missed the last car and will have to walk home."

"That's too bad!" replied she, and then added naively, "but there's nothing to prevent your taking a buss at the door."

The stupid fellow actually waited an hour and a half for an omnibus, and finally went away wondering why she had told such a fib.

Ralph Waldo Emerson said: "All healthy things are sweet-tempered." We differ with Ralph. Now, we know a perfectly healthy red-headed woman who is—well, she just is, and no mistake about it.

Rich folks as a rule hold poor relations with their poor relations.

"You kissed me at the gate last night,
And mother heard the smack;
She says it's naughty to do so,
So please to take it back."
I took it back, and then said she:
"You rogue, you stole another;
Please take it back." I did, and then
I kissed her for her mother.

"All things come to him who waits," sadly remarked a tramp as he dodged a brickbat and shuffled over the fence just in time to escape the eager jaws of a blear-eyed bulldog.

One of the regular exercises at normal schools is writing words from dictation and giving their meaning. One of the words given out was "bazardous," which a young lady pupil spelled "hazardess," and defined as "a female hazard."

With whom do the mermaids flirt? With the swells of the ocean.

Why is milk like a treadmill? Because it strengthens the calves.

What is the most fashionable article in the world? A woman.

Why is a nice, but uncultured girl, like brown sugar? Because she is sweet, but unrefined.

What is the difference between the death of a barber and the death of a sculptor? One curls up and dyes, and the other makes faces and busts.

What are the most popular airs in the land? Millionaires.

Who is the greatest safe-breaker on record? Jimmie.

What is the most forbidding profession in the world? The auctioneer's.

In what kind of language does a horticulturalist usually speak? In flowery language.

Why is base-ball likely to become epidemic? Because the game is catching.

What is the best size for a man? Exercise.

How should a floating debt be paid? In current coin.

Who was the first person in history who had a bang on the forehead? Goliath.

What is the best way to make a slow horse fast? Don't feed him.

How would a boy feel who had been kept after school for bad spelling. Spellbound, of course.

What is the best substitute for wisdom? Silence.

Why do not women take off their bonnets at church? Because they have no looking-glasses to put them on by.

Why is a miss not as good as a mile? Because a miss has only two feet and a mile has 5280.

Why are some women very much like tea-kettles? Because they sing away pleasantly and then all at once boil over.

What is a hard thing to beat? A drum with a hole in it

Why is the clock an emblem of labor? It strikes.

Why should you never confide a secret to your relatives? Because blood will tell.

What was the proverb King Lear heard from his daughters? Go, father, and fare worse.

What is the best way to keep fish from smelling? Cut off their noses.

What would you call a love-letter in legal parlance? A writ of attachment.

When has a man four hands? When he doubles his fists.

Why do birds in their little nests agree? Because they would fall out if they did not.

Why is coffee like a dull axe? It must be ground before it can be used.

Why are your nose and your chin constantly at variance? Because so many words pass between them.

Why is a lead-pencil like a perverse child? Because it never does write (right) of itself.

What city is made of the lightest material? Ayr.

What is the last blow a defeated ship gives in battle? Striking her colors.

When is a cat like a tea-pot? When your teasin' it.

How can you make a tall man short? Ask him to lend you five dollars.

When may a ship be said to be in love? When she wants a mate.

What is the easiest vice in the world to get rid of? Advice.

What is the chasm that often separates friends? Sarcasm.

Why is a vicious horse like a nail? Because a woman can't drive it.

How should a man conduct a hotel? By inn-tuition.

When is butter like Irish children? When it's in little pats.

What did the paper of pins say to the man who sat on it? I'll give you a few points.

What is the difference between a man and a woman when starting out to lecture? One puts on a dress-suit and the other a night-gown.

Little Allie had just completed the course of lessons at Sunday-school about Joseph and his brethren, and her mother reviewed the subject with her to find out what she had learned. Allie answered all the questions correctly until she came to where Pharaoh had made the brethren "rulers over many cattle," and there she hesitated. "What did Pharaoh do for the brethren of Joseph?" her mother asked. Allie thought for a moment, and then with a sudden dim recollection, exclaimed, "Oh, yes, he made them *cow-boys*."

Rose dreamed she was a lily,
  Lily dreamed she was a rose;
Robin dreamed he was a sparrow,
  What the owl dreamed no one knows.
But they all woke up together
  As happy as could be.
Said each one: "You're lovely, neighbor,
  But I'm very glad I'm me."

The following is a proclamation made at the Market Cross of Inverary, Scotland, less than a hundred years ago: "Ta hoy! Te tither a-hoy? Ta hoy three times!!! an' ta hoy—Whist!! By command of His Majesty, King George, an' Her Grace te Duke o' Argyll: If anybody is found fishing aboout te loch, or below te loch, afore te loch, or ahint te loch, in te loch, or on te loch, aroun' te loch, or about te loch, she's to be persecutit wi' three persecutions; first she's to be burnt, syne she's to be drownt an' then to be hangt—an' if ever she comes back she's to be persecutit wi' a far waur death. God save te King an' Her Grace te Duke o' Argyll."

There's a jolly Saxon proverb,
  That is pretty much like this,—
That a man is half in heaven
  If he has a woman's kiss.
There is danger in delaying,
  For the sweetness may forsake it,
So I tell you, bashful lover,
  If you want a kiss, why take it.

"Don't you suppose," said a member of the police force, "that a policeman knows a rogue when he sees him?" "No doubt," was the reply; "but the trouble is that he does not seize a rogue when he knows him."

An old lady of our acquaintance, having noticed and admired—as it turned out—a small observatory on the newly-built house of Mr. D——, insists that when she and her "old man" build their new house she is going to have a "*purgatory* on top, just like Mr. D——'s," or there "shall be no house built."

The dairy-maid pensively milked the goat,
And pouting, she paused to mutter,
"I wish, you brute, you would turn to milk!"
And the animal turned to butter.

A Massachusetts little girl, who held a child's notion of what prayer is for, prayed thus: "O Lord, I want a white rabbit." She waited for a while for developments, and then repeated her prayer a little more energetically: "O Lord, I want a white rabbit." Another pause for developments, with unsatisfactory results, and then a vigorous outburst: "O Lord, I want a white rabbit, and I want it *now!*"

Departing, I had clipped a curl,
That o'er her brow did hang;
She, smiling, said: "You're like a gun,
You go off with a bang!"
At which I pressed her lips, and cried:
"For punning you've a knack;
But now I'm like a fisherman,
I go off with a smack!"

Little Charley had been very naughty, and was imprisoned for an hour in the kitchen wood-box. He speedily began amusing himself with chips and splinters, and was playing quite busily and happily, when a neighbor entered the house by way of the kitchen. "Charley," he cried, "what are you doing there?" "Nothing," said Charley, "nothing; but mamma's just been having one of her bad spells."

DRAMATIC SUPPLEMENT

—TO—

One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 25.*

This Supplement will be forwarded to any address, post-paid, on receipt of Ten Cents (or three copies for Twenty-Five Cents), by addressing P. GARRETT & Co., Publishers, 708 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A PAIR OF GLOVES.—ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

CHARACTERS.

MRS. ALTHROP, a young widow.
MAJOR ARTHUR WELLINGTON TWOMBLY.
HON. HENRY BELSIZE.
ROLAND OLIVER.
BESSIE, the maid.

SCENE.—*Mrs. Althrop's drawing-room. Bell ringing. Enter Bessie with feather duster.*

BESSIE. You may ring till the crack o' doom, but you'll not get in. I'm deaf. (*Knocking on door, bell ringing as well.*) The house will come down over my ears. Pretty conduct for gentlemen. But madame says no visitors shall be admitted this evening. This comes of being a young widow with a handsome income. (*Seating herself, and folding her arms, the knocking and ringing continuing.*) No, no, no, this chair shall from its casters fly before I open the door and let in——(*A piece of paper is slipped under the door.*) What do I see? A love-letter for madame? Horror! Let me destroy the dangerous missile! (*Gets paper and reads it.*) Shameful effrontery! Nobody should peruse such effusions! (*A second paper slipped under door.*) Another! (*Gets it.*) No woman with half a mind would read such idiot-making trash. (*Reads it. A bank note slipped under door.*) What! (*Holding it up.*) A ten-dollar bill marked "Bessie's little present!" Well! this is becoming sensible. (*A second bank note under door.*) And still another. And marked "Bessie's own."

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That's from the other poor man. My hearing is partially restored; there is nothing idiotic in bank bills of the *United* States, whatever there may be in those issued by the Single State of the affections. Time for bank to open. (*Throws open door. Enter Belsize, with box.*)

BELSIZE. Bessie, what is the meaning of this? I implore you to grant me an interview with your mistress.

BESSIE. Madame positively refuses to see any one this evening.

BELSIZE. At least deliver my letter and this box of innocent flowers to Mrs. Althrop.

BESSIE. The letter you pushed under the door?

BELSIZE. The one for the delivery of which I gave you ten dollars.

BESSIE. There was another note.

BELSIZE. And another ten dollars. *They* were from that old fossil Twombly. He became disgusted because I monopolized the bell and the panel of the door, and has left, vowing to immolate me the next time I am sick and defenceless.

Enter Twombly, with bouquet.

TWOMBLY. Girl, what is the meaning of this outrage.—refusing to admit your mistress' friends?

BESSIE. Madame refuses to see any one this evening.

TWOMBLY. Any one? I am not *any one*. I am Major Arthur Wellington Twombly, traveling in America, and the fair Mrs. Althrop's devoted slave. I demand that my letter and this bouquet of inoffensive roses be delivered to her.

BESSIE. La! sir, I am not the post-office; nor Adams Express Company; nor even a bank-runner.

TWOMBLY. You are a special messenger in the glorious employ of Hymen and Cupid; you have received a remuneration for the delivery of my communication to your mistress.

BELSIZE. I insist that my note be delivered first.

TWOMBLY. Your note, sir?

BELSIZE. My note, sir.

TWOMBLY. Possibly an amatory declaration, sir!

BELSIZE. That is *my* affair, sir!

TWOMBLY. Sir!

BELSIZE. Sir!

TWOMBLY. I demand satisfaction, sir.

BELSIZE. I hope you may get it out of the answer to your letter, which I presume is a declaration of your affections.

TWOMBLY. What if it is? I am Major Arthur Wellington Twombly, sir, traveling in America.

BELSIZE. I am the Honorable Henry Belsize, locomoting through the land of promise.

TWOMBLY. The land that promises a fortune?

BELSIZE. I see you are a talented investigator. Girl, my note!

TWOMBLY. Girl, my letter!

BESSIE (*holding out her hand*). Which note?

BELSIZE (*putting money in her hand*). Mine!

TWOMBLY (*putting money in her hand*). Mine!

BESSIE. Which is yours, Major Arthur Wellington Twombly, traveling in America?—this invitation to the opera, for to-morrow night?

TWOMBLY. What! You have read my letter?

BELSIZE. Ha! Ha! Ha!

BESSIE. Or this invitation to the picture show to-morrow morning?

BELSIZE. What! My note?

TWOMBLY. Ha! Ha! Ha!

BESSIE. I am madame's body-guard. I allow nothing to go to her unless it has been viséd—you understand the term, Major. (*Holds out her hand, in which the men put money.*) But as long as you press me, I shall take these things and probably return with answers. [*Exit.*

BELSIZE (*walking about*). Nice evening?

TWOMBLY (*walking about*). Beastly.

BELSIZE. Rather warm for this kind of weather?

TWOMBLY. Cold as the North Pole.

BELSIZE. I feared you were warm.

TWOMBLY. I am never warm, sir; never.

BELSIZE. Not precisely warm; say goutish. Men of your age are often warmly goutish during certain months in the calendar.

TWOMBLY. My age! Positively I never before came across such——

BELSIZE. Oh, you are a good age for marrying, Major; your widow will not be too old to wed a young husband.

TWOMBLY. My widow! Sir—sir, I demand satisfaction. I—I——

BELSIZE. Simply because I mentioned your widow?

Why, that's nothing. I shall have a widow of my own—not yours, though.

TWOMBLY. You refer to the adorable Mrs. Althrop, I am positive. This vulgarity, this underbred malevolence is sickening.

BELSIZE. Quiet, now; don't agitate me, or the consequences may be fatal to me. All our family die early—we live only long enough to marry pretty widows, when we die and leave a vain world.

TWOMBLY. This levity—this insolence—this—oh-h (*coughing*).

Enter Bessie, crying.

TWOMBLY (*running to her*). Well?

BELSIZE (*running to her*). Well?

BESSIE. Oh! oh! It is not well—it's ill.

TWOMBLY. Is it the opera?

BELSIZE. It's the picture show, of course.

BESSIE. She burnt 'em both, threw the flowers from the window, and went off——

TWOMBLY. Off? Where?

BESSIE. Into a fit——

BOTH MEN. A fit?

BESSIE. Of anger. She—she—boo! hoo!—says if—boo! hoo!—you are not both out of the—boo! hoo!—house in five minutes she will never speak to either of you again.

(*Men rush off, Bessie laughing.*) Such fortune hunters! Such fortune hunters!

Enter Mrs. Althrop in evening dress, looking around.

MRS. ALTHROP (*agitated*). Bessie, why do you go against my orders and admit these visitors? Here I am ordered to the seashore for my nervousness, and you know that I am hourly expecting a friend from abroad; and yet you permit Major Twombly and Mr. Belsize to annoy me.

BESSIE. But people will talk if I don't admit them; you know how they act, pounding and ringing the house down, ma'am, shaking the very pictures on the walls.

MRS. A. (*sitting down.*) If Roland were only here to protect me! If he but knew that my nervousness which brings me here is caused by the dread of meeting him after so many years! Ah, what a position is mine! Married at eighteen to the man my father selected for me, when I had already bestowed my girlish affection upon Roland; widowed one

year later, when Roland had gone across the ocean in anger because of my marriage. For five years I hear nothing of him; at last, three months ago, he writes me that he is coming to America for a special purpose. Yesterday I heard that his vessel had arrived, and my heart tells me he will come at once—to-day, to-night, to me. Will he tell me that henceforth we part no more? Is that his dear special purpose? (*Applies handkerchief to her eyes.*) And yet here are those terrible men worrying me with their attentions. What will he think of them?—of me? Oh, heart, be still. . . . I doubt and believe at the same time. (*Opens box on table, takes out a pair of man's gloves.*) Oh, Roland, these were worn by you that day, now so long ago, when you came to me and I told you my father had decided my fate for me. You left these behind you. I have treasured them ever since. How often have I wept over them, recalling our young days and the hopes and dreams we both knew so well. (*Falls into reverie. Bessie has been arranging the furniture. Bell rings. Mrs. A. starts.*)

Mrs. A. Roland!

Bessie (*running to window*). It is Major Twombly, ma'am.

Mrs. A. (*rising, drops gloves to floor*). The Major again this evening! What shall I do, where shall I go in order to escape the man?

Bessie (*perceiving gloves, picks them up, cries out, spreads them on table*). Oh, ma'am, the very thing, the very thing,—these old gloves you treasure so highly. Oh, I am in for it. I have an inspiration!

Mrs. A. You alarm me. What do you mean? I hope your inspirations are contagious.

Bessie. These gloves—they are of an enormous size, quite elephantine, ma'am—begging your pardon. The Major is still on the step—(*speaking rapidly*) leave these gloves on the table, cover them with your handkerchief, let in the Major, and even Mr. Belsize, then casually take up your handkerchief so that the gloves may be seen, and—and—oh, my breath's gone.

Mrs. A. But I do not understand. (*Bell rings.*)

Bessie. Be guided by the gloves, ma'am; be guided by the gloves (*covering them with Mrs. A.'s handkerchief*), and

don't try to understand too much; too much understanding softens the brain.

MRS. A. Oh, Bessie!

BESSIE. Be guided, ma'am, be guided; a woman may be guided by a smaller pair of gloves than that.

MRS. A. You surely will not admit Major Twombly?

BESSIE. And Mr. Belsize, if he presents himself. I have an inspiration—be guided by the gloves, and don't try to understand.

MRS. A. But——

BESSIE. The gloves! (*Bell rings.*)

MRS. A. (*seating herself.*) What would Roland think of me if he came and found Major Twombly ringing thus?

BESSIE. Now, ma'am, think of the gloves, they will save you yet; be cheerful, and—and—behold! (*Suddenly opens the door, and Major Twombly stumbles in.*)

TWOMBLY. My dear Mrs. Althrop, excuse the suddenness of my entrance, I—I may not be graceful, but I am sincere. The compliments of the season, madame. I—I—mean——

MRS. A. Major Twombly!

TWOMBLY. I sent you some charming roses; it was sending like to like. You a rose! Nay a parterre, a whole Persia of roses, a Vallambrosa of blossoms.

MRS. A. (*aside.*) Oh, fulsome! fulsome! (*Aloud.*) Your compliments embarrass me, sir.

TWOMBLY (*looking around*). Madame, may I ask as a favor that you dismiss your maid?

MRS. A. Dismiss her?

TWOMBLY. Get her out of the room, murder her, do anything with her. I have something of importance to communicate to you before that acidulated donkey—that is, before Mr. Belsize comes—or—I mean to say——

MRS. A. Bessie, leave the room!

TWOMBLY. Heaven bless you for guessing at my meaning.

BESSIE (*aside to Mrs. A.*). Remember the gloves. [*Exit.*

MRS. A. (*aside.*) Oh, how I tremble! (*Aloud.*) And now, Major?

TWOMBLY (*painfully getting down on his knees before her*). Madame, I am Major Arthur Wellington Twombly, at present traveling in America. I have a fortune of—of—well, a considerable fortune. I lay it here at your feet and pray you——

MRS. A. (*drawing handkerchief from gloves.*) My dear Major, what am I to understand by this—this ardor?

TWOMBLY (*perceiving gloves, scrambles in confusion to his feet, aside*). A man's gloves! There is a man here?

MRS. A. You were saying that you pray me——

TWOMBLY. To think better of my invitation to the opera, to-morrow evening, and—and——

Enter Belsize.

BELSIZE. My dear Mrs. Althrop —— (*Sees Twombly, and abruptly stops. Mrs. A. throws handkerchief over gloves.*)

TWOMBLY (*in a maze, aside*). A pair of men's gloves! (*Bows and exit.*)

BELSIZE. Old dotard! (*Passionately seizing Mrs. A.'s hand.*) At last, at last! Oh, madame, you have treated me most cruelly, most unworthily; my soul has been mocked at, my heart is dying to possess this moment——(*Mrs. A. draws handkerchief from gloves. Belsize drops her hand, aside.*) A man's gloves! He must be on intimate terms to leave his gloves here and have them preserved for him by having her handkerchief over them.

MRS. A. You startle me. You say that your heart is dying.

BELSIZE. To—to—have you reconsider my invitation to the picture show. I will await your pleasure for an answer. (*Looks at gloves, bows and exit.*)

MRS. A. I am nervous. The gloves have protected me—Roland's gloves. And yet—(*calling*) Bessie! Bessie!

BESSIE (*entering*). Well, ma'am?—the gloves—they succeeded?

MRS. A. Bessie, you are a jewel.

BESSIE. Oh, yes, ma'am.

MRS. A. That blue gown you admire so much—I shall not wear it again; it is yours. Now I am rid of both my admirers. Ha! Ha! Let me go to my room and rest awhile; the strain on my nerves has been trying. Oh, to have seen their faces when they noticed the gloves. Ha! Ha! [*Exit.*

BESSIE. And I saw their faces; I peeped. As for the blue silk gown, it is quite becoming to my style of architecture, as every one told me last week when I wore it unbeknown to madame. See how virtue is rewarded. A becoming gown is mine, and my pocket fairly bristles with

money. There is nothing like doing your duty in this miserable world.

TWOMBLY (*peeping in*). Girl!

BESSIE (*aside*). Again! (*Aloud, and demurely holding out her hand.*) Well, sir?

TWOMBLY (*entering, and putting money in her hand*). Whose gloves are those?

BESSIE. Madame's.

TWOMBLY. What! *Those* gloves! You would deceive me. Are they Mr. Belsize's?

BESSIE (*holding out her hand*). I am slightly deaf, sir.

TWOMBLY (*putting money in her hand*). Receive your hearing.

BESSIE. Those gloves are madame's.

TWOMBLY. *Her* gloves!

BESSIE. Yes, sir.

TWOMBLY. Creature! Tell me the truth instantly. Do those gloves belong to Mr. Belsize?

BESSIE. Those gloves, sir, belong to madame.

Enter Belsize; he and Twombly meet face to face.

TWOMBLY. Ah, you here, sir! (*To Bessie.*) My girl, pray say to your mistress that—ah—I shall call again when there is less danger of intrusion. [*Exit.*

BELSIZE. Intrusion! (*Aside.*) *Are* they *his* gloves, then? (*Seizing Bessie by the arm and pointing at gloves.*) What are those?

BESSIE (*innocently*). Gloves, sir.

BELSIZE. Do you suppose I mistake them for fire-plugs? Whose are they?

BESSIE. Madame's sir. How many times must I tell the truth about those gloves?

BELSIZE. You know very well what I wish to ascertain. Here (*giving her money*)! Now refresh your memory. Do those gloves belong to Major Twombly?

BESSIE. Did you say Major Twombly, sir? (*Bell inside.*) Oh, madame calls; I must go—I must go. [*Exit.*

BELSIZE. I will not give up yet. (*Shaking fist at gloves.*) Yah, you wretched hide of a goat! If those kid fists belong to Twombly, Twombly shall have these human fists as well. I thirst for Twombly, I famish for Twombly; let me find Twombly. (*Going out, runs into Roland Oliver.*) Your pardon, sir!

OLIVER (*entering*). Your servant, sir!

BELSIZE. I wonder who this is? But I must find Twombly, and then I will attend to this stranger, who—— (*Oliver looking around, Belsize bows and exit*).

OLIVER (*joyfully*). At last I am near her, at last we are beneath the same roof! The peace, the joy which only one woman in a world of women can give me is mine henceforth. My five years of misery is like a hateful dream; I will think of them no more, but look into the radiant future where all is satisfaction. But where is she? Does she not expect me? Surely she knew that I would come as quickly as steam could bring me. Yet I did not ring, finding the door open when I entered and—ah, here is some one! (*Enter Bessie. He hands his card to her and walks up and down.*)

BESSIE (*reading card*). "Mr. Roland Oliver." I wonder if this is the expected friend from beyond the seas? [*Exit.*

OLIVER (*pausing in his walk*). What lover is not a fool? Does not some one say that he who has never been a fool will never be a wise man? If that argument holds good what magnificent promises have I of yet being a latter-day Solomon? Why does she linger? Oh, Dolores, Dolo—— (*Sees gloves.*) What! A man's gloves in Dolores' drawing-room? I met a man as I came in—are they his gloves? Is their ostentatious display an affirmation of his rights in this house? Have I hoped too much?—have I believed in her too fondly? Have I been too happy? She jilted me once, she may—Oh, Fate, Fate, she loves another and would again humiliate me! Never! She shall not guess at my pain, poor fool that I am! I will hide everything—she shall not triumph over my school-boy power of imagination! But the cruelty of it, the cruelty of it! And I have loved her all these years! (*His hand to his head. Enter Mrs. A.*)

MRS. A. (*joyfully.*) Once again, ah, once again!

OLIVER (*turning and bowing*). Mrs. Althrop!

MRS. A. (*her hand to her heart.*) Mrs. Althrop! What does this mean?—your letter to me?—this visit?——

OLIVER. My letter! my visit! Surely, madame, you do not accuse me of too much unconventionality?

MRS. A. Unconventionality.

OLIVER. I could scarcely pass through this place without calling on one whom I have known so long as I have known you.

MRS. A. Oh, these figments of politeness! You are very kind, sir, in your friendly attentions. I trust that you have been happy in the years when we have not met.

OLIVER. Happiness is a relative term. Yet that *you* have been happy I dare not doubt; your countenance, your holiday raiment, preclude the possibility of such a doubt.

MRS. A. (*aside.*) And this gown was worn for him! (*Aloud.*) And, sir, after thanking you for your visit may I ask permission to retire? I—am not well just now——

OLIVER (*running to her*). Dolores—Mrs. Althrop!

MRS. A. (*repulsing him.*) Peace, sir!

OLIVER (*aside*). She despises me, and I have forced this visit on her. (*Aloud.*) Pardon me; for the moment I feared that you were ill.

MRS. A. I am strong—though almost as weak as I was when you formerly knew me.

OLIVER. *I* am stronger than I was then.

MRS. A. Which fact you should appreciate. I presume your return to America is for pleasure.

OLIVER. I came to be married.

MRS. A. (*faintly.*) Married!

OLIVER (*bitterly*). Yes, married, and to a woman I have loved for years. I think I wrote you that I had a special purpose in coming.

MRS. A. I congratulate you! And now—pray allow me to retire—I am not quite well (*bowing and walking up stage*).

OLIVER. Stay, madame! I cannot let you go thus. We may never meet again. After leaving you I make my preparations for sailing to France, never to return.

MRS. A. (*ironically, to conceal her emotion.*) Which is truly deplorable. It is to be hoped that your wife will enjoy her foreign residence. You say France, which in the American dialect means Paris—"When good Americans die they go to Paris," you know. Pray burden yourself with my compliments to the lady of your choice, the compliments of one who thought she knew you—one who knew you in her girlish life and forgot that time is not so lenient to hearts as to faces. You have not altered outwardly.

OLIVER. Would you reproach me?

MRS. A. Have I the right to reproach you?

OLIVER. Reproach is a privilege; scarcely a right.

MRS. A. I merely speak as women with my experience are prone to speak. May you be happy! Adieu!

OLIVER. Adieu, madame! I need not wish *you* that which you already have so abundantly,—happiness.

MRS. A. You are too good. Yes, I am happy, superlatively happy; women accused of happiness seldom deny the accusation.

OLIVER. Especially women who enjoy belleship and a court of fawning men.

MRS. A. Sir!

OLIVER (*angrily*). Dolores, this is all child's play. You know why I come to America burning to touch my native soil once more, to feel as I once felt when I thought that the heart of a woman was all my own. And I find the fruit of my life but apples of Sodom—beautiful to the eye, ashes between the lips.

MRS. A. But you came to be married, you said.

OLIVER. And to whom?

MRS. A. You have not told me, and I refuse to know—I have *some* feeling left. Adieu!

OLIVER. You will not hear me?

MRS. A. I will not. (*Going, when bell rings violently, and Bessie rushes in.*)

BESSIE. Oh, madame, here is Major Twombly and the Honorable Mr. Belsize, and the Honorable Mr. Belsize has blacked Major Twombly's eye, and Major Twombly has scratched the Honorable Mr. Belsize's face and smashed his new hat, and ——

The door bursts open and enter Twombly and Belsize in a state of dilapidation.

TWOMBLY. I am Major Arthur Wellington Twombly, at present traveling in America, and I desire the history of those gloves which ——

BELSIZE. I am the Honorable Henry Belsize, locomoting through the country, and I ——

TWOMBLY. I demand to know if those gloves ——

BELSIZE. Do those gloves belong to Major Twombly?

TWOMBLY. Do they belong to this honorable gentleman?

BESSIE. Oh, gentlemen! gentlemen!

OLIVER. Dolores, can it be that these men form a part of your court!

MRS. A. Bessie! oh, is there no one to whom I can fly?

TWOMBLY. To me!

BELSIZE. To me! to me!

MRS. A. Roland ——

OLIVER (*turning from her*). Those gloves, Dolores ——

MRS. A. Gloves?

TWOMBLY. } Whose gloves are they?
BELSIZE. }

BESSIE. Oh, madame, these old gloves are the cause of it all.

MRS. A. Roland, you to doubt me! you whom I—oh, but I have not the right to appeal to you.

OLIVER. You have—you have ——

MRS. A. You came to America to be married.

TWOMBLY. So did I.

BELSIZE. So did I.

OLIVER. I came to marry a woman whom I thought loved me. I find her false to me, and false to herself. Those gloves ——

MRS. A. Roland! Roland! Do you mean that I—am I the woman you came to ——

OLIVER. You are.

TWOMBLY. You are.

BELSIZE. You are.

MRS. A. (*running and taking gloves from table, turning them inside out and holding them to Oliver.*) Whose name is written there?

OLIVER (*looking*). What do I see? (*Twombly and Belsize come up and look over his shoulder.*)

MRS. A. Your own name. You wore these gloves the last time you saw me—when I told you that I had accepted Percy Althrop. I have always kept them. (*Gives them to him.*)

OLIVER. Dolores, oh, forgive me! forgive me! (*Holds out his arms and taking her to him, they converse aside.*)

TWOMBLY (*to Bessie*). What! The gloves are his? Then there is no opera to-morrow evening!

BESSIE (*holding out her hand*). I am deaf.

BELSIZE. Is she going to marry this man?

BESSIE (*her hand out*). I am usually deaf at this time of the day—it runs in my family.

TWOMBLY. The Honorable Henry Belsize, it runs in my

mind, as it runs in this girl's family to be deaf at this time of the day, that we have been swindled, swindled, sir.

BELSIZE. Major Twombly, I am a fellow victim. The fault has been neither yours nor mine.

OLIVER (*leading Mrs. A. forward*). The fault has been mine, Dolores, for you never doubted me, while I——

MRS. A. It is the fault of a pair of gloves,—it is my fault.

OLIVER. May the fault lean to virtue's side—or mine (*holding Mrs. A. to him, while Twombly and Belsize hook arms*).

TWOMBLY. I merely called—ah—to ask after your health, madame. I have now the double pleasure of hoping that you may be inexpressibly happy in the alliance which I see you are about to make. (*Bows stiffly.*)

BELSIZE. The Major expresses my sentiments. (*Bows.*)

OLIVER. And I express Mrs. Althrop's, I am sure, when I thank you for your generous wishes, and I assure you that I have to thank for my happiness——

TWOMBLY (*fiercely*). Not me.

BELSIZE (*fiercely*). Not me.

BESSIE. Nor me (*laughing*).

MRS. A. Nor me (*catching the gloves from Oliver and holding them above her head*), but——

ALL (*Twombly and Belsize amazedly, Bessie laughingly, Oliver tenderly*). A Pair of Gloves!

Curtain falls.

SCHOOL CANTATA.—LOUISA P. HOPKINS.

ARRANGED FOR THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

Set to the music of "Pinafore."

SCHOLARS' SONG.

Tune, "We Sail the Ocean Blue."

We love our pleasant school,
Our teacher, too, we honor;
We mind her kindly rule,—
Our blessings rest upon her.
When the term is complete, our playmates dear we meet,
Then with joy we run and play;
Vacation is begun, our school-days almost done,
So happily endeth the day.

OLDER SCHOLAR REPRESENTING TEACHER (*reciting*).

How good it is to reach the long vacation,
To finish well each hard examination;
My scholars true, I am happy with you, too,
We have done the very best that we could do.

SCHOLARS.

Tune, "Buttercup."

Now comes the vacation, the merry vacation,
No care and no trouble have we;
No worry and hurry, no nine o'clock flurry,
No books and no lessons we'll see.
But play and fair weather and rare fun together,
Long days of the summer to pass,
To gather its flowers, to rest in its bowers,
To lie in its green waving grass.
The fields and the meadows, the sunshine and shadows,
Await us so sweet and so cool,
Forget all our sorrow, nor fresh trouble borrow,
And sing a good-bye to the school.
Then welcome vacation, good-bye all vexation,
The task and the order and rule,
Committeé's oration and expostulation,—
Good-bye for this year to the school.

TEACHER (*reciting*).

Tell me, dear children, prize you not the school?
Do you not understand its gentle rule?

SCHOLARS.

Solo and Chorus—Tune, "The Nightingale."

Solo.— Dear teacher, yes,
We know your patient ways,
We will confess
We love your generous praise.

Chorus.— We prize the bright school-days.

Solo.— You cannot guess
How much we care for you,
Or how we bless
You now for all you do.

Chorus.— Our friend so tried and true.

TEACHER (*reciting*).

I thank you, scholars, for your sweet confession,
It warms my heart and gives me truest pleasure;

Accept from me the most sincere expression
Of love and happy wishes without measure.
Now tell us what you've gleaned of learning's treasure.

BOY. *Tune, "A Maiden Fair to See."*

We've learned to love the truth,
In glad spring-time of youth,
To seek the truest beauty.
With aim most pure and high,
Whate'er it costs to try,
To do our utmost duty.

Chorus.—To do our present duty.

GIRL. We've learned that right is best,
That work well done brings rest,
That conscience will reward us.
God's voice within the heart
We've chosen for our part;
True peace this will afford us.

Chorus.— And none can now defraud us.

BOY & GIRL. We've learned that every one
Beneath the rolling sun
A sister is, or brother;
We mean to love our kind,
To strive with willing mind
In all to help each other.

Chorus.— To help and bless each other.

YOUNGEST GEOGRAPHY CLASS.

Solo and Chorus.—Tune, "Captain."

Solo.—We've learned all about the great round world,

Chorus.— The hemispheres and zones.

Solo.— Our globes we've twirled,
And our maps unfurled,
To find all the countries and the towns.

Chorus.— The mountains we have seen,
The valleys right between,
And the rivers from the mountains running down.

Solo.— We can tell you what is meant
By a sea and continent,
And an archipelago.
For our lesson every day
So perfectly we say
That we never, never fail, you know.

TEACHER. What, never?
Chorus.— No, never!
TEACHER. What, never?
Chorus.— Hardly ever,—
We hardly ever fail, you know.
Then give three cheers, and cheer again,
For geography is not learned in vain.

HIGHER CLASS IN GEOGRAPHY.

(*Solos by boys. Choruses by the scholars.*)

Solo.—We can trace the route for a ship bound out,
Chorus.— And a profitable cargo name;
Solo.— Or pick the reg'lar freight
From each and every State,
And reckon up the same.
Chorus.— We can travel all the way
From Boston to Bombay,
And exchange in Hindostan
With the products of the East
For an aldermanic feast,
By camel and the whole caravan.
So at Barnum's show
We shall never fail to know
All the beasts and the monkeys to a man.

LITTLE BOY. What, never?
Chorus.— No, never!
LITTLE GIRL. What, never?
Chorus.— Well, hardly ever,—
Hardly ever fail to go to Barnum's show.
Then give three cheers, and one cheer more,
For Barnum's show is yet in store.

PRIMER CLASS.

Tune, "Barcarole."

We have learned what letters be,
Hear us, we can say our A, B, C.
The whole long alphabet
We know and shall not soon forget;
We have reached our X, Y, Z,
Hear us, while we say our A, B, C.

BOYS OF SPELLING CLASS.

Tune, "We Sail the Ocean Blue."

We'll show what we can do,
My comrades true and steady,

Our spelling-books we're through,
For hard words we are ready.

With your reform phonetic
We're quite devoid of fear,
Of ease it is prophetic,—
None are so smart as we are.

LITTLE GIRL (*presenting a basket of flowers to the Teacher*). *Tune*, "*Sorry Her Lot.*"

Take these flowers so pure and sweet,
Flowers that bloom in the fields of summer,
Brightening the sod beneath our feet,—
God's kisses for the earth, our mother.
You've shown us their forms and beauties rare,
Leaf and bud and corolla fair.

Humming-birds, come and call the bee,
Butterfly, here is the pollen to carry,
Sip the nectar for wedding-fee,
Stigmas wait for you, do not tarry.
Set the seed, it will ripen well,
Fruit shall cluster and germ shall swell.

Chorus with Calisthenics.—Tune, "*Gaily Tripping.*"

Give vacation
Salutation
With all joyous acclamation.
Farewell teachers,
Loving preachers,
Rest, in peace each one shall reach hers.
Stern committee
Grant us pity,
While we sing our farewell ditty.
Supervisors,
Grand as Kaisers,
Be not harsh, severe appraisers.
Superintendent,
Full amendment
Promise we when independent.
Tired of saying "prune and prism,"
We escape all criticism;
With elation,
Dear vacation,
Come to crown our expectation.

IN WANT OF A SERVANT.*—Clara Augusta.

CHARACTERS.

Mr. Marshall.	Katrina Van Follenstein.
Mrs. Marshall.	Snowdrop Washington.
Margaret O'Flanagan.	Mrs. Bunker and Freddie.

Scene 1.—*The breakfast-room of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall. Mr. Marshall smoking a cigar and enjoying the morning paper, with his heels on the mantel.*

Mrs. Marshall (*in a complaining tone*). Oh, dear, Charles, how sick and tired I am of housework! I do envy people who are able to keep help. Here I am tied up to the little hot kitchen from morning till night—stewing and baking, and frying and scrubbing, and washing floors, till I am ready to sink! One thing right over and over again. I wonder why Hood, when he wrote the "Song of the Shirt," had not kept on and written the Song of the Basement.

Mr. Marshall (*removing his cigar*). Is it so very bad, Lily? Why, I have always thought it must be nice work to cook—and washing dishes is the easiest thing in the world. All you have to do is to pour a little hot water on 'em and give 'em a flirt over with a towel.

Mrs. M. That's all you men know about it; it is the hardest work in the world! I always hated it. I remember when I was a little girl I always used to be taken with the headache when mother wanted me to wash the dishes. And then she'd dose me with rhubarb. Ugh! how bitter it was; but not half so bitter as washing dishes in boiling water in a hot kitchen in the middle of August!

Mr. M. (*meditatively taking his feet from the mantel.*) I made a lucky sale this morning, and saved a cool three-hundred. I had intended giving you a new silk, but I'll do better—I'll hire you a girl. How will that suit?

Mrs. M. Oh, what a darling! I would kiss you if you hadn't been smoking, and my collar weren't quite so fresh. I am afraid I shall muss it. But you are a good soul,

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Charlie; and I shall be so happy. Do you really mean it?

MR. M. To be sure.

MRS. M. Wont Mrs. Fitzjones die of envy? She puts her washing out, and she's always flinging that in my face. I guess the boot will be on the other foot now! I wonder what she'll say when she runs in of a morning to see what I'm cooking, and finds me in the parlor hemstitching a handkerchief, and my *maid* attending to things in the kitchen? But where is a girl to be had? Will you go to the intelligence office?

MR. M. No; I don't approve of intelligence offices. I will advertise. Bring me a pen and ink, Lily.

MRS. M. (*bringing the articles.*) You wont say that to me any more, Charles. It will be "Biddy, my good girl, bring me the writing implements." Wont it be nice? Just like a novel. They always have servants, you know.

MR. M. What, the novels?

MRS. M. No; the people in them. Are you writing the advertisement? Be sure and say that no one need apply except experienced persons. I want no green hands about my kitchen.

MR. M. (*reading from the paper what he has been writing.*) "Wanted, by a quiet family, a girl to do general housework. None but those having had experience need apply. Call at No. 116 B—— street, between the hours of ten and two." How will that answer?

MRS. M. Admirably! Charles, you'd ought to have been an editor. You express your ideas so clearly!

MR. M. Thank you, my dear, thank you. I believe I *have* some talent for expressing my meaning. But I am going down town now, and will have this advertisement inserted in the *Herald*, and by to-morrow you can hold yourself in readiness to receive applicants. By-by. [*Exit.*

MRS. M. Well, if that isn't the most charming thing! Wont the Fitzjoneses and Mrs. Smith be raving? Mrs. Smith has got a bound girl, and Mrs. Fitzjones puts out her washing; but I'm to have a regular servant! I shall get a chance to practise my music some now. Dear me, how red my hands are! (*Looks at them.*) I must get some cold cream for them; one's hands show so on the white keys of a piano! I'll go and open that piano now, and dust it. It

must be dreadfully out of tune. But I'll have it tuned as soon as ever I get that girl fairly initiated into my way of doing work. [*Curtain.*

SCENE 2. *Mrs. Marshall awaiting the coming of "applicants." A furious ring at the front door bell.*

MRS. M. (*peeping through the blinds.*) Dear me! I wonder who's coming! A person applying for the situation of a servant would not be likely to come to the front door. I can just see the edge of a blue silk flounce, and a streamer of red ribbon on the bonnet. I'll go and see who it is. (*Opens the door, and a stout Irish girl, gaudily dressed, with an eye-glass, and a bang of enormous dimensions, pushes by her, and entering the parlor, seats herself in the rocking-chair.*)

MRS. M. To what am I indebted for this visit?

MARGARET O'FLANAGAN. It looks well for the like of yees to ask! It's the leddy what's wanting a young leddy to help in the wurruk that I'm afther seeing.

MRS. M. (*with dignity.*) I am that person if you please. What may I call your name?

MARGARET. Me name's Margaret O'Flanagan, though some people has the impudence to call me Peggy; but if ever the likes of it happens agin I'll make the daylight shine into 'em where it never dramed of shining before. What may *your* name be, mum?

MRS. M. My name is Marshall. I am in want of a servant.

MARGARET. Sarvint, is it? Never a bit of a sarvint will I be for anybody! The blud of me forefathy would cry out against it. But I might have ixpected it from the appearance of yees. Shure, and I'd no other thought but ye was the chambermaid. Marshall, is it? Holy St. Patrick! why that was the name of the man that was hung in county Cork for the murthering of Dennis McMurphy, and he had a nose exactly like the one forninst your own face.

A second ring at the door. Mrs. Marshall ushers in a stolid-faced German girl, and an over-dressed colored lady. They take seats on the sofa.

KATRINA VAN FOLLENSTEIN. Ish dis the place mit the woman what wants a girl in her housework that was put into de paper day pefore to-morrow?

MRS. M. Yes, I am the woman. What is your name?

KATRINA. Katarina Van Follenstein. I can do leedle of most everything. I can bake all myself, and bile and fry; and makes sour-krout—oh, shplendid! And I shpanks the children as well as their own mudders.

MARGARET. If ye'll condescend to lave that dirty Dutchman, young leddy, I'll be afther asking ye a few questions; and then if ye don't shute me I can be laving. Me time is precious. Is them the best cheers in yer house?

MRS. M. They are.

MARGARET. Holy Vargin! Why, mum, I've been used to having better cheers than them in me own room, and a sofy in me kitchen to lay me bones on when they're took aching. Have ye got a wine cellar?

MRS. M. (*indignantly.*) No! We are temperance people.

MARGARET. Oh, botheration! Then ye'll niver do for me, at all, at all! It's wine I must have ivery day to keep me stummach in tune, and if Barney O'Grath comes in of an avening I should die of the mortifications if I didn't have a drop of something to trate him on. And about the peanny. It's taking lessons I am, mesilf, and if it's out of kilter, why, it must be fixed at once. I never could think of playing on a instrument that was ontuned. It might spile me voice.

MRS. M. I want no servants in my house who are taking music lessons. I hire a girl to do my work—not to dictate to me and sit in the parlor.

MARGARET. Ye dont hire me. No mum! Not by a long walk. It's not Margaret O'Flanagan that'll be hosted round by an old sharp-nosed crayter like yourself, wid a mole on yer left cheek, and yer bang made out of other folks' hair! The saints be blessed, me own is an illegant one—and niver a dead head was robbed for to make it! 'Twas the tail of me cousin Jimmy's old horse—rest his soul.

MRS. M. (*pointing to the door.*) You can leave the house, Miss O'Flanagan. You wont suit me.

MARGARET. And you wont shute me! I wouldn't work wid ye for a thousand dollars a week! It's not low, vulgar people that Margaret O'Flanagan associates with. Goodbye to ye! I pity the girl ye gets. May the saints presarve her—and not a drop of wine in the house! [*Exit.*

MRS. M. Well, Katrina, are you ready to answer a few questions?

KATRINA. Yah. I is.

MRS. M. Are you acquainted with general housework?

KATRINA. Nein. I never have seen that shinneral. I know Shinneral Shackson and Shinneral Grant, but not that one to speak of!

MRS. M. I intended to ask if you are used to doing work in the kitchen?

KATRINA—Yah. I sees. Dat ish my thrade.

MRS. M. Can you cook?

KATRINA. Most beople, what bees shenteel, keeps a cook.

MRS. M. I do not. I shall expect you to cook. Can you wash?

KATRINA. Beeples what ish in de upper crust puts their washing out.

MRS. M. Can you make beds and sweep?

KATRINA. The dust of the fedders shtuffs up my head, what has got one leedle guitar into it. Most beeples keeps a chamber-maid. Now, I wants to ask you some tings. You gits up in the morning and gits breakfast, of course? It makes mine head ache to git up early. And you'll dust all the furnitures, and shcrub the kittles, and your goot man will wash the floors, and pump the water and make the fires, and——

MRS. M. We shall do no such thing. What an insolent wretch! You can go at once. I've no further use for you. You wont suit.

KATRINA (*retreating*). Mine krout! what a particular vomans. [*Exit.*

SNOWDROP WASHINGTON. Wall, missis, specks here's just de chile for ye. What wages does you gib?—and what is yer pollytics?

MRS. M. What is your name?—and what wages do you expect?

SNOWDROP. My name is Snowdrop Washington, and I specks five dollars a week if I do my own washing, but if it it is put out to de washerwoman's wid de rest of de tings, den I takes off a quarter. And it's best to have a fair understanding now, in de beginning, I'm very perticlar about

my afternoons. Tuesdays I studies my cataplasin and can't be 'sturbed; Wednesdays I goes to see old Aunt Sally Gumbo, what's got de spine of de back; Thursdays I allers takes a dose of lobeely for me stummuch, and has to lay abed; and Fridays I ginerally walks out wid Mr. Sambo Snow, a fren of mine—and in none of dem 'casions can I be 'sturbed. And I shall spect you to find gloves for me to do de work in; cause I don't like to sile my hands.

MRS. M. I want to hire a girl to work—every day—and every hour in the day.

SNOWDROP. The laws-a-massy! what a missis! Why in dat case dis child haint no better off dan wite trash! Ketch Snowdrop Washington setting in dat pew! Not dis nigger! I wish you a berry lubly morning! [*Exit.*

Enter Mrs. Bunker clad in widow's weeds, with a little boy.

MRS. BUNKER (*in a brisk tone*). Are you the person that wants to hire help? Dear me, don't I smell onions? I detest onions! Only vulgar people eat 'em! Have your children had the measles? Because I never could think of taking Freddie where he might be exposed to that dreadful disease. Freddie, my love, put down that vase. If you should break it you might cut yourself with the pieces. Have you a dog about the house, marm?

MRS. M. Yes we have.

MRS. BUNKER. Good gracious! he must be killed then! I shouldn't see a bit of comfort if Freddie was where there was a dog. The last words my dear lamented husband said to me were these: "Mrs. Bunker, take care of Freddie." Bunker's my name, marm. Have you a cow?

MRS. M. We have not.

MRS. BUNKER. How unfortunate! Well, I suppose you can buy one. Freddie depends so much on his new milk; and so do I. How many children have you?

MRS. M. Three.

MRS. BUNKER. Goodness! what a host! I hope none of them have bad tempers, or use profane language. I wouldn't have Freddie associate with them for the world if they did. He's a perfect cherub in temper. My darling, don't pull the cat's tail!—she may scratch you.

MRS. M. You need not remain any longer, Mrs. Bunker, I do not wish to employ a maid with a child.

MRS. BUNKER (*indignantly*). Good gracious! Whoever saw such a hard-hearted wretch! Object to my darling Freddie! Did I ever expect to live to see the day when the offspring of my beloved Jeremiah would be treated in this way! I'll not stay another moment in the house with such an unfeeling monster! Come, Freddie dear, we'll go. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Marshall closes the door and locks it.

MRS. M. Gracious! if this is the way of having a servant, I am satisfied. I'll do my own work to the end of the chapter! (*Another ring at the door.*) There's another ring; but I wont answer it—not I. I'll make believe I'm not at home. Ring away, if it's any satisfaction to you! It doesn't hurt me.

Curtain falls.

DRAMATIC SUPPLEMENT

—TO—

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STRIKING OIL.—H. ELLIOTT MCBRIDE.*

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CHARACTERS.

LORD DUTTONHEAD, a late arrival from England.
MR. JOSEPH WATSON, a retired farmer, of Northfield.
MRS. AMANDA WATSON, his wife, with aristocratic notions in her head.
LAURA WATSON, their daughter.
MISS ELVIRA CLARENDON, Mrs. Watson's sister—an old maid.
MRS. HANNAH PLUNKETT, Mr. Watson's sister from Connecticut.
SARAH BROWN, a domestic.
WILLIAM HAMPTON, an escaped luuatic.
SOLOMON STEADY, an old bachelor.
DANIEL O'RAFFERTY, Mr. Watson's man of all work.
FIRST DETECTIVE.
SECOND DETECTIVE.

ACT I.

SCENE. *The library of Mr. Watson's house. Mrs. Watson seated in a large arm-chair.*

MRS. WATSON (*calling*). Mr. Watson! Mr. Watson! I wonder why Mr. Watson doesn't come when I call. I told Sarah half an hour ago to tell him that I wished to see him in the library. He isn't as attentive to my wishes as he was in the days long gone by, when he was a suitor for my hand. Ah, yes! time works changes. Then we were both poor, but now we are wealthy. Yes, we are the wealthiest family in this part of the country; and it is all because we have struck oil. I flatter myself that the people of Northfield look up

*Author of "Aunt Susan Jones," "Uncle Jacob's Money," etc., in previous Numbers.

to us, and respect us. This is a very pleasant position to be placed in. I always thought I was somewhat superior to other people; and now the time has come when my superiority will be acknowledged. We have money, and while we have money we will be respected. I flatter myself that I am the recognized leader in this town. But why doesn't Mr. Watson come? (*Calls.*) Mr. Watson! Mr. Watson!

Enter Mr. Watson.

MR. WATSON. Well, Amanda, what is it?

MRS. W. Why didn't you come half an hour ago?

MR. W. Simply because I didn't know you wanted me half an hour ago.

MRS. W. Didn't Sarah tell you I wanted to see you?

MR. W. Didn't see Sarah, and I suppose Sarah didn't see me; I've just come in. I heard your call, and now I am at your service. (*Seats himself.*)

MRS. W. I have received a letter from my sister, Mrs. Bennington, and she says that Lord Duttonhead will be here to-morrow.

MR. W. Coming, is he? I heard you speak of Lord Duttonhead before. I'm sorry he's coming; but I suppose I'll have to endure it.

MRS. W. Why, Mr. Watson, what are you saying? Don't you know that Lord Duttonhead is an English nobleman?

MR. W. Yes; I suppose he is English—probably an English swell—and it may be that he has tacked the title of lord to his name so as to make a sensation in this country.

MRS. W. Why, John, do you talk that way? My sister, Mrs. Bennington, knows something about him or she would not have planned for him to come here.

MR. W. What's he coming here for, anyhow?

MRS. W. Why, John, what a question! You know you have a daughter.

MR. W. Oh! Ah! A light breaks in upon me. You wish Laura to marry an English lord?

MRS. W. Yes; if Laura is willing.

MR. W. But she'll not be. She is a girl of good sense.

MRS. W. John, do you not desire to see your daughter wedded to one in a high position?

MR. W. I'll be hanged if I want her to marry an Englishman, either high or low. I don't like the English; I have never liked them since the battle of Bunker Hill.

MRS. W. Oh, John, don't be foolish. What would the people of Northfield say if we should be connected with the aristocracy of England?

MR. W. They'd say we were fools, and they'd be right.

MRS. W. Oh, John, you worry me so! I'm sure I would like to see Laura marry well.

MR. W. Perhaps she don't want to marry at all. You don't want to shove her off, do you? She has a good home here; and I don't think she has any desire to leave it.

MRS. W. John, you know we can't keep her always; her hand will be sought by some one. Then why not have the high and the noble visit her?

MR. W. Let Lord Duttonhead come, if you want to,—I don't care a picayune. Laura is a sensible girl, and if the fellow is a conceited coxcomb, as I am inclined to believe, she'll soon see through him. (*Rises.*) For my part, I know I'll think of Bunker Hill all the time he is here. [*Exit Mr. W.*

MRS. W. John is such a peculiar man; he should be glad that an opportunity is to be presented so that Laura may have a chance of forming an alliance with an English lord; but, instead of that, he is averse to it, and by his conversation it is plain to see that he would prefer that the distinguished foreigner would not come. Well, I'll do all in my power to bring about a happy *finale*. With Laura wedded to an English nobleman, I should feel that we were superior to anybody in the State, and that I had not lived in vain. (*Rises.*) But I must get everything in readiness for the coming of his lordship. [*Exit Mrs. W.*

Enter William Hampton.

WILLIAM HAMPTON (*laughing*). He! he! he! Well, I've got into a house at last. I've been looking around for some time for a place that I might call home, but somehow I couldn't find it. This is a pretty comfortable sort of a shanty; so I guess I'll stay awhile. (*Seats himself.*) Let's see, where have I been? Well, I won't dwell on that. I'm here; I'm in a house now; and if I know myself, I'll stay awhile. Perhaps somebody will come in and invite me to go out. But I will not go out; I've been out long enough. No, I will not go out; I'm not going to tramp around any more. They may want to take me to the lunatic asylum again; but I'll not

go,—no, not by two jugfuls and a half. I'm going to live like other people for the rest of my days.

Re-enter Mrs. Watson.

MRS. W. (*screaming.*) What's this? Who are you?

WILLIAM (*rising, and bowing politely*). How do you do? I thought you were expecting me. I was expecting you, anyhow. (*Laughs.*) He! he! he!

MRS. W. (*aside.*) Oh, he has come! (*To William.*) And you are Lord Duttonhead?

WILLIAM (*still bowing*). Yes, ma'am; that's my name, at your service.

MRS. W. (*aside.*) What a strange man he is! But then he is an Englishman, and he is not used to our ways. (*To William.*) Be seated, sir. We feel highly honored in having your presence, and we will do all in our power to make your stay with us pleasant.

WILLIAM (*aside*). Geewhittaker! this is just the kind of a place I've been looking for. They're going to make my visit a pleasant one. Now, I must say something pretty nice in reply. (*Bowing, and speaking to Mrs. Watson.*) I assure you I shall be most happy to remain for a while; and, let me say that I feel very much honored in staying with you. I wish to repeat it,—I feel very much honored in staying—and—and—and—I feel very much honored in my presence—and I assure you that I feel very much honored in staying with you. How could it be otherwise? (*Aside.*) I believe I'm getting a little off. (*To Mrs. Watson.*) Yes, as I said before, I am exceedingly glad that I have come, and I assure you that while I stay I shall do everything that lies in my power to render my presence as honored—I mean—I know that you were expecting me and I was expecting you; but that makes no difference—none whatever; and I assure you that while I stay I will endeavor to make my visit pleasant. (*Aside.*) I wish she'd say something; I have about run out.

MRS. W. Be seated, Lord Duttonhead; I can but feebly express the honor I feel in meeting you. I will retire now, and inform the rest of the family of your arrival. [*Exit Mrs. W.*

WILLIAM. I'm glad she's gone. It tires me awfully to talk to that woman. She calls me Lord Duttonhead; but I am not quite sure that that is my name. Some people call me William, and I used to be called Bill when I was a boy; and

now this old woman calls me Lord Duttonhead. I can't quite understand it. But what's the use of bothering myself about it? I've got into a house, and if I know myself correctly I'll stay awhile. (*Seats himself.*) The old woman went out to tell the rest of the family that I had come. I wonder if they'll try to put me out, as they did at one other house I stopped at? Well, if they do there'll be trouble. I feel right strong now (*stretching his arms and doubling his fists*); and I think I could fight. But I think I would be stronger, and I think I could fight better if I had something to eat. I don't think I have had anything to eat since I left Dixmont. Dixmont! ah! ugh! They thought I was a lunatic—he! he! But I was smart enough to get out, and run away—he! he! And now that old woman thinks I am Lord—Lord—Lord—I've forgotten the name; but the old woman is mistaken. When they find out that I am not the man they want to see there will be trouble; but as long as they think I am the right man I'll get along first-rate. (*Listens.*) There's somebody coming. (*Rises.*) I suppose it's the old woman. I don't like to talk to her; it tires me—but for the sake of having a home here I'll endure it. (*Enter Miss Clarendon. William bows.*) Ah! um! This is another lady—not the lady I saw before. I am very much pleased to meet you.

Miss Clarendon. Ah, indeed! It gives me unparalleled and unconditional pleasure to hear you say so. You are Lord Duttonhead, I suppose?

William (*aside*). That's it! Lord Duttonhead. I had forgotten my name. (*To Miss Clarendon.*) Yes, I am Lord Duttonhead, and I shall do all in my power to render my visit a pleasant one. I know that I have been expecting you and you have been expecting me, and I shall feel very much honored in staying here; and, at the same time, I shall do all in my power to render my visit a pleasant one. (*Aside.*) I suppose I'll have to say this all over again. It is very tiresome; but if I am to be Lord Duttonhead, I will have to try and make myself agreeable and entertaining.

Miss C. I am sure we shall feel very much flattered by your overwhelming and overweening presence, and we shall revel in your smiles and the dulcifying tones of your voice.

William (*aside*). I wonder if she hasn't just got out of a lunatic asylum, too.

MISS C. We have been expecting you, and we feel very highly honored and overwhelmed because you have come. I did not know that you had come; we hardly expected that you would arrive until to-morrow. You will probably be interested in my sister's daughter, Laura. She is young, rather too young, I should say, to think of the onerous cares of matrimony.

WILLIAM. That's correct. She's too young; I know she is. I'll take your word for it. Now, when I get married I want to marry an old girl. I don't want a last year's chicken. I want something about your size.

MISS C. Oh, dear, how sudden you are! (*Aside.*) I wish I had fixed up a little better; I'm afraid my hair is somewhat nonplussed (*smoothing her hair*). But then I didn't know he was here. (*To William.*) Lord Duttonhead, you are right in the abstract and also in the concrete. It is entirely wrong for young girls to form matrimonial entanglements, and to enter into premature alliances. But it is right for older heads—that is, I mean it is right for those of mature years to think on the subject; and when an advantageous and a homogenous offer is made they should accept.

WILLIAM. Just my idea, exactly; you seem to be the one I've been looking for. Now, if you'd go out and get me a piece of pie I could proceed. To tell the truth about the matter, I haven't had any dinner since day before yesterday, and a piece of pie would kind of brace me up. I want to talk to you about this thing, but I don't feel equal to the task now. I know I could do it better if I had a piece of pie.

MISS C. It will give me unlimited pleasure to serve you.

WILLIAM. You're the woman for me. You needn't be afraid of bringing too much pie,—a whole one wouldn't hurt. And you might bring half a dozen boiled eggs.

MISS C. (*aside.*) What a strange man he is! And yet I know he is the *right* man. The right man has come at last! Oh, I have waited for this day, and it has come! It has come!

WILLIAM. Why don't you hurry up? Don't you know I haven't had any dinner since day before yesterday in the afternoon?

MISS C. I beg your pardon, Lord Duttonhead. On the wings of the eagle I straightway shall fly; and soon I'll return with the eggs and the pie (*starting out*).

WILLIAM. Stop! you needn't go. Come to think of it, I don't want any pie, and I don't want any eggs; life is too short to bother with eggs. I have many things to say to you; and if I succeed in getting them all said I must not stop to eat pie. Now, Miss —— I have forgotten your name.

MISS C. My name is Clarendon—Elvira Clarendon.

WILLIAM. Yes; and my name is what?

MISS C. You are Lord Duttonhead, are you not?

WILLIAM. Exactly! that's correct. In the confusion of the moment I had forgotten my name. Yes, I am Lord Duttonhead. Miss Clarendon, will you please be seated (*placing a chair for her*).

MISS C. (*aside, as she seats herself.*) He's one of the most singular men I have ever had the pleasure of beholding.

WILLIAM (*seating himself by her side, and taking her hand*). Now we will come to the point.

MISS C. Oh, this is so sudden, so unexpected!

WILLIAM (*excitedly*). Now, then, we must come to the point. The hours are speeding by. I come not here to talk. You know too well the story of our thraldom. Fair maiden with the soft brown eye,

> "I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
> Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young ——"

(*He kisses her hand.*)

MISS C. Oh, Lord Duttonhead, how you make me blush!

WILLIAM. Nay, blush not, fair one! (*Rises, speaks in a loud voice, and gesticulates wildly.*)

> "Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
> And I will stand the hazard of the die.
> I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
> Five have I slain to-day instead of him:
> A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

Miss Clarendon rises while he is speaking the last line, and seems very much frightened.

MISS C. I'm afraid—I'm astonished. I believe I shall leave the room. (*Aside.*) I wonder if the man is crazy?

WILLIAM. Oh, you needn't be frightened; I only got off the track a little. Be seated, Miss Clarendon; I have much to say to you. (*Takes her by the hand, and leads her to a seat.*) As I said before, life is too short to waste it either on pie or fine speeches or boiled eggs. (*Seats himself beside her.*) I have much to say to you. (*Puts his arm around her.*)

Miss C. Oh, Lord Duttonhead, you shouldn't do that! (*Makes a show of trying to disengage herself.*) Don't you know we meet to-day for the first time?

William. Yes, that's so; and we may not meet again for a week, a week and a-half, or two weeks. I believe in love at first sight; and you believe in it, too. And now we will come to the point. I want to ask you if you would have any objections,—that is, I want to ask you if in the whole course of your career you have ever known—that while the stars and stripes floated over the hill-tops and the valleys of our beloved land—(*Aside.*) That's not just what I wanted to say, but it will have to do. (*To Miss Clarendon.*) And as long as corn sells at two bushels, and potatoes can't be had, I want to ask you if in such times you ever knew anybody to go down the valley unwept, unhonored, and unhung. I repeat it, Miss Clarendon, I repeat it, Union and Liberty should be emblazoned in living light upon our banners—and upon our tea-kettles. Not one star should be dimmed, and not one stripe wiped out. Then let us continue to be a free people, and let our war cry be Independence now, Independence to-morrow, and Independence next Saturday.

Enter Sarah Brown.

Sarah Brown. Oh! oh!

Miss C. (*springs up, and screams.*) Oh! oh! oh—h—h!

William (*imitating them*). Oh! oh! oh-h! oh—h—h! (*Sarah and Miss Clarendon run out.*) Well, it seems that the women around this house are kind of scary. I didn't see anything to cause anybody to squeal and run away. Now, I didn't have the pleasure of proposing to that old girl, and I didn't get any pie and boiled eggs, either. I wonder if it isn't pretty near supper time? I didn't have any dinner since day before yesterday in the afternoon; and if I don't get something to eat pretty soon I'll die of starvation. Well, if I can't get something to eat, I suppose I'd better get under the table, and go to sleep. (*He crawls under the table.*)

Enter O'Rafferty, bowing in Lord Duttonhead.

O'Rafferty. They'll be glad to see yez. Jist take a chair, an' sit down on it; I reckon the folks will be in purthy soon. [*Exit.*

Lord Duttonhead. Aw, yaas, I undawstand; I am heaw

at last. Confound that Montouaw Wailwoad; it's just about as good as no wailwoad at all; don't begin to compawre with the wailwoads in England. Why, I thought I would have been walloped against the side of the caaw; and I was in a constant terwor lest my bwains would be dashed out; one minute and I would go away ovah this way, and the next minute I would go away ovah that way. They say the woad was only built fow a coal wailwoad, but I should think that coal would be a good deal ashamed to wide on it. Back heah a showt distance, at a little one-horse place, called Jeffwystown, there is a curve short enough to knock the bweath out of any man. Well, I won't go back on that wailwoad; I'd wather walk than wun the wisk of losing my life. This is a pwitty fine village, though,—long line of fine houses, with stately maples in fwont, something like the twees in my beloved England. And I'm at Mr. Watson's. Mrs. Bennington speaks highly of Mr. Watson's daughter, Laura; and the old gentleman's got money—stwuck oil, they say; stwuck it wich, too. Mrs. Bennington says he's worth half a million. (*William raises the table cover, and looks out.*) And he has only one child; and she, they say, is a beautiful girl. Now, I must endeavor to be vewy captivating—and I flatter myself I can be that way, and not exert myself vewy much either. Yes, that's corwect; I am considawbly wun down in money mattaws; but if I succeed in winning the pwize I shall be a happy man. Just think of it,—the old gentleman has stwuck oil, and is worth half a million, and the daughtaw is the only child. I am wight anxious to see the lady; I hope she will be favowably impwessed.

Enter Mrs. Watson.

Mrs. W. Have I the honor of meeting Lord Duttonhead?

Lord D. Yaas, that's corwect. (*Bows.*) And I presume I have the honaw of meeting Mrs. Watson? I am weally delighted, I am, 'pon my honaw. Yaas, that's corwect. (*Mrs. Watson extends her hand, and Lord Duttonhead takes it.*) I am vewy, vewy much delighted and honawed in thus being invited to your domicile; and I hope my visit may be agweable.

Mrs. W. Oh, it will be! I know it will be! Be seated, Lord Duttonhead.

LORD D. Aw, thanks! Yaas, that's corwect. (*He seats himself.*) Youaw sistaw, Mrs. Bennington, told me I would have to come up on the Montouaw Wailwoad. (*Mrs. Watson seats herself.*) But she neglected to say that it was only a coal wailwoad. (*Laughs.*) I should think that coal would be almost afwaid to wide on that woad for feah it would all get bounced off, and made into slack. (*Laughs.*) I thought for awhile *I* would get bounced off, and made into slack. Ha! ha! Yaas, that's corwect; I make this wemark about the Montouaw Wailwoad to account for my appeawance. First I was at one side of the caaw, and then I was at the othah side of the caaw. Yaas, I was knocked about something like a cwoquet ball. Pwetty good joke on me, wasn't it?

MRS. W. Yes; we know people make complaints on the road, but still it is a great convenience, and the managers will probably give us something better in a short time.

LORD D. Aw, yaas; and people can put up with inconveniences when there is something ahead, you know. Yaas, that's corwect. This is a beautiful village; a vewy beautiful village, and I applaud you for taking up youaw abode heaw.

MRS. W. Oh, we only expect to remain here for a short time; we will at an early day remove to New York or Boston, where the people are more cultured than they are here.

LORD D. Yaas, that's corwect; I should think that you would pwefer to weside in highaw circles, on a highaw plane, as it were, than can be found awound heaw.

MRS. W. And we wish our daughter Laura to associate with the best people. I feel that I am the queen of society here, but I have nobler views,—higher aspirations.

LORD D. Yaas, that's corwect; Mrs. Bennington says that Mr. Watson has stwuck oil, and gone up like a wocket.

MRS. W. Oh, dear, yes. Mr. Watson doesn't know what he is worth. Figuratively speaking, money pours in upon us.

LORD D. (*aside.*) I would be wejoiced if they'd pouaw some of it upon me.

MRS. W. (*rising.*) I will go now and call my daughter Laura; she is somewhat rude in her manner, but you must overlook that, and forgive any mistakes she may make.

LORD D. Oh, yaas, that's all wight,—that's corwect. (*Exit Mrs. Watson, with a profound bow.*) Now, it stwikes me that

I've found the wight place, and that I am going to make a favorable impwession. I am vewy much pleased with the old lady; her talk seems to have the wight jingle; she's kind of awistocwatic, and that suits my taste and feeling. (*William comes out at back of table, and faces Lord Duttonhead. Lord Duttonhead, in surprise, looks at him through his eye-glass. William, in imitation, makes his hand into a tube, and looks through it at Lord Duttonhead.*) Who aw you?

WILLIAM. I am Lord Muttonhead.

LORD D. Who?

WILLIAM. Lord Muttonhead.

LORD D. And I am Lord Duttonhead.

WILLIAM. That's it! Duttonhead. I made a mistake.

LORD D. Aw you not mistaken? *I* am Lord Duttonhead.

WILLIAM. *I* am Duttonhead, and you are Muttonhead.

LORD D. Nevah! Do you wish to insult me, sir?

WILLIAM. I'll knock your head off in less than no time if you contradict me.

LORD D. (*aside.*) Good gwacious! what kind of a man is this, anyhow? He must be a wegular heathen. I almost wish I hadn't come. But what can we expect heaw? When they have such cwooked wailwoads we must expect to see some cwooked people. (*To William.*) I beg youaw pawdon, sir; have it all youaw own way, sir.

WILLIAM. I intend to have it all my own way; I won't allow any Muttonhead to boss me around.

LORD D. (*aside.*) Good gwacious! isn't he an awful man? I wondaw if he isn't a cowboy?

WILLIAM. You want to strike oil, don't you? You're coming around here to get some of the old man's money.

LORD D. Sir?

WILLIAM (*speaking very loud*). You're not deaf, are you? I say you're coming around here to get some of the old man's money. The old man has struck oil, and you want to strike the old man.

LORD D. Nevaw! nevaw!

WILLIAM. Oh, you needn't say *nevaw;* I know all about it; I was under the table, and heard it all.

LORD D. (*aside.*) Good gwacious! did he weally heah what I said? I'm afwaid it will cause twouble. (*To William.*) Who aw you, anyhow? One of the servants?

WILLIAM. Do I look like a servant? Do *you* wish to insult a gentleman? I tell you I am Lord Duttonhead. (*Threateningly.*) Now, don't give me any more of your impudence!

LORD D. (*frightened, and stepping back. Aside.*) Oh, good gwacious! I think I've made a slight mistake, and got into a lunatic asylum. (*To William.*) Oh, no, I'll not give you any moaw impudence—no, of course not; that's corweet. But would you be so kind as to call some of the othaw membaws of the family?

WILLIAM. No, Mr. Muttonhead, I'll not call any of the other members of the family. Do you see that table?

LORD D. (*pointing.*) That table, there?

WILLIAM (*pointing*). Yes, that table, there.

LORD D. Yaas, of course, I see that table.

WILLIAM. Well, crawl under it. Do you understand?

LORD D. What! cwawl undaw that table?

WILLIAM. Yes, crawl under that table, and don't come out until I tell you.

LORD D. Weally, you don't mean that?

WILLIAM. Yes, I do. (*Shaking his fist.*) Get in quick.

LORD D. (*crawling under table.*) Weally, this is an outwage.

WILLIAM. Now, don't speak,—don't move, or you'll be a dead man. There! you're in, aren't you?

LORD D. Weally, this is an outwage.

WILLIAM (*aside*). He's in, and he may stay awhile. Now, I feel as if I was master of the situation. If the old man or the old woman should come in there might be trouble. I wonder where the old girl is now? One of the servants had the impudence to come to the door, and that put an end to our courting scene. (*A step is heard.*) I wonder if that is the old maid. (*Enter Miss Clarendon.*) It is! it is! (*Opens his arms.*) Fly to my arms, and I'll fly to yours.

MISS C. (*raising her finger.*) 'Sh! Don't make so much noise; you'll alarm the rest of the family. I thought I'd come in, and hear the rest (*blushing*); the rest, you know. You had commenced to—that is, you were about to say something, and—and my heart had commenced to palpitate—you know—and—and we were interrupted, and I should like to hear all—

WILLIAM. That's right; and I want to say it all. Oh, you dear old angel, I want to finish my proposal. (*Takes her*

hand, and leads her to a seat.) Be seated, beautiful one, and I will proceed. "I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided,"—I said that before, but I want to be very explicit, and make my proposal in toploftical style. I stand before you to-day, Miss Dorchester——

Miss C. You have forgotten. My name is Clarendon.

William (*fiercely*). How dare you interrupt me; don't I know who you are; and haven't I known the Dorchesters for nine hundred and sixty-nine years? (*Shakes his fist in her face.*) Now, you sit still, and don't interrupt me, or I shall never propose to you—never! As I said before ——

Miss C. (*attempting to go.*) Oh, Lord Duttonhead, please let me go; Im' afraid of you; you act like a crazy man.

William (*taking her hand, and seating her*). Yes, that's what they all say; they say I act like a crazy man. But isn't the occasion sufficient to justify me in acting like a crazy man? Here I stand before you to-day, on the point of proposing matrimony; and, as I said before, "I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience." (*Gesticulates wildly.*) I want to say also, that I wish it to be distinctly understood that it is my unqualified opinion that "the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Enter Sarah Brown.

Sarah (*excitedly*). Miss Clarendon, run out of the room. Be quick! be quick! (*Miss Clarendon rises.*) That's a crazy man; he's got out of Dixmont. Fly! fly! He may murder you. (*Miss Clarendon runs to the door and then stops.*)

Miss C. I thought; yes, I feared, that he wasn't altogether right in his intellectuality.

William. I never did like to be interrupted when I was making a proposal of matrimony. (*Shakes his fist, and advances.*) Young woman, you have interrupted me; yes, you have interrupted me twice. Shall I kill you on the spot, and thrust you out into the street?

Sarah (*screaming*). Oh! oh—h-h! Help! Murder—r-r!

Enter Mr. Watson and First and Second Detectives.

Mr. W. It seems that we have a crazy man in the house.

William. Yes, sir, you have; he is under the table there.

Lord D. (*coming from under the table.*) I thought *he* was a

cwazy man; he wants to make you believe that I am the cwazy man, but I am Lord Duttonhead, from England; this cwazy man compelled me to go undaw the table.

MR. W. These men can decide which is the lunatic.

FIRST DETECTIVE. This is the man (*taking hold of William*).

WILLIAM. Yes; that's the way it goes. I was on the point of making the heart of a beautiful woman rejoice by offering her my hand; and now the project is spoiled, knocked in the head, scattered to the four winds. It's too bad! it's too bad! (*To the detectives.*) Yes, take me away, and bury me in the garden, Maud. Yes, bury me again in that dismal place, and then you'll be happy.

MISS C. How my heart aches for the unfortunate man.

WILLIAM. And how sad I feel now that I am to be torn away from your side; I feel sad, too, because I will not be allowed to complete my speech, commencing, "I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided."

SECOND DETECTIVE. Come along, William; you have been absent from the institution for some time.

WILLIAM. Yes; and I haven't had anything to eat since day before yesterday in the afternoon; and that crazy fellow (*pointing at Lord Duttonhead*) will continue to be happy, and get the money, too. He says the old man has struck oil, and he wants to strike the old man.

LORD D. (*aside.*) Oh, deah! how vewy distwessing! But of course they won't listen to the waving of a lunatic.

FIRST DETECTIVE. We will go now, William.

WILLIAM. Good-bye, then. (*To Miss Clarendon.*) Good-bye, my beautiful gazelle. (*Bows.*) Good-bye, Lord Muttonhead. (*They turn to go out.*)

LORD D. I think it is an outwage to have such people wunning at large.

[*Curtain falls.*

ACT II.

SCENE. *Mr. Watson's parlor. Laura Watson, seated.*

LAURA WATSON. Mother and my aunt, Mrs. Bennington, have arranged matters to suit themselves; they thought I would be pleased with this English fop. Bah! I have only seen him twice, and I do not care to see him again. He has

been stopping at the Imperial Hotel, and as long as mother encourages him he is sure to stay and annoy me with his presence. Why not close the affair? I know he is a conceited coxcomb, and why should there be any trifling? (*Suddenly.*) I have it; I'll act as though I was slightly insane, and frighten him. (*Laughs.*) He was frightened by the crazy man from Dixmont; I'll give him another fright and perhaps he will then fly to his own native land. (*Step outside.*) Ah! he's coming now. "Act well your part; there all the honor lies." (*She rises.*)

Enter Lord Duttonhead.

LORD D. (*bowing very low.*) Oh, Miss Lauwa, I am delighted—so ovawpowawed with ecstatic joy in thus finding you alone; I feel that I can convewse with you this mowning with gweat fluency. You look so chawming—so delightfully ovawpowawing; that's the word—that's corwect—so delightfully ovawpowawing—yaas, that's corwect.

LAURA. You're a fool.

LORD D. (*aside, and startled.*) Gwacious! what does this mean? I am horwified. (*To Laura.*) Miss Lauwa, did you weally mean what you said?

LAURA. Lord Punkinhead; *dear* Lord Punkinhead, you have come a-courting. He! he! he! Oh, I'm so glad! Te hee! te hee! te hee! I thought I'd get a beau some time.

LORD D. (*aside.*) What, undaw the shining sun, is the meaning of this? I supposed she was kind of countwyfied; but I wasn't pwepawed for so much as this. (*To Laura.*) Yaas, that's corwect; I have come to see you, Miss Lauwa, with sewious intentions,—in fact, I have come—ahem—with—with—ahem—yaas, that's corwect—with a view to matwimony—yaas, pwovided it is agweeable to all parties, and undaw all conditions and circumstances—ahem—yaas, that's corwect—ahem—ahem—ahem.

LAURA. What are you heming and hawing about? Got something in your throat, have you? Out with it!

LORD D. (*aside.*) Why, she's a wegular wough. Awfully uncultivated. Yaas, that's it;—that's corwect. But I mustn't give it up. (*To Laura.*) Why, you see, Miss Lauwa, I'm not used to talking to such people as you. (*Aside.*) Yaas; that's corwect. (*To Laura.*) And it makes me, in a mannaw, somewhat embarwased and agitated.

LAURA. Oh, pooh! none of your nonsense, Lord Punkinhead; if you are going to marry me, you will have to get acquainted with our ways. Sit down, and don't stand there like a scared pup.

LORD D. (*aside.*) Like a scawed pup! Did you evah! Why, she's as wough as a cowboy.

LAURA. Sit down, Lord Punkinhead; sit down. If you are going to court me, why don't you commence?

LORD D. (*aside.*) There it is again. Weally, she is the most uncultivated female I evah saw; I had hoped that she would be entiawly diffawent. (*To Laura.*) Yaas, that's corwect; I will sit down, and commence to talk to you. (*Takes a seat some distance from Laura.*)

LAURA (*laughing*). Is that the way you English fops do your courting? He! he! he! Now, there's Jim Jones ——

LORD D. (*starting up, and looking around.*) Weah is Jim Jones? I thought this was a stwictly pwivate interview.

LAURA (*laughing very loud*). Sit down, Lord Punkinhead, sit down; I didn't mean that Jim Jones was coming in. Ha, ha, ha! He, he, he! Oh, that's too good! Oh, ho, ho, ho! But I'll not let Jim hurt you. Sit down, do.

LORD D. Well, yaas; I will sit down. (*Seats himself.*) I was kind of fwightened. You know you spoke about Mr. Jones, and I thought he was coming wight into the woom. Wasn't that laughable? (*Laughs.*)

LAURA (*testily*). I don't see anything laughable about it.

LORD D. (*aside.*) Isn't she a peculiar girl? She just laughed out loud about it; and then, when I say it was a laughable affair, she says it wasn't. She's the most wemawkable girl I evaw saw. But her father has stwuck oil, and I must perseveaw. (*To Laura.*) Oh, no, of course not—not vewy laughable. Yaas, that's corwect; but somehow it made me laugh. Who is this Mr. Jones?

LAURA. None of your business.

LORD D. (*aside.*) Good gwacious! she'll bite my head off, if I don't look out. (*To Laura.*) No, of course not; that's corwect,—it wasn't any of my business.

LAURA. Then, what did you ask for? Don't you know when to keep your mouth shut?

LORD D. (*aside.*) There it is again. Such impolite language, too; I'm beginning to feel vewy uncomfortable. (*To Laura.*)

Yaas; that's corwect. You see, Miss Lauwa I haven't been in this countwy a gweat while, and I have not yet become fully acquainted with youaw ways of talking and acting, and, as a natuwal consequence, I am at times somewhat nonplussed. Aftaw I have been heaw awhile I will undawstand you bettaw, and then we will get along glowiously.

LAURA (*looking pleasantly at him*). Oh, yes, Lord Punkinhead, I know we will.

LORD D. But, Miss Lauwa, I must pwotest against your calling me Lord Punkinhead. That is not my name; it is Duttonhead—Lord Duttonhead.

LAURA. Can you spell your name?

LORD D. Oh, yaas; of course.

LAURA. Spell it, then.

LORD D. (*spells*) D-u-t-t-o-n-h-e-a-d.

LAURA (*pronouncing it*). Punkinhead.

LORD D. I would weally pwonounce that Duttonhead.

LAURA. I wouldn't. (*Crossly.*) I suppose I know how to spell and pronounce too.

LORD D. (*aside.*) Why, she's a wegular alligataw.

LAURA (*pleasantly*). Do you write poetry?

LORD D. Wite poetwy? Oh, no; not to any gweat extent. I have witten some fine poems, howevaw.

LAURA. Oh, have you? I should like to hear one of your poems. Please recite one of them.

LORD D. I will have to think a moment. (*Pauses.*) Yaas, that's corwect; now I have it:

"Will you love me when the money
All is spent and swept away,
When the bills wemain unsettled,
And the gwocer wants his pay;
Will you love me then?"

LAURA. Pooh! you don't call that poetry, do you?

LORD D. No, of course not; that was dashed off in a hurwy, you know. Of course, I can do bettaw than that; but I want to ask you a conundrum.

LAURA. Well, go ahead with your conundrum.

LORD D. It is: How long can a goose stand on one foot?

LAURA. Try it, and see.

LORD D. (*aside.*) Gwacious! she's as sharp as a steel twap. I guess I won't ask any moaw. (*To Laura.*) Miss Lauwa, I wish to come to the point that is nearest to my heart.

LAURA (*springing up, and assuming a tragic attitude*). Don't come to the point that is nearest to your heart! Don't! don't! Lord Punkinhead. I say, don't come to a point!

LORD D. (*rising.*) Oh, of course not. (*Aside.*) I wondaw if evewybody about this house has gone cwazy. (*To Laura.*) Oh, no, Miss Lauwa, of course not, if you object to it. But I merely wished to say——

LAURA (*excitedly*). Don't say it! don't say it! Lord Puddinhead, don't say it! Would you drench this fair earth in human gore? (*Recites*):

> "Though the old Allegheny may tower to heaven
> And the Father of waters divide,
> The links of our destiny cannot be riven ——"

Laura rushes off the stage. Lord D. looking after her with his eye-glass. Enter, opposite side, Mrs. Hannah Plunkett, carrying a bandbox and other packages.

MRS. PLUNKETT (*as she enters*). I guess I'll jest walk in. I don't see anybody areound, but this is John's house—leastways that's what they told me down at the daypo. (*Sees Lord Duttonhead.*) Ah! somebody here. How de do sir?

LORD D. How do you do? (*Bows.*) I'm glad to see you.

MRS. P. Railly neow, air yeou? Reckon yeou're a kind of a visitor here?

LORD D. Yaas, that's corwect. I have that honaw.

MRS P. And so am I. I'm John Watson's sister, and Hannah Plunkett is my name. I live away eout in Connecticut. Come a good piece—hevn't I? Yeou see I hearn tell that John had struck ile and had got powerful rich. Jest wanted to see the country where the ile flows eout of the ground like water. Reckon yeou live areound here?

LORD D. No, I have not that honaw. I come from the othaw side of the wataw. My home is in England. I am Lord Duttonhead.

MRS. P. Good land of Penobscot, yeou don't say so! I hev allers wanted to see a rail English lord, and neow my eyes rests upon him. (*Takes off spectacles, rubs the glasses, puts them on again and gazes at him.*) Railly, air you a lord?

LORD D. Yaas, that's corwect. I have that honaw.

MRS. P. Well, well! this does beat all. Neow I'll tell them when I get back to hum that I have not only seen the ile country, but I have seen a rail English lord. Come to think of it, mebbe yeou're a courtin' John's darter.

LORD D. Well—ahem—yaas, that's corwect.

MRS. P. Yeou don't tell me! Neow if John's darter should marry an English lord wouldn't I tell it to the Hookers and the Wimpletons and the Scrugginses? Oh, it would be grand! Go ahead, Mr. Lord and I'll do all I can to help yeou along.

LORD D. I should be vewy glad to have your influence.

MRS. P. Well, railly, I can't stop lookin' at yeou. A rail English lord a-sparkin' John's darter. Who'd a thought it? Oh, won't I hev a big story to tell to hum.

LORD D. (*bowing.*) I'm sure I feel vewy much honawed on account of your admiwation. I do, indeed!

MRS. P. (*imitating him.*) And I feel very much honored and also somewhat comboberated to be standin' before a rail English lord. I skurcely know how to behave myself. I'm a purty old woman, but never before have I felt sich a fluctuation. But where's the rest of the family?

LORD D. Miss Lauwa has just stepped out, but will pwobably weturn soon.

MRS. P. Exactly! I understand. Well, I'll not stand in the way. (*Gathering up her packages.*) I'll jest take another look at yeou and then I'll go and hunt up John and his wife. (*Adjusts her spectacles and looks at him again.*) My! won't I hev a big story to tell to the Hookers and the Wimpletons and the Scrugginses? [*Exit.*

LORD D. This seems to be wather a peculiaw kind of a family. I have half a mind to leave the village immediately. Who would want to be marwied to a cwazy girl if she is wich? And yet it may all turn out wight. But I must say that Miss Lauwa is a wemawkably queer kind of a girl.

Enter O'Rafferty.

O'RAFFERTY. 'Sh! don't say a word. Faith an' Oi'd lose me place if they'd foind out that Oi'd been tellin' about it. An' the ould man wud give me no characther at all, at all. Yez don't know anything about it, I reckon? Faith, an' Oi'll tell yez all, fur yez look like a gintleman.

LORD D. What's bwoke? You stawtle me with youaw mystewious mannaw. Has there been a terwible accident?

O'RAFFERTY. No, but there'll be a tirrible mistake Oi'm afeard. Ye're lookin' out fur a rich wife. Be a little careful. They say that the ould man is on the pint av burstin' up.

LORD D. Oh, weally, is that so?

O'RAFFERTY. That's jist what Oi heard, but av coorse I don't know whether it is a fact or not. Jist be on the look-out fur yersilf.

LORD D. Aw! this is stawtling.

O'RAFFERTY (*aside*). Now Oi'll give him another dose. The young girrul's been actin' crazy; Oi'll help that matther along too. (*Aloud.*) An' did yez see onything quare about the young girrul?

LORD D. Aw, yaas—that's corwect. I did think she was somewhat peculiaw. But I pwesume she is somewhat countwyfied and hasn't been away fwom home a gweat deal.

O'RAFFERTY. Well, jist look out fur yersilf. Oi don't want to say much, but Oi thought Oi'd jist give yez a pointher. Oi'll have to go now. Don't say nothin'. Ye know it wud place me in an oncomfortable predicament. (*Aside.*) Oi just wanted to help the young girrul out av her throuble, and if this gintleman is afther money he'll soon give up the chase. Faith, an' Oi didn't tell no lie nayther, for there is a report goin' that the ould gintleman is on the point av breakin' up. [*Exit.*

LORD D. Aw! Aw! if the old man is going to bweak I'll bweak too and get out of this place—unless things take a moaw favowable turn. It's lucky I didn't pwopose.

LAURA (*entering with a short stick in her hand, reciting*).

"Then up with the flag! let it stream on the air,
Though our fathers are cold in their graves;
They had hands that could strike—"

(*Turns and glares at Lord D.*) Are you here—you? Didn't you murder King Henry XVII? (*Excitedly.*) And didn't you pull down the American flag and trail the stars and stripes in the dust of the street?

LORD D. (*frightened.*) Me! Nevaw! It must have been some othaw man.

LAURA (*wildly*). It was you, sir; yes, it was you.

LORD D. Weally, Miss Lauwa, you must be mistaken. I don't have any wecollection of perfowming such an outwageous act. (*Aside.*) I wish I was out of this scwape.

LAURA (*sings and dances*). Tol de lol de lol de lol, tol de lol de lady; tol de lol de lol de lol, tol de lol de lady.

Enter Mrs. Watson and Mrs. Plunkett.

MRS. W. Why, Laura, what is the meaning of this?

MRS. P. The child is sartinly beside herself.

MRS. W. And in Lord Duttonhead's presence, too!

MRS. P. Yes, right afore an English nobleman. Amanda, can it be possible that the child is goin' wrong in her mind?

LAURA. Tol de lol de rol dol, tol de lol de rol dol, tol de lol de rol dol, tol de rum de di do.

MRS. W. Laura! Laura! What do you mean?

MRS. P. It's awful to be kerryin' on that way right afore this gentleman.

LAURA.

"I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding down with might and main;
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
'Elizabeth! Elizabeth!'"

As Laura recites, Lord D. gets behind the table. She then dances up to the table and strikes it with the stick which she carries in her hand, when Lord D. crawls under the table.

MRS. W. There, Laura, you see what you have done? You have frightened Lord Duttonhead under the table.

LAURA (*reciting*). "That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold?"

MRS. P. Good land! Amanda, I guess we'd better have John and that Irishman brought in.

MRS. W. Yes, she seems to be beyond our control.

Exit Mrs P. and Mrs. W. Laura retires to back of stage.

LORD D. (*looking out.*) If I only had a chance I'd wun.

Enter Solomon Steady.

SOLOMON (*soliloquizing*). I feel kind of—somehow—rather—or—kind of—or—yes, I'm most afraid to come in here. Elvira lives here, and she said for me to come right into the house and she would meet me. (*Sees Laura.*) Ah, is that you, Elvira, or is it somebody else?

LAURA. Did you wish to see Aunt Elvira?

SOLOMON (*hesitating*). Why—I—didn't—just exactly know—that is, I aint quite sure whether I wanted to see anybody's *aunt* or not, but—but—I wanted to see a lady by the name of Elvira Clarendon. It is my impression she lives here,—but—you don't quite understand the case.

LAURA. Well, I'll call Elvira Clarendon and probably *she* will understand the case. I presume you are one of her gentlemen friends?

SOLOMON. Well—yes—or, no—or, I guess I might say yes. That is, I have not—or, I don't know as I have ever met the lady, as it were; but you see—well, I guess I'd better not explain—the case is a peculiar one.

LAURA. I see it is. I'll call aunt Elvira.

SOLOMON. Yes, that's it—yes, if you please, and I'll be so glad and she'll be so glad—and—and ——(*Exit Laura.*) Now that the moment has come I feel—that is, I hardly know how I can face the music—or, in other words, I hardly know how I can face the lady. I guess I'll kind of hide somehow so's I can see her before she sees me. It kind of makes me nervous to think of meeting her for the first time, so I'll look around for a place—like a closet, or somethin'—so's I can step in and kind of hide for a few minutes. (*Looks around.*) Here's a table. I'll just get under it. (*Goes behind table and steps on Lord Duttonheaa.*)

LORD D. (*jumping up.*) Ho, there! What aw you about? You've smashed my foot—yes, you've bwoken my leg. What kind of a place is this, anyhow?

SOLOMON. I don't know—indeed, I don't—I've just come. You see, Miss Elvira is here.

LORD D. Oh, hang Miss Elviwa and Miss Lauwa too. I think this is a kind of a lunatic asylum. I'll get out anyhow and bweak for England. I'm afwaid some terwible catastwophe will happen if I stay heaw any longaw. [*Exit.*

SOLOMON (*frightened*). A lunatic asylnm! Oh, dear, if I have got among a lot of crazy people, as it were, what will be done about it? And if Miss Elvira should be a lunatic—Oh, the thought distresses me!

Enter Miss Clarendon.

MISS C. Are you Solomon Steady?

SOLOMON (*very much embarrassed*). Yes, or I might say no—or I might—that is—what kind of an asylum is this?

MISS C. If you are Solomon Steady, speak out.

SOLOMON. Why—why, yes—kind of Solomon Steady—and—and—kind of not. I'm a little scared, to tell the truth. A man has just run out—he said it was a *lunatic* asylum. And—if it is that kind of a place—as it were—why, then—or, you know—or I might say—if it is, then I'm not Solomon Steady—or, rather, I'm—I'm not at home.

MISS C. Oh, don't be alarmed! This is the residence of the nabobical Mr. Watson. Mr. Watson has struck the oleaginous fluid in unlimited and unconstitutional quantities, and is the wealthiest man in all this region of sequestered country. I know *you* are Solomon Steady. My heart in its palpitulations and peregrinations tells me that you are the man—yes, the man that I have been waiting for and hoping for. Your letter said you would be here today. (*Advancing.*) Oh, say that you are Solomon Steady!

SOLOMON. Yes, that's so. I am Solomon Steady.

MISS C. Oh, do I see you at last? Solomon, catch me!

SOLOMON. Why, I—I guess it wouldn't be quite right.

MISS C. There, it is over now. The joy of meeting you made me feel faint, but it has passed.

SOLOMON. Well, what do you say? We've talked the matter over in our letters and you'll suit me if I'll suit you.

MISS C. Oh, yes, Solomon, dear, you'll suit me.

SOLOMON. Then here's my hand. And here's a buss to seal the bargain. (*Kissing her.*)

MISS C. Oh, Solomon, you wicked man!

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Plunkett and Laura.

MR. W. Ah, ha! Elvira, have you found a husband?

MISS C. No, John Watson; the husband has found me. Do you think that I would go out into the wilds of the universe and hunt a husband? No, sir! I have patiently waited and gone forward with my life work and now the husband has come to me. And a noble man he is, too. Allow me to introduce Mr. Solomon Steady, of Poverty Hollow—Mr. Watson, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Plunkett and Miss Laura Watson. (*All bow.*)

MR. W. I congratulate you, Elvira, and wish you joy.

MRS. W. So say I.

LAURA. And I.

MRS. P. I wish you happiness too, of course, but I had one husband and he was a good man,—good as the most of 'em—but I wouldn't marry again if I had the hull state of Texas throwed into the bargain.

MR. W. But what has become of Lord Duttonhead?

LAURA. Oh, he got frightened and ran away.

MR. W. I'm glad he did. I was beginning to feel as if the Battle of Bunker Hill would have to be fought over again.

MRS. P. I kalkilate he's gone to some other field for the purpose of strikin' oil.

SOLOMON (*taking Miss Clarendon's hand and coming forward*).

To-day I am a happy man,
My troubles now are o'er;
I've found a wife to cheer my life
I cannot ask for more.

MR. W. And I would merely intimate that "faint heart never won fair lady."

MRS. W. And I would modestly suggest that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

MRS. P. I allers thought that "honesty was the best policy," and I haint no hesitation in sayin' that "a rollin' stone gathers no moss."

LAURA.

If we have struck "a streak" to-night,
As we have hoped to do;
We're satisfied and gratified,
And I am happy, too.

[*Curtain falls.*

THE PORTRAIT AND THE CRITICS.*

CHARACTERS.

PEG WOFFINGTON. TRIPLET. MRS. CLIVE. CIBBER. SOAPER. SNARL. QUIN.

Behind a vacant picture-frame Peg Woffington sits so that her face is in the frame as a portrait would be. Drapery around the frame conceals her dress. A table and some chairs are before the frame, so the critics cannot come near it. Enter Cibber, Soaper, Snarl, Quin and Mrs. Clive. Triplet directs them where to stand. The costume should be old-fashioned English.

TRIPLET. The picture being unfinished, gentlemen, must, if you would do me justice, be seen from a—a focus; must be judged from here, I mean.

CIBBER. Where, sir?

TRIPLET. About here, sir, if you please.

MRS. CLIVE. It looks like a finished picture from here.

TRIPLET. Yes, madam.

Soaper, Quin, Mrs. Clive and Cibber (*exclaiming in tones of contemptuous dispraise*). Ah! oh! eh! humph! well!

*From "Peg Woffington."

CIBBER (*slyly*). May I be permitted to ask whose portrait this is?

MRS. CLIVE. I distinctly *told* you it was to be Peg Woffington's. I think you might take my word.

QUIN. It is not like Peggy's beauty, eh?

MRS. CLIVE. I cannot agree with you. I think it *a very pretty face*, and *not at all like* Peg Woffington!

QUIN. Compare paint with paint. Are you sure you ever *saw down* to Peggy's real face!

SOAPER (*chaffing*). Now *I* call it beautiful! So calm! So reposeful! *No* particular expression.

SNARL. None whatever.

TRIPLET (*much disturbed*). Gentlemen, does it never occur to you that the fine arts are tender violets, and cannot blow when the north winds—

QUIN (*aside*). Blow!

TRIPLET (*continuing*). Are so cursed cutting.

SOAPER. My dear Snarl, give us the benefit of your practised judgment. Do justice to this *admirable* work of art.

TRIPLET (*aside, as Snarl places himself before the picture*). What will he say? I can see by his face he has found us out.

SNARL (*condescendingly*). Your brush is by no means destitute of talent, Mr. Triplet, but you are somewhat deficient at present in the great principles of your art, the first of which is a loyal adherence to truth. Now in nature a woman's face at this distance—aye, even at this short distance—melts into the air. There is none of *that sharpness* but, on the contrary, a softness of outline. (*He makes a lorgnette of his two hands; the others do the same.*)

ALL. We see much better. Oh, ever so much better.

SNARL (*continuing*). Whereas your outline now is hard, and, forgive me, rather tea-board-like. Then your *chiaro-oscuro*, my good sir, is *very defective;* for instance, in nature, the nose, intercepting the light on one side of the face, throws, of necessity, a shadow under the eye. No such shade (*pointing*) appears in this portrait. (*All wag their heads.*)

SOAPER. But, my dear Snarl, if there are no shades there are loads of lights.

SNARL. There are, only they are impossible,—that is all. You have, however (*addressing the artist in a supercilious manner*), succeeded in the mechanical part; the hair and the dress are well done, Mr. Triplet, but *your* Woffington is not

a woman,—not nature! (*All nod and wag assent, until a voice rings out from the picture.*)

PEG WOFFINGTON. She's a *woman*, for she has taken in four men. She's *nature*, for a fluent dunce doesn't know her when he sees her!

All stand in astonishment with lifted hands, open mouths, and staring eyes, except Quin, who slaps his knee and takes the trick at its value. Peg W. slips out of the drapery and comes round from the back of the frame and stands before them. They look alternately at her and at the vacant frame. She then addresses each in turn.

PEG W. (*to Mrs. Clive.*) "A pretty face," and "*not* like Woffington." I owe you two, Kate Clive. (*To Mr. Quin.*) "Who ever saw Peggy's *real* face?" Look at me now, if you can, without blushing, Mr. Quin! (*Quin laughs heartily.*)

SNARL. (*unwilling to relinquish his art opinion*). For all that, I maintain upon the unalterable principles of art—(*At this all burst into a roar of laughter.*) Goths! (*Fiercely.*) Good morning, ladies and gentlemen. (*To the artist.*) I shall sit on your pictures, some day, Mr. Brush.

TRIPLET. Don't sit on them head downwards, or you will addle them. [*Exit Snarl.*

SOAPER. You shall always have my good word, Mr. Triplet.

TRIPLET. I will try—and not deserve it.

CIBBER. Serve 'em right! . . . We were a little too hard on Triplet, here; and if he will accept my apology——

TRIPLET. "Cibber's Apology" is a trifle wearisome.

CIBBER (*angrily*). Confound his impertinence. [*Exit Cibber.*

QUIN (*good-humoredly*). Oh, we must give a joke and take a joke; and when he paints my portrait, which he shall do—

TRIPLET. The bear from "Hockley Hole" shall sit for the head.

QUIN (*roaring angrily*). His impudence. [*Exit Quin.*

MRS. CLIVE (*waspishly*). Mighty well! I *did* intend you should paint Mrs. Clive, but after *this* impertinence ——

TRIPLET. You will continue to do it yourself. [*Exit Mrs. C.*

TRIPLET. (*to Peg W.*) Have I not fired into each a parting shot?

PEG W. Tremendous! [*Curtain falls.*